

17 Gipsy-late
THE

ROVING ENGLISHMAN.

*Brought for no. 2
from Brunswick Street.*

"Wer den Dichter will verstehen
Muss in Dichters Lande gehen."

*The 9th of Sept 1854
H. J. C. C.*

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The Tenth Thousand.

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पुस्तकालय पुरोहित पुस्तकालय
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श्रेणी संख्या..... 823

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WILLIAM HENRY WILLS, ESQ.

A small Proof of a very great Regard.

PREFACE.

MY DEAR READER,

I am one of those individuals who are born to great expectations, and who are almost certain to be made uncomfortable some time of their lives in consequence. I was not, however, always aware of this truth, and, when a young gentleman, almost as proud of my expectations as of my moustaches. I was, therefore, with considerable astonishment that I woke up one morning and found that my expectations were merely one of the pantomime tricks which Miss Fortune is so fond of playing. That elderly spinster had, indeed, dealt me a knock-down thum against which there was no reasoning. "It really, really," as S. Leicester Dedlock says, "gave rise to consequences which could not be mentioned in good society."

For the life and soul of me, I did not know what to do. It was all very well to cut off my moustaches and think of the bar, but this only made me look a little cleaner. It did not advance me an iota. Being at my wits' end, therefore, I sold my horse and went abroad. I do not know why—perhaps to economize but, if so, I very soon found that there was something not quite right about this "expectation" also.

It happened, however, that, about this time, the gentleman whose name is on the dedication-page of this little volume, good naturedly mentioned to me that the conductor of "Household Words" would have no objection to publish any useful, practical hints or sketches of foreign manners I might pick up. The

result was, that I began to look about me, and took advantage of the occasion which had "turned up," with such energy and frequency, that I have strong reason to doubt if my communications were, upon the whole, worth their postage. Nevertheless, I was almost as proud of them when they were written as I had formerly been of the moustaches and expectations. To the lasting honour of literary men, let me here say that I was not too abruptly disabused. I shall always consider the letters which I received, at this time, from the office of "Household Words," as some of the pleasantest things which I possess. They are not mine, indeed; they belong to the public, as among the "amenities of literature." A short time after I had begun to write the articles which appeared in Dickens's "Household Words" under the signature of the "Roving Englishman," I entered a profession, and began to be very busy. Great expectations, however, seemed to have an amiable weakness for me; and they clung to me with singular tenacity. My very profession was full of them. It employed me all day, and brought me nothing. My brisk cannonade of letters to Mr. Dickens's office, therefore, by no means slackened. I will let you, my dear reader, into a little secret about this: they were literally the employment of my moments of idleness. I carried a set of tablets always about with me, and jotted down the matter of my articles during afternoon rides,—whilst waiting for people who never came, and for hot water,—instead of getting into a rage with my servant for not coming at once when I rang the bell. In a word, I found time to write them in all sorts of uncounted minutes. My ideas were put down generally while the circumstances were passing to which they refer; and if the colours have not always been happy, they are at least copied pretty closely from nature.

Now, my dear reader, I hope you will do me the favour to understand that I have not told you these little facts merely in a silly spirit of offensive egotism; but because I really

wished that there should be something hopeful, and of practical use to others, in the few words I am now called upon to add as a preface to these articles.

Allow me, good-humouredly, to put on the cap of Wisdom, for a moment, and teach you from my own example, that our "great expectations" are something very far less sure than our own energies; that literature is no longer a career of petty envies and bickerings, but that it is ennobled by gentle thoughts and gentler deeds; and that here, also, kind friends will be found to take an individual in difficulties by the hand, and teach his young idea how to shoot.

To the gentlemen of the press I have also to return my thanks for encouragement, the more generous and more grateful to my feelings, from having been entirely unsought. Let my experience offer, also, an example; that we require nothing but our own efforts to secure an honourable independence in the world of letters; that the most humble merit is acknowledged with cheerful alacrity; and the critics are always ready to place a new writer on good terms with the public, if they can do so with any grace at all.

The articles now collected in this little volume, opened to me a new life, and they have procured me well-wishers among people I shall probably never know. I have had the pleasure of seeing them translated into almost every European language, and am deeply sensible of this honour; for it is no unworthy post to form part of the honourable band who amuse or instruct the world. I hope and believe, indeed, that I have not been unmindful of the responsibility which attaches to all who hold the pen; and I trust that nothing has ever crept into these pages likely to make any man the worse. Let me hope, also, that if I have sometimes contributed to remove illiberal prejudices and ill-feeling against foreigners, I shall not have

written in vain; for I am very well convinced that a fair half of the misunderstandings in the world arises from our not knowing each other better.

I have nothing further to say, my amiable friend, unless it be to express a sincere wish that you may feel the same satisfaction in reading these notes that I did in writing them. So now, with the greatest respect for your person and character, permit me to make a very low bow, and to have the honour to subscribe myself,

My dear Reader,

Your affectionate Servant,

THE ROVING ENGLISHMAN.

THE ROVING ENGLISHMAN.

CHAPTER I.

THE DOMINIONS OF SCHWARZWÜRST-SCHINKENSHAUSEN—
(A GOLDEN WEDDING).

THERE is nothing in which the English, generally, are more deficient than in what may, perhaps for the want of a better term, be called "the art of being happy." Engaged, either from necessity or inclination, in grave and earnest pursuits of ambition or of money-getting, they are apt to look too constantly at the realities of life, and regard the play of fancy, the luxury of harmless imaginings, as idle and frivolous. Busy in tilling the field and gathering in the harvest, they will seldom turn aside to luxuriate in the perfume of a flower. They look upon life as a rough journey, and have no indulgence for dalliance by the way. It is not that we are without a taste for pleasure; we possess as keen an appetite for enjoyment as continental people, but we do not know how to gratify it. We toil on through our journey, often foot-sore and weary enough, but pass by the pleasant streamlet which would woo us to half an hour's repose upon its banks, keeping our appetite for the rich banquet which we fancy spread out in the far temple on the hill, but which we may never perhaps reach; we scorn to gather the wild fruits upon the roadside, which might renew our strength and send us on our way rejoicing. At length, faint and tired, we complain of the tediousness of the route, forgetting that the cause of disappointment lies within ourselves. During the early part of my journey, I fell into the same error, till, one day, some airy sprite whispered in my ear, that it would be as well to look about me, and seize on such pleasures as might be found in my path. I took the hint, and henceforth found Life a much pleasanter journey. I discovered, indeed, that

the dullest route afforded amusement and instruction, if sought after, and that a good lesson of life might sometimes be learned from the most trifling circumstances. While indulging in this train of thought, I found myself one evening wandering along the streets of a quiet little German town, in the dominions of his Effulgeney the Markgraf of Schwarzwürst-Schinkenshausen. The first shadows of evening were just lengthening along the old-fashioned streets, and the light labours of a German workman's day were already at an end. If you looked through the open windows of any house which you might pass—I am speaking of the poorer quarter of the town—the housewife had already prepared for the return of her husband, and sat waiting for him, and singing, at the door. There is something very soothing to the mind always in this coming on of evening. And, after the fierce heat of the long summer day, the cheerful babble of the little streams which hurried along the streets, sounded as refreshing as the fall of fountains in the palaces of kings. Let me say a word about these little streamlets. In the town of which I am writing, there is one of the simplest and best sanitary arrangements for carrying off the impurities of a city that I can remember to have seen. Every street has a slight ascent, and on each side of it a gutter, cut tolerably deep, and rather more than a foot broad. Down these gutters flows a swift current, supplied by fountains running into them at certain intervals, sometimes two in a street. The descent down which this current flows, added to its natural force, makes it run very briskly. The water is so plentiful, that it *looks* always clear, and sparkling in the light, either of the sun or of the moon, and babbling over the inequalities of the stones, it is one of the prettiest features of the town. Into it all impurities are cast, and immediately carried away by the brisk current, I fear, to the river; but the result is, that the streets and the pavements are almost as clean as in the little village of Broek, near Amsterdam, whose precincts have never been sullied by a wheel.

The measured tramp of soldiers, and the fine music of a German military band, roused me from my musings; and when I inquired where they were going, a good-humoured burgher took his pipe out of his mouth to inform me that his Effulgeney the Markgraf was expected that evening to pay a visit to their town, and that his faithful troops were marching to receive him with military honours. I followed them, and shortly afterwards

his Effulgency came in sight. The cannons boomed out at long and irregular intervals, rather laughably, and as if there was something not quite right about them. Some half-dozen people, tumbling one over the other, and three in the Markgravia uniform (brown and yellow), raised a faint hurrah; and a rabble rout of carriages and four, and one carriage and six, some dozen of horse-men, grooms, and equerries, riding pell-mell, and very much at the mercy of their cattle, straggled in; and his Effulgency, with his wife, a good-natured body, and a regular Markgravia family party, full of the flutter, fuss, cackling, and importance of German royalty, alighted at the palace.

There was his excellency my uncle, looking the very picture of Mr. Harley as lord high everything in a pantomime, every inch a courtier, wonderful for his talent for walking backwards, and keeping his countenance under what would have been to his degenerate nephew very trying circumstances indeed. There was the first maid of honour, all verjuice and bottled up scolding; and the mistress of the robes, not yet quite recovered from her dismay at the false diamonds given to her in a ring by the monocrat of all the Tartars; there was the second maid of honour, a sad palefaced lady, leaving girlhood far behind her, and suspected of a penchant for that stiff-backed equerry, with his long mustachios, and dunder-pate full of court-titles and pedigrees. Poor maid of honour! poor fading flower—fading so fast!

The hubbub died away; the fussy pageant had passed, impressing every one but a roving Englishman like me, with a grand idea of the splendour of his Effulgency's court; and I lit a fresh cigar, and continued that luxurious thoughtful sauntering which has grown into a habit with me. I had not gone far, however, when I perceived a large room brilliantly lighted up, and gaily but simply decorated with green leaves and garlands. Presently, the company began to arrive—humble folk, mostly; the men full-dressed, with wonderful handkerchiefs, buttoning behind, and sitting all awry; and wearing what we call cut-away coats, of all colours in the rainbow except red and yellow, and of which the sleeves were too long, and the collars too high, and the skirts too short. The toilets of the ladies I am not clever enough to describe; they seemed a thought too glaring perhaps, and the younger of them have got into a shocking habit of wrenching all their hair to the back of their heads, till the roots start in a manner that must

be quite painful. I believe they call this *coiffure à la Chinoise* (a Chinese head-dress), but it has very much the appearance of the preparation which a determined person might make previous to washing the face when it was excessively dirty, a comparison unfortunately often suggesting itself too naturally.

I had watched the pleasant scene some time, from a little archway on the opposite side of the road, which screened me from observance, when a bustle at the other end of the street, the rattle of wheels, and the yellow and brown liveries, told me again of the approach of the important little court of his Effulgency. The carriages drew up at the house where the festivities were going on "over the way;" and the whole court, who seemed to have enlarged their garments for the occasion, descended from their carriages; while the band, playing the national anthem of Schwarzwürst-Schinkenshausen, immediately afterwards gave notice that the Markgraf had entered the ball-room.

Wondering what might be going on, and knowing that the simple habits of the petty German princes often take them to public places of no very select or exclusive character, and that they frequently live with their subjects in a manner almost patriarchal, I crossed the street with the intention of finding out, if the usual twopence or threepence sterling would make me also a partaker in the homely revel. Though the time has long arrived for me to think large assemblies of any kind the most weary things beneath the moon, yet they are not so profitless, as I have before remarked, but that we may learn a lesson of life sometimes in seeking them; and in society, as our lively neighbours have it, who find always the phrase that expresses precisely what one wants to say, "Il faut payer de sa personne."

My surmises however did not prove correct. The little festival was given, I learned, in honour of the Golden Hochzeit (Golden Wedding) of the burgomeister of the town; and this functionary having rendered most important services to the court during the troublous times of '48, his Effulgency the Markgraf being, as the reader already knows, in the town, had resolved to honour the feast with his august presence.

I was just going away, with my indolence half gratified, to escape back into the air of the summer evening and my own desultory thoughts, when a hand was laid upon my shoulder, and turning round, I saw little S., the Göttingen doctor, with whom I have so

often, over coffee and pipes, talked mysticism and ethics, and discussed riddles that might have perplexed the sphinx, during my visit to his excellency my uncle.

Under his protection, and being dressed for the evening, I immediately obtained admittance, and I think that a more touching scene I never witnessed, or one which affected me so strongly, and had about it such a genuine air of real pathos. We all know the pretty legend of the "fitch of bacon," as the prize of the rustic couple who could live together happily for a year after their marriage; but I had never before heard of the custom, which prevails, I believe, throughout Germany, and of which I was then accidentally witnessing the celebration. When a pair have been wedded fifty years, it is usual for them to be married again; and this is called the "golden wedding." There is another custom too, called the celebration of the "silver wedding," which takes place after twenty-five years of wedlock; but it is not of such universal observance. The priest pronounces a simple blessing over those who have lived through good and ill so long together, and seldom fails to improve the occasion by a short but fitting exhortation to his flock to avoid evil courses and to go and do likewise. The whole ends by a dance and a supper, to which all the friends and relatives of the parties are of course invited. It is a time when all rancours and bickerings are forgotten; when the scapegrace is forgiven, and the prodigal received back into his father's house; when daughters are portioned, and sons and grandsons started in life.

When I entered, the marriage ceremony was over, and his Effulgeney the Markgraf and his court were full of condescension and congratulations, and loud empty talk, which made up by its noise for its want of accuracy. They all seemed, as Germans of all ranks always do, to be not a little alarmed for their own dignity and importance; but through the whole flowed a vein of very great kindness; and a tear of pleasure at the notice of his sovereign, was in the hale old man's eye, and he stood up with his partner of fifty years, once more to lead the dance, followed by his children and his grandchildren. I could see that his grasp tightened on his wife's hand when they stopped after the dance was over, and both their hearts were very full. Perhaps they were thinking of the time when he was young and friendless in life, and of their long courtship, and how it seemed at one time so hopeless, till energy

of purpose, and honesty of heart, and hard work, did for them what wealth and friends do for others; and slowly they had won their way upwards to honour, dignity, riches, troops of friends; honours and dignities which to us 'may seem of little worth, yet which were to them the height of their simple ambition. And now this was the crowning and well-won triumph of their lives. The beautiful spirit of Burns' "John Anderson my Joe John" rose up instinctively in my memory; I could fancy the same sounds were rising in the soul of the good wife as she looked so proudly and fondly at her husband, and they stood there hand in hand; and surely, surely, he might have answered her true heart in the sweet and tender lines of Cowper—

"To be the same through good and ill,
In wintry change to feel no chill,
With me is to be lovely still,
My Mary."

I would not sell the impression of truth, and faith, and love this simple scene has engraven upon my mind, for the baldrick of an earl.

And thus musing, I once more strolled forth to pass the remainder of the evening at the little village inn, where I had arrived in the morning to be near our shooting-ground; for it was the 31st of August; and whether it is an institution of nature, or whether the Germans have borrowed it from us, or we from the Germans, the 31st of August seems everywhere the last day of grace permitted to partridges. To be sure, one eats them often enough in June; but then they call them pigeons. I was sorry to leave such a charming scene of joyous contentment, for my dull little room at the inn, where I was condemned to hear the village politicians in the *Wirthstube* (bar), talking of constitutions, and news a month old, and to listen to the discordant sounds which issued from an adjoining room, where two bagmen were torturing a miserable piano out of its crazy wits, and calling upon one another's hearts "to cease that sad desponding," or to quaff "a cup to love and fatherland." The evening had changed too; the rain began to patter in large drops against the windows, and the wind puffed out little weary sighs, as if Æolus was as much bored as I was. I had read over and over again all the inscriptions, both in prose and in verse, on the windows; and learned with little satisfaction or advantage that A. G., and Müller, and Schulze had been there

before me. Fritz and Sophie, who announced themselves as two lovers, might indeed have afforded me, although only a looker-on, some amusement, had they been there; but the date showed that they had left since 1850. I had ridden over on horseback, leaving my guns and luggage to follow by the mail, and of course they had not arrived; pens, paper, books, maps, anything in the world that might serve to pass away half an hour, appeared out of the question. There was, it is true, the *Gazette* of a little electoral town in the neighbourhood; but no one, save an alehemist, could ever extract anything, except an after-dinner nap, from a *German* newspaper. There was also a list of the people who had visited some baths somewhere during the summer, my own name, delightfully ill-spelt, figuring amongst them; but these sources of amusement were soon exhausted; and I was being reduced to the humiliating necessity of occupying myself with an endeavour to twiddle my thumbs in different ways at the same time, and being foiled in the attempt, when a good "fairy" came to my aid in the shape of an almanack, which I discovered half-hidden by the tobacco-pouch of mine host, and lying by in a forgotten corner. To seize my prize and take it within the little uncertain haze of the solitary tallow candle, was the work of a moment; for I thought myself at least safe of an occupation till bed-time, if it were only in counting the number of saints-days and holidays which there are in the calendar. I was pleasingly disappointed, however. The good fairy revealed herself (a book is unquestionably feminine) to me in the shape of a useful little manual, published by Meinecke of Brunswick, in 1851, and called the *Post-Almanach*. As I was given to understand that most of the facts related in it have actually happened, and may be taken as real chips of the German Post, perhaps the reader may not be sorry to be made acquainted with some of them. Let us commence with the following, which the narrator considers would make a good farce. Perhaps the reader or I may differ with him. It is called:—

CHAPTER II.

THE GERMAN POST—(A ROMANCE OF THE POST-OFFICE).

IN a certain village called Berlingen, in the district of Mittlich, there lived a small farmer named Johann Mentges. He was an honest and industrious man, but unluckily no favourite of fortune, perhaps because he muddled himself with beer and pipes, though this is not alleged as the reason. With the help, however, of a pair of strong arms, he contrived to keep the wolf from the door, though it got very near it; and as time went on, Johann Mentges found that "he got rich in nothing but debts;" and as these must be paid, he mortgaged his little property for 200 thalers, or about £30.

It is needless to say Johann Mentges did not prosper any the better after this; and as the mortgagee found that he got neither principal nor interest from a man who was unable to pay them, he resolved to foreclose. It was in this unhappy state of things, and just as Johann, who had received notice of his intention, was hopelessly bewildering his brains behind his thirty-second pipe since breakfast (he had no dinner), that the glazed hat and yellow worsted decorations of the postman appeared before him. Johann sighed heavily, something like the sigh of an over-loaded camel when he won't get up; and expecting it was some new "Notice," "Declaration," or other legal botheration, of which he had lately had more than enough, he looked despondingly at the postman, took a long puff at his pipe, and refused to receive the letter extended towards him.

"Courage, man," said the postman; "the letter has five seals, it must contain money!" Johann pricked up his ears. "At all events, I must leave it here," said the postman; "for the postage is paid, and it is addressed to you. Also, adieu;" and with this usual farewell of his class, he disappeared.

When he was gone, Johann took up the letter and peered round and about it in an absent sort of way, and having concluded his thirty-third pipe, his heart failed him to open it. At last, however, with a desperate effort he broke the seals, and instead of

finding it to contain fresh threats from his impatient creditor, there appeared the beautiful vision of five new bank-notes, exquisitely executed, and of a hundred thalers each, which makes just £75 of our money. To describe the feelings of Johann Mentges at this unexpected stroke of good fortune, is very far beyond my power. They were the more lively because it came as good fortune will, just as he had said good-bye to Hope. The whole thing was, however, as good as a riddle (Johann thought it better), and he could not for the life and soul of him make out whence the money came. The contents of the letter offered no clue whatever. It contained, indeed, but eight words—

Hierbei erhalten Sie 500 Th. für ihr Wohle.

Herewith you receive 500 th. for your good.

At least this is the way that Johann read the words, in the meaning of which he is amply borne out by all German and English dictionaries. The signature was illegible, as all signatures are, especially in Germany; and Johann having determined that the best way to employ the money for his good was to pay off the mortgage on his farm, lit another pipe, and thought no more about it. The next day, however, he paid his debts, which amounted to 300 thalers (or £45) in all—no very large sum; and just as he was busy in the purchase of a cow, his heart overflowing with gratitude towards his unknown benefactor, he received another visit from the postman. This time, however, he brought no letter with five seals, and wore altogether a different look to poor Johann; he was accompanied, moreover, by the mayor and a policeman, who had come to arrest Johann Mentges for receiving and making away with money that did not belong to him. To be brief,—the 500 thalers had been meant for Johann Hentges—not Mentges—who lived at Berlingen, in the district of Daun, and not the district of Mittlich, as the letter had been directed; and the sender, an illiterate man, dealing in wool, had spelt the German word "*icolle*," "*icohle*," so that the contents of Johann's letter were intended to run "Herewith you receive 500 th. for your wool," instead of for "your good," an important difference. It was fortunate for poor Johann that he had not bought the cow, or wasted the money, and still more fortunate for him that he had such a good character, or he would certainly have got into trouble; as it was, he got off by giving up the 200 thalers which

be had left, and giving security on his farm for the rest. Let us hope he has got a milder creditor, and pay attention to the moral that the German narrator tacks to his story—"The advantages of caligraphy and orthography are not to be despised." He winds up with the apothegm that "the address of a letter should be written once and read over thrice."

A little further on a writer refers to the very general complaints on the part of persons employed at post-offices, and gives some very sensible advice on the subject. The evil is also by no means confined to one country. There used to be a red-faced man at the post-office at Charing Cross, whose habitual behaviour towards the public was positively savage. A great deal may be excused to post-office clerks, in consequence of the arduous and perplexing nature of their duties; persons, therefore, addressing frivolous questions to them, must not always expect very substantial answers; but wherever any instance of gross misconduct occurs on their part,—and such are too frequent,—it is well people should know, for their own protection, that a well-authenticated and temperate complaint, both at home and abroad, would be immediately followed by a proper reprimand. Passing over an account of California, and a variety of stories of greater or less interest, but mostly too long for quotation, we came to the shorter anecdotes, which cluster together at the end of the little volume, like a jolly company, and furnish a very fair specimen of the German way of being funny.

In 1818, when the various candidates for the Diet came to solicit the vote of the postmaster of Zipsdorf, his invariable question to them was—"How fast can you run?" After various replies which did not seem to satisfy him, a candidate came at last who said he could run as fast as "a change of ministry." The postmaster acknowledged that nothing could beat this, and immediately gave his vote.

An old lady received a letter from her son: nothing but the beginning and the end were legible. "Ah, poor Tom," said she; "I see he stammers still." The point of such jokes as these is printed in capitals, in order that it may not escape the attention of the reader.

"This is certainly *romantic*," said a traveller. "I beg your pardon, sir," answered the postilion, touching his hat, "it is *Austrian*."

A letter was brought to the postmaster at Zarberg, addressed, "To my dear son." "Where does he live, man?" said the postmaster. "Why, if I knew where my son is, I should not have brought the letter *here*, you may be sure," was the answer.

A servant, taking a letter to the post-office, was asked for the usual good groschen. "Why, how's that?" said she; "haven't I written 'paid' upon it?"

Freedom of the Press in Austria.

A traveller crossing the Austrian frontier was asked, "whether he had anything contraband—coffee, chocolate, soap?" "No, no, no," was the reply. "Any books?" "Yes, a book." "What book?" "A funny book, for my wife." "Out with it, then; it can't pass here; we have a fixed duty for other merchandise, but we don't know what 'spirit' may be smuggled in with a book."

Postage-stamps circulate as money in Austria and in Italy, and are preferred to bank-notes.

A polite man apologized at the end of his letter for writing in shirt-sleeves, owing to the heat of the day.

Having concluded the jokes, we come to some instances of actual addresses which have passed through the Brunswick post-office. The first is rather an odd one, being directed thus:—"For my former maid, Mary Deifel, now in prison for child-murder, &c. &c. Oh dear me!"

As specimens of accurate addresses, the following may serve:—

"This letter is to be given to a Potboy, one Celler, who lives somewhere in Hamburg."

"To Christian Seigler, in Brunswick, just where the box used to stand."

"To the late Mrs. Martensen."

But here is something very strong:—

"To Pastor (clergyman) Mirum, or Mirois, at Binnen. I cannot exactly recollect the name now; but when the letter is given to the preacher there, with *a cart on his nose* (!), it will be quite right."

"To the 'umbrella-maker" (our polite neighbours say, Herr Schirmfabrikant) "who deals in fruit during the summer, and is a single man, Creussen, near Sondershausen."

Wonderful to say, this letter found the man; for it was returned

to the post-office, with the endorsement, "The person addressed refuses the letter. Signed, Schömann, letter-carrier."

Could the allusion to his being a single man have come from some too persevering fair one?

Few things are much better in its way than this:—

"To Robert Kinnlitze, in Berlin; second story No. 7, a waiter; but at the left hand after you get through the court."

On the back of the same letter was written:—

"If I am not at home, my neighbour will take it in for me; but he removed last Michaelmas, and there is a new lodger."

These are explicit:—

"To my Brother in America, to be delivered to his master."

"To the late Cowdealer, his Milkmaid, and she is my sister."

"To Lorenzo, in Klunenthal; if the father is dead, to be sent to the son in Voelthland." Which is as though a letter in England were addressed to "Laurence, in North Wales; if the father is dead, to be sent to Tipperary."

And now, my dear reader, as I am extremely tired, I will go to bed. I hope I have got through my evening without tiring you. If not, pray forgive me. Good night!

CHAPTER III.

A DISAPPOINTMENT—(NEW ACQUAINTANCES).

"No shooting! why not?" said I, repeating the words of the German waiter who entered my room about six o'clock in the morning, on the 1st of September, making the above laconic announcement. "Have the partridges sent an apology? or has his Effulgency laid an embargo upon them? or is the town in a state of siege? or—why, in fact, is there to be no shooting?" "Simply because your dogs and guns have not arrived," said the stoical German. "The mail was detained on the road last night, in consequence of an accident, otherwise we should have known it sooner; she has just come in, however, but without bringing anything for the Gnädiger Herr."

"She might as well have remained on the road till now," murmured I, "if she had no better news than this to bring. It is very annoying," continued I, my thoughts reverting immediately to

"Johann Mentges" and the German post, and fancying myself the victim of some such mistake; "can my luggage have been sent anywhere else?" "Oh yes, such mistakes are very common indeed," said the unsympathizing waiter, with the most perfect *sang froid* imaginable. "A short time ago, a parcel addressed to his Effulgency even, and which came *aus England*, was sent to the Frau Doctorinn Stenerstein, who had appropriated the contents of it—consisting of Welsh flannel, and many other useful things—to her own use before discovering the mistake. What could be done? It was impossible to confiscate the Frau Doctorinn's flannel petticoats; his Effulgency was therefore obliged to put up with the loss." "From which I am to infer, I suppose, that if my dogs and guns be lost, I am to put up with the loss in the same philosophical spirit." The waiter smiled assent, and on making further inquiries, I found that my luggage had indeed been sent very far south of Schwarzwurst-Schinkenshausen. Having lived long enough in the world, however, to be upon very intimate terms with Disappointment, I met my old friend without much ado, resolving to follow my luggage at leisure, and to employ the hours which intervened as agreeably as I could. It was a lovely day, a soft breeze came in at the moment through one of the open windows, and after dallying with the curtains and leaving the odour of health and far-away flowers about my room, wanted away to some pleasanter place, whither I determined to follow it, and pass the remainder of the day in a ramble over some picturesque ruins in the neighbourhood. Wherever there is a ruin in Germany, there one is nearly certain to find an English traveller; I was not surprised, therefore, even in this out-of-the-way place, to make the acquaintance of one of my countrymen. The traveller was a smart old man, verging on the magisterial age, notwithstanding the many expedients to which he had evidently had recourse to conceal this fact; he had just toiled up the steep ascent, and paused to look at the lovely prospect before him, as with the precaution of an elderly gentleman he placed his "wide-awake" beneath him ere he sat down upon a stone, and then twisting a handkerchief round his head, began a conversation about the *weinwirtschaft* arrangements within the precincts of the old castle. "I wonder what has induced the Germans," said he, "to turn all their old castles into tea-gardens. As I came up, I saw a number of benches and three-legged stools, and all sorts of such unpoetic abominations;

charitable institutions to benefit the poor, they have been corrupted to the use of the rich. And show me, now I think on't, the man who, having distinguished himself at college, has, in after-life, taken a prominent part, stood boldly out from his fellow-men as one of the mighty lights of the age? The system is altogether wrong; and, enormously endowed as they are, they certainly produce few, very few great men."

"Nay, it would be easy to name a host," replied the clergyman. "Peel, for instance, a ready example, took a double first at Oxford; but your charge is unfair altogether. If you complain that our colleges do not produce many men of great and world-wide renown, it is because such men are not made by any course of mere education, but have generally been spurred to superhuman exertions by having had many difficulties to encounter at the outset of life; and thus, having acquired the habit of holding labour light and privation dear, their ambition hews its way, like a strong man, through stone and rock, to the temple of Fame! But, look among the citizens of the world; I speak not of the pulpit,—but go forth to the senate, the bar, the mart, and you will find that the men who have distinguished themselves at their colleges, are become useful and honourable members of society,—men with the *habit* of study and the power of application so precious in after-life; men of reflection and of refined manners. And this, I opine, is as much as human institutions can make them. They cannot create great men, and the lights of our age are not many; but seldom, very seldom, does the college prize-man become a cast-away. Stimulated by this early success, and desiring to preserve the golden opinions he has won, although he may not become famous, yet that man, in all relations of life, is to be trusted, and will do his duty in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call him."

Thus answered the clergyman, a little excited by his subject, for he had been a first-class man and a fellow of St. John's, and had a great affection for his Alma Mater. Perceiving that the discussion was likely to wax argumentative, I endeavoured to change the subject, for I love not argument; besides which, I was just meditating a descent upon the German viands over which the white-aproned genius presided; and I hold that the important operation of alim-
menting the body ought to be commenced under favourable circumstances, never under the influence of angry or-excited feelings.

The priest had closed his eyes thoughtfully, and pursed his lips as if meditating an eulogium on German universities in general, and Heidelberg in particular; we were too sharp for him, however, and whilst he drew breath, ere entering upon his discourse, I and his adversary were deep in the discussion of the science of cookery.

CHAPTER IV.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF DINING.

LET us by all means try to sit down to dinner in a good temper. Nothing spoils the digestion like anger. We should look upon the hour or two set apart for dinner as the holiday part of the day, and dining as an orthodox amusement. It is of no use saying, "Don't do this, and don't do that, after or before dinner; don't write, don't read, don't get hot," and so forth. The best thing we can do is not to think about it at all. An eminent,—I may say *the* most eminent physician now living (and to whom the writer of these lines, under God's blessing, owes his life), said once, in a case of very painful hypochondria, "Eat? Why, eat what you like, don't ask me; *I* have nothing to do with it." Dinner is a necessity that should be taken and enjoyed, not thought about. I know of an old gentleman of Fortune (how blind she is!) who has all the cookery-books that I believe were ever printed, brought up to him whilst in bed in the morning: he reads with earnest attention, and then summons his cook to learn what is exactly in season. After mature deliberation, he proceeds to the grave business of ordering dinner, and toddles about the shady side of Pall-Mall, worrying the world with flat jokes, till it is ready. I know a man, too, a barrister in great practice, who will probably one day be Lord Chancellor; he is making, perhaps, £20,000 a year by his profession (more shame to us), and he never dines at all; a biscuit and a glass of sherry placed near him by his clerk (who has a sort of life-interest in him), and bolted mechanically; a mutton chop, got through nobody knows how, and peppered with the dust of briefs;—such is his nourishment. Neither of these men understands the philosophy of dining. The one—I mean the glutton—never takes his dinner without grumbling; and as sure as you, my

worthy reader, who are perusing this chapter pleasantly with your wife, over the tea-table, may hope to die happily of old age, so, probably, will our choleric friend of the cookery-books be carried off some day, choking and grumbling, by an apoplexy. A really good wholesome dinner would take the lawyer by surprise, as a thing to which he really is not accustomed. He reminds me often of an old Göttingen professor, of whom it is related that he married. One day, about a week afterwards, his bride, wondering that he did not come down to supper, went into his library to see what detained him. She found him deep in his papers. "Wilhelm," she said, gently. "Mein Fräulein!" replied the professor, startled: "Miss! what can I do for you? What has happened that you pay me such a late visit?" Some people, indeed, have so used themselves to bad habits, that they can no longer return to good ones. Frederick Barbarossa is not the only person who has been killed even by such a simple proceeding as a good washing. It is not, therefore, for such lost sheep as these that I write, but for sensible fellows like you, dear reader.

Kings and queens generally set the hour of dining in the countries they govern. It is whispered that the Queen of Great Britain dines with her children at two o'clock, and that the state dinner at eight is a mere pageant. Louis Philippe dined generally at seven, at least such is the hour named in an invitation—I beg his ghost's pardon, a command, in my possession. The Queen of Spain dines, or used to dine, at five; the Sultan of Turkey at sunset. The late King of Sardinia dined at three. The Emperor of Russia eats when he is hungry: the state dinners are between five and six. The Emperor of Austria dines at five; the King of Prussia at three; the King of Hanover at five; the King of Sweden at five. The hour of five seems, indeed, to be the most general, as it is the most convenient. On the Continent especially, as every one goes to the theatre, which opens at seven, a later hour than five would interfere with projects for the evening.

Guests upon the Continent always take leave of their host about seven; so that he is not bored to death with them all the evening. Dinner means dinner, and nothing more; and a dinner party is not, as with us, the miserable waste of a whole evening.

Busy men should take some refreshment once in every six or seven hours. Professional men often put off their dinners too long, for the sake of dining at home, when a chop at a club would

prolong their life ten years. By the bye, the City wants a club terribly. Wine or stimulant may be taken or not taken. Weak men require stimulant in moderation; strong full-blooded people are better without it. Any thought about what you are to eat, or how you are to eat it, is unworthy of a man of sense. Hold no communion with the Vegetarians: vegetable diet is a delusion and a snare. A little man, who had tried it for six months, used to describe his sensations being "as if his bones were unhooked one from the other." Studious men, however, or those engaged in sedentary occupations, should only eat meat once a day, and then in moderate quantity. A couple of glasses of water after dinner is said to be a capital digester, and I dare say it is, for I have known many water-drinkers fat people.

Intense thought immediately after dinner will certainly make the blood, which we want at the stomach, fly to the head: it should therefore be checked. Do not dine alone, if you can help it. If you are obliged to do so, however, take a number of *Punch* with you—anything to keep the mind cheerful without excitement. I have often found the waiter, especially in foreign inns, a much pleasanter fellow than he looked. Waiters are always ready to talk, if permitted; and, for my part, I would sooner learn the views of a waiter on passing events, than take a silent dinner. We lose a great deal, also, by too much reserve. I think it was Johnson (in one of those pithy dialogues chronicled by Boswell) who used to say, "Sir, I am always ready to talk to anybody. If he is better than me, I shall be improved by it; if otherwise, I may hope to improve him." While living abroad, I once dined every day for three months at the same table with another gentleman, without either of us having ever exchanged a word. It certainly was not my fault, and he told me (for I knew him very intimately, subsequently) that it was not his. It was probably mere acquired reserve on both sides. As a rule, single men, not in high official positions, should be always ready to talk to everybody. I have made the chance acquaintance of some of the celebrities of history while dining at hotels. It was so that I first saw Godoy, the famous Prince of Peace, and Washington Irving.

Food should be varied as much as possible. It was the silliest thing ever devised to give the same dinners every day at public institutions. Neither need persons who can afford it fear to eat of many different things at the same dinner. It is pleasant, how-

ever, to think that the poor man's piece of boiled rusty bacon contains as much or more nourishment than the epicure's ortolan, and certainly tastes sweeter to him. There are very few things, indeed, in which wealth has any real advantage over mediocrity. The best tonic, indeed, I know, is having in one's children after dinner; and in this respect poor men are frequently better off than rich ones; in the first place, because they want no tonic to digest their well-earned food; and in the next, because they have it if they do;—a pleasant example of the embarrassment of riches.

The French have a proverb, that "Night brings counsel." I prefer, however, the saying of Sancho Panza, "There is wisdom in olives." One takes a much easier common-sense view of things after dinner than before. Juvenal says, coarsely, "No man reasons on a full stomach." I forgive Juvenal, who was by no means a man after my own heart, but I cannot agree with him. I think it is precisely then that one does reason well, charitably, and forgivingly. No man ever knew how to dine properly, who could shut his heart afterwards to the distresses of one human being. It is all very well putting on a stern face, Mr. Bubb; but you really cannot button up your pockets to your poor relation after all that turtle-soup and iced punch, that whitebait and larded sweetbread; so it's of no use trying. If you had wanted to play the hard man with him any longer, you should not have asked him to dinner. There is no resisting the energy and eloquence given to him by so much good cheer.

How many useful inventions,—how much happy thought and pleasant wisdom,—how many good resolutions,—how much hope, and love, and truth, and kindness, have been born of a good dinner! How keen an insight into character may be had in an after-dinner conversation! If I wanted really to judge the capacity or the heart of any one, I would sooner see him at dinner than at any hour of the twenty-four.

England is the most dinner-giving nation in the world; then Russia. Latterly the French have begun to give a good many dinners; but Germany, Spain, and Italy are still utterly benighted. In Denmark and Sweden, a good deal of rough, coarse hospitality goes on; and the Turks, even, can and do give good dinners, when they do not attempt to serve them up in the European style. A good rule in giving dinners, is never to have more guests or more dishes than you know how to manage. A roast saddle of Welsh

mutton, two sorts of vegetables, and a tart, is a dinner for a prince; but then there should not be more than four princes or princesses to eat it. It is the best dinner a young housewife, whose husband has £500 a year, can or ought to put upon the table, and much better than any possible abominations contrived by the pastrycook round the corner.

The mistress of a small household should never be above giving an eye to the maid-of-all-work; nobody will think any the worse of her. A very dear and near friend of mine, who is now a man of mark enough in the world to be recognised by some who read these pages, used to give charming little dinners; and many a time have we all gone to the kitchen, "a merry three," and dressed a little impromptu feast, which a philosopher and an epicure might alike envy. My friend was a dab at an omelette, and piqued himself rather upon it; his wife (a peeress's daughter) made a bread-and-butter pudding that made one's mouth water to think about; and I beat up the sauce, and did the looking-on part. Lady A., with her dress pinned up like a Norman nurse's, and a neat housewifely little pair of linen sleeves, looked charming; while H., the best fellow under the sun, always would insist upon twisting a sheet of foolscap into a head-dress before he began. Surely, surely, never were there such merry dinners! A city-bred boarding-school miss would have blushed up to the ears to be caught in such a pickle; but any one who chose might have come in upon Lady Anne—and such laughing and merriment might well have won them into making a call—but she would only have laughed the gayer. I don't think it ever occurred to any of us to regret we had not a cook, or above the pay of a good city clerk in a bank, among the three of us. As for indigestion, we did not know what it was.

I was once staying, too, at a very large country house in the north of England; it was about Christmas time, and I had sat up with my host till long after midnight, talking over other days and other scenes. Suddenly we both found we were hungry; every one in the house was gone to bed, except our valets, who were lazily keeping watch in the dressing-rooms. Down we went, therefore, through rooms and along passages, stumbling over mousetraps and alarming stray cats, till we reached the kitchen. The smouldering embers of the fire were soon rekindled, and foraging about we found the remains of a leg of mutton, and some

cold ham and eggs, which had been left out of the pantry probably by accident. Such a devilled bone of mutton as we had then, such an omelette, and such a glass of punch, I have never had since; and I dare say the servants would have wondered who on earth had been in the kitchen during the night, if they had not found my host's gold penceil-case, which he had taken to stir the whiskey and water, as we could not find any spoons.

In France it is customary to drink a glass of vermouth or some bitter liqueur before dinner, and a farewell coffee after it, as digesters. In Russia, at Hamburg, in Denmark and Sweden, and in most of the northern countries of Europe, an epicure begins his dinner with a glass of fiery spirits; and I have found it a good plan to follow the customs of any country in which I might be living. In southern countries, however, where the atmosphere is dry, this practice would be an easy and familiar introduction to the doctor. In Spain, Italy, Turkey, &c. all fermented liquors should be avoided by a man who does not wish to be in a perpetual fever; one cup of well-made coffee is also enough for anybody.

I once knew a physician in good practice, whose whole family were in the habit of taking a teaspoonful of soda mixed in water, and then a glass of port wine after dinner; but I found it produced acidity, instead of destroying it. The best specific I know for acidity, is a glass of cold water; if one does not prove successful, try two. French dinners should always be diluted with claret and water; beer does not harmonize with them. Half a bottle of claret and one glass of Madeira is a fair dinner allowance for any man, and will not hurt him. Claret may be drunk, and will be found good, in France, northern Germany (especially in the Steur-Verein), Russia, and America; elsewhere it is detestable. Beer is good in England, Bavaria, and indeed throughout Germany, and in America; everywhere else it should be avoided. In Hamburg, English beer may be had cheaper than in England, owing to the drawback on exportation. In Spain, the only drinkable wine I could ever get, except at the houses of Jews, was the Val-de-peñas; but that is seldom good. It is hardly necessary to add, that port and sherry, as prepared for the English market, are unknown there; and it would be impossible to drink either in a hot country, if as plentiful as water. I found it a good plan to drink weak brandy and water throughout Spain. If an English traveller also should

arrive hungry at a Spanish inn, he had better confine himself to eggs, and dress them himself, or they will be served up with rancid oil and bad potatoes. It is a curious thing, that beefsteaks are better almost everywhere than in England. They are best of all in Hamburg. Let the epicure ask for a *bistek-étorffé*,—a stifled beefsteak, and he will make the acquaintance of one of those happy marvels of cookery, of which there are not more than four or five in the world. The worst ham I ever ate was at Bayonne; but they make the best chocolate in the world there. In southern Germany, the best dish a hungry traveller can ask for is a *Kalbs-cotelette* (a veal cutlet); in northern Germany, beefsteaks and potatoes are to be recommended. Mutton throughout Germany is detestable. In Hungary, the fried chickens are better than anything else; and for wine let the thirsty man ask for Erlauer, and mix it with two parts of water to one of wine. Italy is famous for macaroni, and a dish called *polenta* should be forgotten by no visitor to Venice, though it wants a good appetite. In America, pumpkin pie stands first in the estimation of the wise, and mint julep and sherry-cobbler require no recommendation here, though how Cousin Jonathan can contrive to swallow so much of them, it is not easy to understand. A mayonnaise is a good dish in its way, and a capital manner of serving up cold salmon or the remains of a fowl. At Frankfort, however, they give you mayonnaise of brains, a dish which it surpasses the capacity of any human digestion (except a Jewish one) to dispose of satisfactorily. The Jews, however, I really believe, can eat anything in the way of strong food. I once saw a pretty little lady of this race devour the best part of a Strasburg pie, without one atom of bread; yet she seemed to live upon butterflies, and had a complexion like a houri. The capacity of the digestions of southern Germany is also very remarkable; they can dispose of a regular meal six times a day, and fill up the intervals with raw herrings and sardines. An Algerine, however, once told me he ate twenty pounds of grapes daily, for his health, while they were in season; so that nationality can make little difference. Southern nations are less given to excess than northern ones. The late Mr. Liston was once called in by a lady in weak health; his advice to her was to get tipsy every day. She did so and recovered. The relations of an old gentleman of eighty used to assert that he never, by any accident, went to bed sober. Yet Panucci, one of the famous long-livers of Italy, never ate anything but salad, and

drank nothing. Priests may be said, as a body, to live more moderately than soldiers, yet we have more examples of long life in the army than in the priesthood. Diet, or rather fixed rules of diet seem to have little influence on longevity. Persons who wish for long life had better buy annuities; there are plenty of people silly enough to sell them; but no one yet ever ate, drank, or starved themselves into long life.

CHAPTER V.

THE TALE OF A VAIN MAN.

BRILLIANT SAVARIN, in his "Physiologie du Goût," says, that "*La gourmandise*" is one of the principal links of society." Now, without inquiring whether we may assign to eating and drinking so important a place as the French writer has done, I think that a good dinner, or a good breakfast, or, in fact, any other satisfactory repast, is a thing that wouderfully opens the iron gates of that reserve in which our countrymen especially generally shut themselves up. People, though but slightly acquainted, finding themselves at the same board, partaking of the same fare; with no other amusement for the time being save each other's society, are almost constrained, will'e-nill'e, to be communicative; and if there be any talk at all in a man, it is at such times that it comes out. It was thus, therefore, that our little party at the *Ruins* grew so extremely friendly and communicative that, during a pause in the conversation, my elderly friend acquainted us with many little secrets about his early youth, and about the pain and mortifications to which his pride and vanity had often subjected him. Whether he fancied he saw either of these defects lurking beneath my eyeglass, or peeping above the well-starched collar of our friend the curate, and, therefore, in the spirit of friendship he wished to read us a useful lesson; or whether, a dash of the old weakness still left, it was merely for the pleasure of talking about himself, remains to this day an undecided question in my mind;

* The word *gourmandise* is preserved here, because, according to the author, its French name cannot be translated; neither the Latin word *gula*, nor the English word *gluttony*, nor the German word *Lüsternheit*, express *gourmandise*.

nevertheless, the "tale of a vain man" interested me; and I trust it will interest the reader. I will therefore give it in his own words:—

"You may talk of the death or coldness of friends, the bitterness of poverty, and the shame of dishonour worse than death, as the most painful passages in our lives; but these form by far the lesser portion of our distresses. There are some which, although they seem, when past, ridiculous, affect us perhaps as strongly as any. These are the little mortifications to our pride and vanity which wound us the more deeply in early life, from the dread of the ridicule attached to them. Youth always thinks the eyes of all the world are upon its actions; and although, perhaps, no one except ourselves noticed the trivial incident that annoyed us, like a barbed arrow it penetrates the core of our hearts, and leaves its subtle poison there.

"I recollect once, when a very young man, chance brought me acquainted with a lady of high degree, and passing fair,—one of those women who seem to look out of a pair of sleepy, half-shut eyes, to see only the ridicule of society, and quietly enjoy it in their own way. She could talk on any subject, and talk well; although it was observable that she rather delighted in seeing people commit themselves in some absurd manner, than loved the gentler charities of conversation; and, in fact, she always tried to lead them on to do so.

"It happened that I had some business of importance with the lady's husband, the Honourable Henry Saville, which obliged me to pay him a visit, and, unfortunately, I missed the coach (rail-roads were not so common at the period of which I am speaking) by which I had intended to have gone, and I had to wait for one that started some hours later; so that when I arrived at —, Mr. Saville, who was the great man of the place, had gone to take the chair at a public dinner, and left a note, politely requesting that I would accept a bed at the house and wait his return till the following morning, to which I gladly assented, as the affairs upon which I wished to consult him were of a very pressing nature. Accordingly, I was ushered into a room where sat Mrs. Saville.

"She treated me somewhat cavalierly, did not even rise at my entrance, and quickly evaded my awkward attempts at conversation. I felt piqued (for youth is jealous of its dignity), and began to grow sulky. The lady had dined, too; and I was shown into the dining-room, where dinner was laid out more formally than

seemed necessary. Finding, however, nobody joined me, I sat down to my solitary meal in high dudgeon, and after a slight repast, rose with a ruffled crest and walked out upon the lawn, erect and haughty as a tragedy king, not even turning my head towards the window where I knew the fair lady was sitting. Mrs. Saville, however, a perfect woman of the world, saw that something was wrong, and doubtless discovering at a glance the sort of person with whom she had to deal, hastened, with woman's tact, to heal the wound she had inflicted.

"She came out to join me on the lawn, showed me over the treasures of her garden and hothouses, and particularly called my attention, with a half-smile, to the sensitive plant. I was soon won from my ill-humour, and mentioned the names of several men of high rank with whom I was acquainted, thinking to enhance my own importance, and show her what manner of person she had been slighting, forgetful of Lord Chesterfield's apt parallel, 'that a rich man never borrows.'

"As the evening began to grow dark, we returned to the house; and Mrs. Saville, with a generous self-sacrifice,—or, perhaps, pleased with my *empressement*,—led the way to her boudoir, and gave up the evening to my amusement.

"Soon, soon was all my spleen and offended dignity forgotten; she touched upon literature, and listened with what I (vain boy) thought pleased attention to my over-strained enthusiasm. We talked of Scott's novels; and she asked me which I thought the best. I named 'Old Mortality;' and she rose to get the book from the library with her own fair hands, that I might point out my favourite passages. Spell-bound, while the hours flew on, I talked, and listened to the sweet flatteries of the elegant woman of the world; and she smiled kindly on my awkward John Bull attempts at homage. Alas!—

Never does Time travel faster,
Than when his way lies among flowers.

"Bedtime came, and I said Good night with a throbbing heart, a flushed cheek, and thoughts that banished sleep from my pillow.

"The next morning, after breakfast and a pleasant conversation with Mrs. Saville, renewing the subjects of the yesternight, Mr. Saville and I adjourned to the library on the matter of my visit,

now almost forgotten. He was surprised, as well he might be, at the confused manner in which I opened the affair; but at last I came to myself, the business was soon discussed, and being concluded, the time arrived for me to go.

"I went to take leave of the lady with a heavy heart, and after having lingered longer in the exchange of parting compliments, at last backed out of the hall with all the tingling self-satisfaction of a country beau.

"A jingling vehicle, which had been sent for from a neighbouring town, awaited me, and the adieus over, with my host and hostess still standing at the door, smiling and bowing, I threw my great coat over my arm, and was stepping peacefully into the crazy gig, when, the horse making a slight movement, I lost my balance and fell off the step, while out of my great-coat pocket rolled an old black hair-brush,—a bachelor's brush, none of the cleanest, and which I had brought with me to arrange my hair (of which I was very proud) before sitting down to dinner.

"I saw my host with a broad smile on his good-humoured face, while the lady's lip wore the old expression of suppressed enjoyment. I wished the earth to open, as I picked up the wretched thing, with a deep, inward anathema, and hastily getting into the gig, did not venture to look round again till I had passed the park gates.

"It was a bitter wound to my vanity; and now, when the gray hairs are thick upon my head and many graver troubles are forgotten memory, still brings a blush to my withered cheeks as I recall it!

"Some years after the mishap of the hair-brush, I went to London; I was still a young man, of good birth and fortune, and very particular about my dress and appointments; for at this time I fell in love with Lady Emily Howard, daughter of the Earl of Guernsey: she was a sweet girl, full of mirth and lightheartedness, and having a keen eye for the ludicrous.

"Being one day honoured with a request to attend her ladyship and her mother, the Countess of Guernsey, to a morning concert at the Hanover Square Rooms, I attended, dressed in the extreme of fashion, and punctual to the time appointed—as what lover is not? We were to walk there, as the day was unusually beautiful, and, with the countess and her fair daughter, I commenced this delightful promenade.

"We had not gone far when,—mercy on me! with a horror to which the rack is nothing, I perceived peering below my tightly-strapped tronsers, a little end of that gray flannel binding used by washerwomen for garters, and which sometimes finds its way into a bachelor's wardrobe. What could I do? Every step I took it came lower and lower, and at last fairly flapped backwards and forwards over my foot—like Medusa's shield, turning me to stone as I looked at it.

"Hitherto, however, it had escaped unnoticed, for my fair companions were exchanging bows and smiles on all sides, as we were in the midst of the fashionable throng of a London season. Thinking, or rather hoping, therefore, that they would be too much occupied to perceive me, I disengaged my arm from that of the countess, and lifting up my leg behind, made a convulsive effort to reach and draw out the horrid cause of my annoyance.

"I had tight hold of it, and was pulling in a firm but gradual manner, and though nearly black in the face from straining, doing my best to look unconcerned, when I felt Lady Emily's hand tremble on my arm, and heard her suppressed titter. I increased my exertions, till, suddenly (pity me, I pray you), I pulled so violently that my strap broke, and the stocking, garter and all, came quite over my boot; while, to add to my confusion, being rather of a plethoric habit, my nose burst out bleeding! Lady Emily shook convulsively, the countess was positively angry, and I looked the picture of absurd despair.—This in Hanover Square! I turned into a shop to repair my toilet—Lady Emily and the countess found another cavalier—while, as they walked away, I noticed that every limb of my fair one's body twitched spasmodically, with her effort to suppress a violent burst of laughter. The next morning the story was half over the town.

"Shortly after this, my father wrote to me to come back into the country, and more than hinted that there was a lady in the case, whose property adjoining our own, made her an excellent match for the heir of the family. My mother also added a panegyric on Miss Melville, the young lady in question, and gave such a glowing picture, that I set off home at once, nothing loth; for I was heartily sick of London, since my last unfortunate *contretemps*.

"The morning after my arrival at home, thinking to have a few minutes' conversation in private with my mother before breakfast, I descended early into the drawing-room, which communicated

with a sort of *sanctum sanctorum* of my mother's, the door of which was generally locked. Finding, it, therefore, closed, and no one in the room, and not suspecting anybody in my mother's, I began walking backwards and forwards, for it was a wet morning, and I was never of a literary turn of mind, at least till the gout made me so, by keeping me always at home. I soon, however, grew weary of this, and commenced singing a foolish medley of comic songs, and reciting scraps from plays, accompanying them with *appropriate* action, and then jumbled them altogether in a most singular manner.

"I had been practising boxing, also, in London, and I planted myself before a glass and sparred most valorously with myself; standing, at the same time, in various gladiatorial attitudes; when suddenly, in the midst of my evolutions, I was interrupted by a merry laugh close behind me. It was Miss Melville, who had entered from the little room, where she was at work, and had silently contemplated me till she could contain herself no longer.

"I execrated my ill luck: it certainly was not a happy introduction to one's future wife; but it had the effect of breaking down a great deal of the formality of a first introduction, at all events.

"'Have you seen my mother?' I began.—'Miss Melville, I presume;' but the young lady laughed too immoderately to answer me; and I added, 'Really, Miss Melville, you should not be so hard upon me; I was only trying to find out in what attitude I might look most becoming in your eyes.'

"'I hope not, indeed, sir,' she said; 'for if I mistake not, you were fighting.'

"'As I hope I should do in your defence.'

"'I should have a chivalrous defender, but, I fear, of little avail, if he wasted his prowess in first doing battle with himself before a looking-glass.'

"Whether, however, Miss Melville found better things in me, I know not, she still tries to leave me in uncertainty; but shortly after we were married, and many a sly joke does my wife make about the wet morning of our first introduction in the old drawing-room.

"You may smile—I hope you will; but these are among the greatest of minor troubles. I have had more pain from breaking a glass at dinner-table, overturning wine, spilling gravy on a lady's glove, or doing a thousand of those awkward things that make

dining out a purgatory to some people, than from many a graver circumstance.

"Talking on a *mal-à-propos* subject, *d'une corde dans la maison d'un pendu*, making a joke that no one understands, and being asked to explain; these and many other similar trifles have marred my enjoyment for a whole evening in my youth, and I am not quite sure they would be powerless now.

" 'Vanity of vanities, all is vanity!' saith the preacher."

CHAPTER VI.

A GREAT IDEA—(IN GERMANY).

I WAS still living in the capital of a petty German kingdom—I won't say where, because it has nothing to do with my story, but perhaps it was in the dominions of the all-highest his majesty the King of the Towering Taxes; perhaps it was in those of his effulgency the Markgraf of Schwarzwürst-Schinkenshausen; let the discerning reader choose between them.

I cannot say I enjoyed my stay there very much, though I was living with Herr Doctor Schnapsgeldt, a little man of great reputation in those parts. But I am a plain Englishman, fond of plain things and plain people; and I must confess, the little doctor knew too much about Semiramis for me; and I was so utterly plagued and worried by this unfortunate hobby of his, that I very often wished myself back in London—Semiramis, without disrespect, at Halifax. Then the folk were all a vast deal too grand, and I hardly know, to this moment, whether I was ashamed of them, or of myself for being amongst them. They were so proud and so pompous, so hung in chains, and so festooned with ribbons. People whom I am quite sure my cousin, Farmer Mangold, utterly ruined by free trade, could buy with the stroke of a pen ten times over, looked down upon the doctor and me with such contempt, and treated each other with such ridiculous formality, using titles so long and so incomprehensible, that I could scarcely make up my mind whether to laugh at or be angry with them.

Your Germans make fine caricatures. They are so naïvely and pleasantly absurd, and so utterly unconscions of it, that if you can

only set at defiance all temptation to get out of humour, you may have fine sport among them. Poor, ostentatious, learned, silly, heavy, huffy, smoking, soaking race, I can never remember ye without a laugh that is almost a guffaw.

There is something good, too, in your wondrous kootooing to dignities, oh, ye long-enduring poets and philosophers of Towering Taxes! and I for one love you none the worse for it. If I cannot look upon a goose with sixteen quarterings, having the same awe of him as ye; if a king and a cobbler are one and the same man to me, and I'd as lief dine with the one as the other, don't let us quarrel about it.

I think too you are decidedly wrong about Sanerkraut; and if I had been a Chinese, I might believe that I was sent to eat it for my sins. It is my opinion that a man may, and even perhaps ought, to wash himself once or twice between the beginning of October and the middle of June: I do not approve of eating black puddings for supper, and smoking cigars bad or good, till one's clothes smell like the cigar-manufactory at Seville. I should like you to ride better, and dress better than you do; I would rather even you did not sleep between two feather-beds, with an unequal hay-mattress beneath; your beds, too, might be longer and broader, without positive disadvantage; your pillows less uneasy and less fluffy, your wash-hand basins larger than pie-dishes with a glass of water in the centre. However, if you are too conservative to change things, with all my heart, let us shake hands and still be friends. Your hair is tousled, my friend; I know it always was, and you might comb it, but you won't. Your eyes are red, your beard is rusty. But if I should ever want to know whether Nimrod was left-handed, and Cleopatra, spite of her reputation for beauty, had a cast in the eye, I do not know anybody to whom I would sooner come than a tousled-headed-philosopher of Towering Taxes.

They were wondrous grand folk who lived in the Hauptstadt. It took away the breath of little Doctor Schnapsgeldt sometimes even to pronounce their names; partly from the awe he felt when speaking of such august personages, and partly from the sheer length of their titles. There was Seiner Durchlaucht the Herr Prinz Donnerblitz, six hundred and third of that noble family, and possessing the exact sum of eighty pounds a year to live upon, which he did in great glory and importance, finding himself, and

having his ribands given to him. Then there was a terrible old curmudgeon, one Graf Grab, who was said to be immensely rich, even perhaps to the amount of five hundred a year; and the inside of whose house, still less his knives and forks, had never been seen by any human eye save those of his deaf valet. He always appeared to wear the same musty old coat and the same square-toed, much-enduring boots, to black which was a mockery. His tenants brought him eggs and butter, and upon these he lived, in a house as cold, cheerless, and everlasting-looking as himself. Then there was her excellency the Ex-grand-mistress of the Clotheshorses, the first lady in the land (I have seen little Schnaps-geldt turn quite pale when he passed her). She was a fat blossoming sort of body, good-humoured enough, I dare say, if she could have forgotten her consequence; but unluckily she was haunted by the recollection that she was actually a cousin of the great-granddaughter of a lady who was supposed to have won the heart of Adolphus the Fat, and to have managed the weighty affairs of the kingdom during the latter part of a reign which was prematurely cut short by a surfeit of mushrooms. It was extremely refreshing for me, to see the native good-humour of her excellency struggling with this tremendous recollection, and finally being so conquered and subdued by it, till she could not, I verily believe, have bent from her upright and uncomfortable position had her life depended on it.

Then there was the Commander-in-Chief of the Armies, a fat veteran, whose clothes were as tight for him, as if the end and aim of all uniform was to make the wearer uncomfortable, as perhaps it is. There was the factotum of the All-highest, a bald, round gentleman, of gay and *débonnaire* manners, and one of those roguish eyes that make one wonder how long some men will fancy they are young, and gallop with loose reins after the follies of youth long after its graces have left them.

A discerning public will readily understand that neither I nor little Schnapsgeldt would ever have been admitted into such distinguished society as that which I have been speaking of, inasmuch as the order of society in Germany places men of learning immediately after bootblacks in rank. There were, however, peculiar circumstances. Little Schnapsgeldt had, among other accomplishments, what Uncle Sam calls a great "gift" for music; and as he was a modest little fellow, giving lessons at half price, he was very exten-

sively employed among the high aristocracy of the capital, and I played second fiddle. It happened that at a party, where most of these notabilities were assembled to talk scandal and drink tea with rum in it, handed round lukewarm, I met, standing in a doorway and utterly out of his element, a strange crack-brained little fellow, who, I found, believed in the *ologies* so as to be quite hot and excitable when any of them were mentioned, divined people's characters by their handwriting, and, after having earnestly solicited permission to feel my head, shook his own despondingly when the operation had been concluded, and seemed to think me a very improper person indeed.

Perhaps, however, I won on him afterwards, or perhaps he was as utterly extinguished and snubbed down as men of the kind usually are when dropped from the clouds among the young and gay. At all events, it is certain that our acquaintance so far ripened into intimacy, that I learned the following story of the phrenologist's adventures; and he assured me with great disgust that it was a true one.

"I am an inventor, sir," said the little man, excitedly; "a great inventor and a political economist. Oh! talk to me about political economy, if you like, and I will answer you. Well, sir, in—but never mind what year—I had a great idea, so great indeed that my head, which you may have remarked is deficient in the organ of holding-tightness, had great difficulty in retaining it. But I did retain it, sir; I am happy to say that by the help of pen, ink, and paper, and keeping a watch over my mind, as I may say, sir, I did retain it; and by the efforts I then made, and have since made in this respect, my organ of holding-tightness, small as it is, is undoubtedly larger than it was—a remarkable phrenological fact."

"So!" said I, with a slight yawn; "So!"—which, though a little exclamation, is enough in German to satisfy the most exacting talker of attention, as it may be made to bear any meaning whatever, according to the pronunciation of it. "So! Do you know if we are likely to have any supper?"

"Supper! No," replied the inventor, with a sigh; "the high nobility never give supper; but, as I was saying, I had a great idea, an idea, sir, of the greatest importance to the country; I may say, to the world. Ah! I see you are incredulous. You Englishmen always put up your eyebrows at foreigners; but it is true."

I hastened to apologize, and tried to get away in the confusion

of bowing that followed; but it would not do. The man of the great idea bowed till I could see he shaved the back of his head too high up, but he held me fast by the button of a coat which I respected, and escape was impossible.

"I mentioned my idea," continued he, "to his excellency my uncle, who is Sub-deputy-over-taker-off-of-nightcaps to the All-highest, and he told me at once that I must make known my idea to his royal majesty. Delighted, flattered, perhaps intoxicated with the prospect of so much honour, hoping that my name would find a place hereafter among the famous of the fatherland, I could neither sleep by night nor eat by day, after my uncle had formally solicited an audience for me; and I thought of nothing else but how I could explain my great idea in the most flowing language and with the best effect. At length the momentous day came, my uncle received a note from a quarter too august to be named, commanding me to attend at the palace in uniform on the following day.

"It was a dreadful moment—it makes my hair stand upright to think of it. *I had no uniform!* What was to be done? I had been, it is true, midshipman of the tenth class, in one of the unbuilt ships of the German navy; but, since that institution exists no longer, I felt a certain delicacy about hanging out false colours, if I wore the uniform. I took counsel of my uncle, however; and he recommended me to do so fearlessly. 'Cut boldly!' replied the angur, and the king cut it through accordingly.

"In other words, I resolved to wear the only uniform to which I could pretend; and by standing over the tailor night and day (a dreadful duty, for he smoked bad tobacco all the time), my clothes were ready by the time appointed. And behold me, strapped down and buckled in to the last verge of human endurance, at last in the ante-room of the king.

"It was full of officers, buckled in, strapped down, and puffed out in very much the same manner as I was myself; and they must have been equally uncomfortable, save that they were more used to it. I do not know how I supported the wretched two hours that followed; and though I and my uncle had spent more than a year in endeavouring by every possible means to obtain the unspeakable honour which had at length been vouchsafed to me—panting, stifling, throttling, red in the face, tingling in the hands, burning and singing in the ears, tightening sensation in the nose—my only wish was now to get well out of it and, awaiting death or

delivery, I at length sank down upon a chair, resting myself at the extreme edge of it, and tilting up my heels, that by humouring my straps and buckles as much as possible, I might get the only mockery of ease which was attainable.

"The officers clanked their sabres, and strutted about, and brought their two armed heels sharply together for salute, when there was a new arrival, and then, as the door closed and all was again silent, looked straight before them and breathed hard. I am sure there was not a man in that room who could have bent his neck in any direction, had his life depended on the exertion.

"The second hour of my waiting had long passed by; and my creak in the neck was just giving way to, and yielding before, an intolerable pain in the back, which had just set in, when the folding-doors were at last thrown wide open, and an aide-de-camp, coming in, dismissed the officers on duty for the day; while, about half an hour afterwards, I was informed that it was impossible for the king to grant me an audience.

"I do not know whether relief at being able to unbutton my coat, or pain at the failure of my hopes, was the first feeling in my mind; but I do know that I left the palace with a sigh at the suffering I had undergone, which carried off several out-of-the-way buttons in its discharge.

"My uncle was waiting for me, expecting that my face, perhaps, might have caught some of the glory of majesty during the interview he expected me to have had, and he looked extremely blank when he learned the result of my morning's exploits. Recovering himself, however, he made many sagacious reflections on the grave cares of kings, and how proud and grateful their subjects ought to be for the sleepless anxiety which ever watches over them. Unluckily, my uncle hit upon so much excellent rhetoric while pursuing this train of thought, that he could not help haranguing on the subject in the evening at a *dansanté* given by the Grand Mistress of the Clotheshorses.

"'Ah!' said she, 'the dear king, he was so pleased and amused this morning. It was delightful to see his majesty and the dear queen, too! Oh, count!'

"'To be sure,' said my uncle, very grandly, 'great affairs are the pleasures of great minds. I hear all the ministers waited on his majesty this morning.'

"'To be sure they did—the tiresome fellows. They never know

when they are wanted. But not one of them got an audience; not one, I assure you, my dear count.'

"'Not one?' replied my uncle. 'Ah! his majesty is a wonderful man, to carry on the affairs of the nation by his own unassisted reflections.'

"' *Ti donc!* Fiddle de dee!' replied the Grand Mistress, annoyed into being natural. 'I am afraid, count, you are a democrat! The dear king and the sweet queen were teaching 'Pinch' (her sweet majesty's lapdog) to walk upright with a cocked-hat on. They spent all the morning about it; and I never knew his majesty in such delightful spirits.'

"And this was the end of my great idea; for when I got home I found that the police, in seizing the papers of a newspaper correspondent who lived next door to me, on the same floor, had, in their zeal, paid a visit to my rooms also, and finding some important-looking papers, had seized them at once, assured that there *could* be no good in them."

I sympathized warmly with my little friend about the seizure of his papers, and assured him that he was not the only person in his majesty's dominions who had suffered from his contact with so terrible and justly-to-be-feared a personage as a newspaper correspondent.

CHAPTER VII.

A RAMBLE TO RHEBURG.

RHEBURG is a regular German watering-place of the old school. The gambling-tables have been wisely abolished since 1848, and as far as I could judge, there may hardly be a quieter spot in Europe. It is situated in the midst of remarkably pretty scenery, and the whole aspect of the place is pleasant and friendly. A more agreeable picture than this little village, as I rode in the rich light of the summer afternoon along the woody road which passes through it, never soothed the spirits of a traveller. The trees threw a chequered varying shadow over garden and cottage as they sported about with the breeze. Under doorways, and in summer-houses, sat the wives of the patriarchs of the neighbour-

hood, making stockings against the winter; or a band of coffee-sisters (Caffé-Schwestern), with their clean white cups before them, sat talking of their lovers, or singing gently some ballad of Schubert. The cows and the goats came lowing homewards along the road; a sturdy peasant-boy was bringing home his wearied team from the hayfield, and cracking his noisy whip by the way; and two of those travelling workmen who are to be found on every highway in Germany, were winding down a little hill which leads to the inn. With their long beards and picturesque hats, their staffs, and their knapsacks, they looked but little like the journeymen watchmakers they were. I pulled up for a while to enjoy the pleasant scene before me; to drink, as it were, my fill of that pure light air, and to graven so sweet a picture on my memory for ever, ere I went on my way.

I dined simply but substantially at the village inn, and then, while my horse was resting, loitered to the little "Kurhaus," to see the company that assembled there twice a day to drink the "Mölke," or goat's-milk, which is said to work miracles. A band of eight rather unwashed-looking musicians were playing some not very lively airs, as the people walked about; but my landlord said it was hardly to be expected they could be gayer, upon a hundred thalers a year between them; and conscience obliged me to agree with him. The visitors to the bath were for the most part the usual collection of bewigged and washed-out oddities, who assemble in such places in search of health, and hoping to obtain a new lease of life. People whose characters, perhaps, were originally stamped in fast colours enough, but which time and trouble, and small annuities, seem gradually to have fused all into the same pale, faded tint. There was a German professor or two, who had bewildered themselves with Greek roots and Chaldaic at Göttingen; there was a little lost old woman, who fidgeted about, and seemed to know nobody, and to be on very distant terms even with herself, and not at all likely to put up with a liberty. There was a strayed dandy, who evidently ought to have been at Homberg; and the same eternal widow and her three daughters, whom I have met everywhere these seven years; though why they do not stay at their uncle's rural deanery, and marry the young solicitors and surgeons to whom they naturally belong, and whom they *will* marry at last, is a little mystery into which it might make one's heart ache to peep too closely.

Going through the Kurhaus, and a billiard-room, which I was glad to see deserted, I found myself among a low range of sheds, something like the booths at a fair, for not a single thing that they contained appeared to be of the slightest use to anybody. People living in small places, however, never like their friends to go anywhere without bringing them some little love-gift or other. It is a bad thing to go against people's fancies in such cases; and in the commerce of life, if we expect to receive kindnesses and to win hearts, we must show a good-natured feeling for others, even in the simple deed, and in the trifling word. "Sermons in stones" may be found, if one looks for them; and we may certainly very often find an odd moral if we look for it. Here in this little hospital, where every person, not a native of the place, either was, or fancied himself ill, I had a great truth impressed upon my mind, quite as vividly as it had ever been before, or has ever been since: "*A lady never thinks herself too old to marry.*" I was rummaging about among trumpery of all kinds, and had finally bought a small China goose to give to my friends, as a forget-me-not, when an ominous little sharp sound upon the floor, told me I had lost one of those bachelor's torments, a shirt-button. "Madam," said I deferentially to the elderly lady, who had left a still more elderly gentleman to attend to me; "Madam, have you got any buttons to replace the one I have just lost?" After a good deal of searching about,—for of course she did not keep so useful an article as any part of her stock in trade,—a new button was at length found; and as the elderly lady seemed a matronly sort of body, of some sixty-five winters, and had a good stiff beard on her chin, I, though a staid man enough, saw no harm in telling her that she would add to the favour which she had conferred upon me, if she would sew it on. Upon this she appeared to be taken with a strange kind of flutter; but as a new-comer at the baths, who had already purchased to the magnificent extent of half a crown, was not to be lightly lost as a probable customer in future, she at length produced the necessary needle; and sitting down in the chair which the elderly gentleman had just quitted, I prepared for the operation. Much was I astonished to hear her say, in a tone of coquetish anguish, "Ah Gott! the Lord Court-counsellor (Herr-Hofrath) will tease me finely about sewing on a shirt-button for a young man." The Lord Court-counsellor, who must have been at least seventy, was, I suppose, the elderly gentleman who was carrying on

a sort of faded flirtation with her; but I need not add, after this, that my button was very badly sewn on. Flirtations and good housewifery seldom agree.

I was just returning to my inn after this, when a little group of people coming down the "Kurhaus" steps attracted my attention. It was composed of two gentlemen, evidently belonging to the better classes, and somewhat in the decline of life, a lady who seemed to be the wife of one of them, a young man of about twenty, who looked like a student, and an invalid girl of some eighteen summers, who was, in the sight of all men, save perhaps those to whom she was dearest, wearing away to "the land of the dead." They interested me so strongly, and almost in spite of myself, that I tried to learn their history. It was short but touching enough. The young maiden's lover had been killed in the wars of Holstein. He had fallen in the front of battle, with his sword in his hand, and the star of the Hohenzollern knighthood newly won upon his breast; he had died while her faith was whole in him; in the promise and the hope of youth; in the full flush of its beautiful romance he had passed away; like a song unfinished, like a lute just strung—the chords had ceased to vibrate while their tone was sweetest. So the maid had looked upon her dead lover as a hero—as something greater, nobler, better than anything which could be again. So great, and even, as it has always seemed to me, so humbling to our grosser natures, is the love of a true-hearted woman.

The news did not seem to affect her very violently at first; she went about her household duties as usual, smiling often when kind eyes were watching her; but she drooped gradually. From being a fine healthy girl, and one of those happily constituted natures not easily moved, she became subject to needless alarms, and wept frequently. One day she fainted; her brother had casually mentioned the name of her lover, who had been his college friend and "Dutz-bruder" (Thou-brother); when she came to herself and they asked what had ailed her, she said at last, "I think I—I—am going to join Wilhelm."

Then they knew her secret, and the wealth of grief she had so long hoarded up in her heart. They took her to baths and watering-places, hither and thither; and the skill of physicians was exhausted upon her in vain. They led her from place to place and she was always cheerful when they were with her, and the smile even lingered on her lip; but if left alone, the dark shadow

came back, and at night her dreams were troubled, and she sobbed in her sleep, as if her heart was breaking. Her mother had died when she was young, or perhaps she might have found a balm for that early heavy sorrow, which it seemed beyond the art of another to soothe. The father of her dead lover and his mother, however, attended her everywhere; and it was very touching to see with what heart-aching anxiety they watched over her. Her brother too looked upon an almost solemn care of her to be among the duties he owed to his dead friend as much as to his sister; for, as I have said, the young soldier who slept far away had been his college friend and "Dutz-bruder;" and of all feeling this friendship is perhaps the strongest in a German heart; as strong even as foster-brotherhood among the Highlands of Scotland, or in Ireland. If love, then, and watching, and tenderness; if the very heart's blood of all around her could have prolonged that gentle life an hour, it would have been poured out like water. Alas! there is little hope: in another short week or two, a bell shall be heard in the little chapel upon the hill, and a crucifix be borne aloft; she shall be laid in "the Court of Peace" (Fried-Hof), and flowers shall blossom sweetly over that early and sacred grave. War is a dreadful thing indeed, when such are of its fruits! I rode homewards rather saddened by this little history, loitering quietly through the sweet-smelling hayfields and ripening corn, looking like fairy gold in the moonlight: I had spent one of those happy, peaceful days which it does one good to remember. Golden bells, as the Hungarians say, were ringing in my heart; a gentle peal full of love and gratitude to the Giver of all Good, and of overflowing tenderness and charity to all created things. My very breathings felt like spontaneous prayer; and thus journeying among hills and woodland, by cottages trellised over with the honeysuckle, and fragrant with cglantine and sweet-brier, I saw the quaint old city, with its gloomy streets and fantastic air, with something almost like regret that so pleasant an episode in my life was ended.

Great things had happened, however, while I was away. A sixteenth cousin of mine (thrice removed), who enjoys the high hereditary office of "Vice-uncoverer-of-the-soup" to his effulgent Thorough-goingness the Markgraf of Schwarzwürst-Schinkenshausen, had chosen this day to give a *fête* (a hot, troublesome, dusty, crowded assembly and noisy music), in commemoration of the

occasion when the grand-uncle of his present Effulgency (Rudolph, surnamed the Terror of the Burghers) recovered from the chicken-pox. These occasions are, however, of such frequent occurrence throughout Germany, that their punctual observance goes very far to stop the wheels both of business and pleasure, and I had for some time made a practice of forgetting them, though not without many stern remonstrances from my excellent uncle, or I should rather say, from "his excellency" my uncle; for at this almost inaccessible height of German dignity was he placed, in virtue of his office.

I had great trouble, when I returned, to excuse my absence; and I fear my uncle, though in the main a kind old man, will be long before he forgets my defection. It never seemed to occur either to him or to his guests, that it is not a very exhilarating species of entertainment,—or rather, that it is, upon the whole, when you come to think of it, more than sufficiently wearisome to pass a fine summer's evening standing about in doorways, in tight clothes and varnished boots; besides which, I am getting a little tired of hearing my uncle and his friends tell me so often how many quarterings a man must have upon his escutcheon in order that he may be qualified to take off the boots of his Effulgency, and, in token thereof, wear a little golden key on the tails of his coat.

Since writing the above, I have been at some trouble to ascertain what may be the virtues of the Mölke and of the different waters drunk at German watering-places, to occasion the general emigration which sets in about July, but without success. Some say that a kind of *furor* or ungovernable desire for unpalatable beverages seizes upon the Teutonic races about this period; while others assert that, having carefully avoided all contact with water for ten months in the year, exasperated nature insists on their washing themselves for the other two. Of their medicinal virtues, I have heard such wonders as could only have been the effects of a miracle (all attested by the principal innkeepers of the place); and they seem to be equally efficacious in matters which appeared formerly to darkened minds to concern the surgeon. A Bremen merchant, whom I consulted, told me that he had gone to Rieburg "because he had broken his arm." He did not tell me whether the "Mölke" had set it; but added, with a sigh, that "money was of little value, and did a man no good without health." I answered, that I was thankful to say, I knew very well that health was a good thing; but what might be the sensations of a man who had

money I did not know; and, therefore, should now become reconciled to what I had hitherto regarded as a grief, and advise my friends to do likewise, and profit by his moral. I question, however, should any of us break a leg, whether drinking goat's-milk would be the right way to set it.

A short time after my ramble to Rheburg, I had a severe illness, terminating in hypochondria; and my old friend, Doctor Schnaps-geldt, recommended me strongly to try the virtues of the Mölke. Seeing, however, that I was not disposed to follow his advice, he suggested the baths of Homberg and horse exercise. My little friend, like all his brethren of the craft, had tact enough to advise that which he thought most agreeable to the patient.

CHAPTER VIII.

FRANKFORT—(THE STORY OF LA FAYETTE RYLER).

BEFORE visiting the baths, I determined to stay some little time at Frankfort, where the Diet had just then begun its sittings. I put up at the "Englischer Hof," and dined at its excellent table-d'hôte, where I met two Englishmen listening attentively to the conversation going on around them, and anon one said to the other, "I suppose, from the language, Germany must formerly have belonged to England; for to hear them talk, it is even now as if they were trying to speak English."

"Yes," said the other, with impudent stupidity, "we colonized 'em."

"Oh! with refugees, I see," returned his friend, whose mind was probably running upon the foreigners then in England.

I found the same gentry in the evening, over a supper of beef-steaks and porter, which they seemed to have found rather costly, and grumbled not a little. They were talking about their fathers, who were evidently mighty men in the estimation of their sons, and lived at Gloucester, and were pinmakers. Never was I so much reminded of the man whom Johnson met in an alehouse, and who called himself the Great Twalmey, the inventor of the flood-gate iron, for smoothing linen.

The Archduke Johann was expected daily at Frankfort, on his

return from a tour, during which he had been making speeches, and saying that he belonged to the German people, not they to him. He was the more popular, too, from having married a post-master's daughter, who, common report says, once drove his royal highness a stage, either for love or money. I expected a brilliant demonstration when he came; but it all passed very quietly, whether from the habitual phlegm of the German character, or that the duke had to learn the ruler's lesson, that popularity ends when power begins, I know not; certain it is, however, that his presence did not cause any marked sensation. Even a German said to me—
 “Si ce n'était pour quelques habits noirs, un peu usés, qu'on voit dans les rues, on ne saurait pas qu'il se fit ici aucune affaire hors du commun.”

Frankfort is a dull place; nevertheless, the few days that I spent there passed pleasantly enough. I met many amusing people at the table-d'hôte, some of an originality which I might, perhaps, have sought in vain elsewhere. Amongst them an American, with whom I had many a pleasant chat, during one of which he confided to me his history; and, as no secrecy was imposed upon me, I give it here, for the amusement or edification, as the case may be, of the reader.

The Story of La Fayette Ryler.

It was a fine May morning when La Fayette Ryler arrived at the ancient free city of Frankfort-on-the-Maine, and took up his quarters at the Englischer Hof, supposing rightly that it was the best in the town.

The morning was sunny enough when he arrived; but an hour or two afterwards the sky became overcast, and as there were but few people at the table-d'hôte, and no one of them particularly agreeable or communicative, the American began to think that it is after all but a dull way of passing half a dozen of the best years of one's life to roll about from one hotel to another as he did.

“Suppose,” thought he, “I were to go and live in some decent family here and learn German; it might by-and-by be worth something for me; for La Fayette Ryler, like most young men, thought he should one day be somebody in the world.”

He had no letters of introduction, but he did not want for letters of credit, and his pocket-book was tolerably full of circular notes, so

he asked his banker if he could put him in the way of getting what he wanted.

The Frankfort people, as may be expected from the birthplace of the Rothschilds, are a money-making gentry, and the banker readily recommended him to a speculating kind of person, who made an excellent living by such little commissions. They visited together some half-dozen houses, and at last La Fayette agreed to take up his quarters at the house of a worthy little doctor with a large family. Sixty florins, or five pounds a month, was the price agreed on with the doctor's daughter, who, according to the custom of the Germans, arranged the matter. She was a blooming Fräulein, not so fragile in form as the ladies of London and Paris, but then she had a frank smile and a pleasant good-humour, which are worth a thousand other charms.

"Well," soliloquized the American, as he found himself in a room where there was such a quantity of Bohemian glass that he could scarcely turn without being in danger of a collision, "here I am, to be sure! I had no idea of such a thing an hour before I came; but it is sufficiently dull living always at hotels and talking to the waiters at so much a sentence; besides, waiters are not upon the whole an enlightened body. For talking, however, I fancy I shall be rather fixed still, until I get up some German, though it never occurred to me till now, that to live commodiously with people, it is necessary to have at least a smattering of their language. Such mistakes as these in calculation are not confined to taking lodgings! To act first and think afterwards is the most frequent of blunders.

What was, therefore, La Fayette Ryler's gratification the next morning, on entering the room where the little doctor and his large family were assembled, when the Fräulein greeted him with a blithe good morrow, in these terms—

"Guten mörning, sare;" but she said no more, at least in English, and the conversation was carried on afterwards in a *Lingua Franca* that would have puzzled the crusaders. At length, at the end of his patience, La Fayette, addressing the doctor, asked, "Do you speak Latin, my friend?"

"As rush the waters of a canal when one of the locks has been opened," replied the classical German. The American, a pupil of Anthon, was a good scholar, and merrily they got on henceforth.

The party consisted of the buxom Mädchen, with whom the

reader is already acquainted; the old doctor, whose face was the same colour as a fig and as much wrinkled; his wife, a snub-nosed lady of ruddy hue; a red-headed gentleman, with a terrific beard; and a white, or rather flaxen-headed youth, who seemed a merry little fellow, if you could get to the bottom of him, a very Rip Van Winkle; but perhaps conscious that his appearance was against him, he had contracted a habit of sighing deeply among his solemn, heavy-headed townsmen; at which time his absurd short face wore an expression more comic than Liston of yore. The two latter personages were the long sons of the little doctor.

And here let me pause to say that Frankfort has something very Dutch about it. Often in wandering among its old streets, with their houses of quaint architecture, many of them built of wood, the quiet stealthy step of passing citizens, with purses almost as heavy as their persons, and the general air of decent merchant pride about the place and its inhabitants, might well make the traveller fancy himself in one of those old Dutch cities which in former days sent forth their colonists to help to people the land whence came La Fayette Rylor.

Here exists no longer that dreamy atmosphere of study and literature which characterizes other parts of Germany. In the busy streets one sees no pale professors, lean and thoughtful, with clothes awry, shambling along to borrow or return a book, and with minds so full of some dreamy philosophical speculation, that they care little against whom they may bump on the road. No wild students, with long hair, scarlet cap and feather, strut and swagger along, thinking of Quelli, Schiller, and Freiheit—admirers of Hecker, fonder still of beer. All these are replaced by close-shaven merchants, snug and practical men, who can see little further than their noses, but so far clearly; respectable men, gathering increase, and little given to other thoughts than those of merchandise, or other talk than of things pertaining to it.

The theatre here closes at half-past eight, the usual supper hour, when there is a general rising, and "Schlafen Sie wohl" is heard in all directions.

A few years ago, when the late Duke of Cambridge was there, he ventured to applaud some part of the performance in rather an energetic manner, upon which the sober gravity of the audience was so disturbed, and so many quiet naps broken, that Adolphus Frederic very nearly got turned out; for the Frankforters are a

race of men with a great talent for silence, and little given to other emotion than that which a man may laudably feel at the sight of a well-filled purse or a heavy dinner.

I should like to know, by the way, a Frankfort man's idea of Heaven: perhaps he thinks it a large exchange, in which all the elect are permitted to make a great deal of money, and enjoy high honour among their fellow-citizens—a sort of assembly of Rothschilds and Barons Bethman; but it is possible that Heaven may be one of those things which Frankfort people think very little about, except when reminded of it by Sunday being a blank day for business, and they close their shops to make *ein Land-Partie nach Königstein*.

Once settled then at Frankfort, in the house of Doctor Fritzmann, all went on as well for some time with La Fayette as even he could desire, and, like most Americans, he was a difficult sort of body—*Il aimait à se mettre en scène*. His father had been a tailor—the family would say *clothier*—and having amassed a considerable fortune, something between one and two hundred thousand dollars, he bought a small estate, not far from New York, and sat down to enjoy in his latter days a dignified ease. His son, however, our friend, who had been christened after an excellent customer, had received the education of a gentleman, and very soon grew tired of the kind of life which he led with his father; for in your thorough-going republican states, where every man and every thing are of course perfectly equal, they have a surprising contempt for a tailor, and, in fact, for every one else in trade. So young La Fayette found himself a little cut.

"I will travel," said he.

"Do so, my boy," replied his father, who had all the innate pride of his much-injured craft; the pride which has before now prompted a tailor to purchase a barony, and to forbid his son to carry on his father's business.

La Fayette Ryler, therefore, departed from the land of his father—we were going to say fathers—but America is not the land where this substantive takes a plural. He was the same old bundle of contradictions and incongruities that we all are. Unlike Americans generally, he was in figure very slight, dark as a Greek, and with something of the same cast of countenance; generous in large things, and disposed to be parsimonious in small ones. He would often make a sad hole in his allowance to recompense some

passing civility by a valuable present, for he was grateful as a man always is who is unaccustomed to receive attentions; but he would cavil for half an hour with a tradesman about the price of an umbrella, though, to be sure, if the man chanced to have a little chubby urchin playing about, La Fayette would give him the sum in dispute, and may-be something more, to reconcile his pride with his parsimony. He was one of those very common characters, who are always dreaming of being at some future time great men, but who never will be, for they spend that time in reveries which should be passed in action or in study, the preparation for it; and thus, dreaming indefinitely of success in some career, he did not apply himself especially to any one. He knew not that little but essential secret of success, "*Il faut être un homme spécial*," though that *spécialité* be the making of matches—we mean, of course, lucifer matches! He was like a man standing under a cherry-tree, waiting for the fruit to fall down, instead of stretching forth his hand to gather it.

He possessed feelings and ideas which, given to the page, might have made his name immortal, but, carried into the commerce and events of real life, served only to make him Quixotic and ridiculous. Eminently impressionable, he read Franklin and Hutton, and began to save pennies, and get up at four o'clock in the morning, to the great discomfort of a household, for, unlike them, he wanted a fire. He turned to Shelley, and confined himself to vegetable diet; after six months of which, his mind became much unsettled upon religious matters; he supposed the world to be under mistakes of divers kinds, and contemplated writing a book disproving everything, and after a serious illness was obliged to give up this, one of the darling chimeras of men of genius. Scott made him for the time fancy himself a knight errant, or Scottish robber; Pelham by turns an Exquisite and a Glanville. He lent Frank Stanley three hundred pounds, refusing to receive an acknowledgment; Frank was thrown from his horse a fortnight after, and killed upon the spot, and his father looked at La Fayette Ryler as a blackleg and swindler when he applied, six months after Frank's death, for the money, delicacy having induced him during that interval to keep silent.

A week after this treatment, he withdrew his stake at *écarté*, when playing with a rich banker of Marseilles, who had lost all the money in his pockets, and was playing upon parole. La Fayette

carried the mark of this indiscretion to the grave with him, for the next morning he was challenged, and shot through the right arm.

Having, on another occasion, had a bill sent to him which had been before paid, he asked Sir Benjamin Brodie a receipt for his guinea!

Extreme in everything—but enough of a character we have all met in the world. It is summed up in a word: he was wanting in that most uncommon quality, common sense; and if ever he attempted to supply the deficiency by putting on an outer coat of something resembling it, he wore the unaccustomed garment as oddly as we once saw a Moor at Tangier wear an English calico shirt: over his scarlet gold-embroidered dress.

There were few people better liked than La Fayette Ryler, by those who knew little of him: this liking often diminished, to return afterwards, when the native worth of his character became better known. The reason of this was, that at first he was polite, perhaps too polite; then if the acquaintance was ripening into friendship, he did not give that lightly; but this second stage of feeling over, a true and a loyal friend was La Fayette Ryler. But the question arose whether he was really worth the trouble he gave people? As a man of rank and influence, he would have had plenty of friends; as a man of neither, he had scarcely any.

For the first few days, therefore, after his arrival, pleasant was the conversation at the table of the doctor, who was a chatty little man enough, crammed with literary anecdote; and soon La Fayette Ryler knew more of Göthe and Schiller, Herder and Wieland, than they had probably known themselves. In turn, La Fayette would repeat some brilliant *on dit* of Sheridan, still new in America; some caustic story of Bentley or Warburton. And the old man's eyes might be seen to glisten with pleasure or politeness; and perhaps, *à propos* to nothing, he would repeat, in the fulness of his heart, a few pages of the Vicar of Wakefield, which, like most literary Germans, he knew by rote.

Much talked they too of the national *Versammlung*, more of the deputies who composed it. One day, however, whether it was that there was an easterly wind, or that the *Leber Würste*, i.e. liver sausages, had not been well digested, it would be idle to say, but a whole dinner passed off without a word being spoken by anybody, save a demand for some more *Nödden*, a paste made from

flour, milk, and eggs, and cut up in strips and boiled like macaroni, on the part of the quaint Rip Van Winkle, of a personage before mentioned. Such silences are prolific; how many times a coldness has arisen thus, nobody has known why; but the secret might probably have been found in the fact, that everybody was too proud to speak the first word.

La Fayette Ryler was a man who acted promptly, and though perhaps the little stiffness had in reality arisen with himself, he had scarcely left the table before he wrote a note, very formal and very absurd, saying that he should sup from home.

This was the second stage of an American acquaintance.

The next day, as one o'clock drew nigh, that hour for French breakfasts and German dinners, La Fayette began to feel the proud bile rising, and after sidgeling once or twice nervously in his chair, though he was quite alone, he rose, and going into the next room, where the family of the doctor were assembled, he announced his intention of dining from home. Now the Frau Doctorinn had prepared some shrimp soup, and a pig with plum sauce, on purpose for him; much therefore did it wound her honest housewife pride that he would not be there to partake of them. The Fräulein, too, had been busy all the morning in making a summer drink of very thin wine and flowers and sugar (*Maihrauter*), which he was perhaps lucky to escape.

His announcement, therefore, was received with so much obvious regret and disappointment by these worthy people, that Mr. Ryler's vanity was quite rejoiced, and he resolved to do the same thing to-morrow, beginning forthwith to think over the formal disagreeable note which he intended to write to the good-hearted old Frau upon the subject. Next to making other people happy, La Fayette Ryler, like many others, loved to make them uncomfortable; for his vanity was of that troublesome and wearisome kind which will never suffer its possessor to be forgotten for a moment, as long as it can either tease or please anybody into an interest.

It is impossible, however, for such a man as La Fayette Ryler to pain other people without also feeling pain himself, and the delicious sensation of gratified vanity was not without alloy, for as he looked toward the Fräulein while speaking, the poor girl's countenance darkened visibly. She had got up with such a kind welcome smile to meet him, that it smote upon his heart when she looked so sad afterwards; but she was a pretty girl, and knew it,

so before he left the room, he saw that she was pouting more angry than sorrowful; and La Fayette Ryler, dressed within an inch of his life, to make his simple hosts believe that he was going to dine with some grandee in the town, and thereby excite their envy, felt inconceivably small.

For three days this cruel little farce went on, for the American was piqued at finding he was not of sufficient importance to make other people unhappy, yet it must be confessed that he suffered many a sharp pang at the visible sadness of poor Lötchen.

It used to be, in the days when he was good-tempered, a great pleasure to him to hear her play some lively air on the piano, as he sat sipping his coffee; but now he came no more to hear poor Lötchen, but going into his own room after dinner, sat with his legs resting on the chimney-piece, chewing the cud of pride and bitterness, and thinking what species of unkindness he should next play off.

Unhappy, naïve little Lötchen, she knew not how to deal with the unhealthy-minded American. There would the poor girl sit after dinner playing at the piano, and even La Fayette's discontented heart would feel touched when she began with some gay, sprightly air, and then, after a little while, it sank into a mournful plaintiveness, as if the minstrel thought not of the music, so sadly, so fitfully dropped the notes one by one from the old piano.

It was quite touching, too, to see the eager courtesy with which the little doctor bowed to La Fayette when they met by chance in the street—the crown of his hat quite touched the ground with the flourish. This is, however, a manner of taking off the hat very common in Frankfort; but the expression of the old man's face, and his look of politeness, mingled with an ill-concealed anxiety to know how his guest had become offended, would have melted any one.

Once or twice the old man hazarded one of those little literary *jeux-d'esprit* La Fayette had once so well savoured; but the American kept his look of cold pride, and the salt of the old man's anecdote seemed to have no pungency.

How disagreeable he has grown, thought the plump Fräulein, but at the same time she made a resolution to conquer him by dint of sheer good-humour; so whenever they met, she put on her kind homely smile to try and win La Fayette back to her; and as he was not a bad fellow at heart, she several times so nearly succeeded in

conquering his ill-temper, that had it not been for his silly pride, he would have laughed at himself outright. Another reason too, was melting the ice; the little doctor and his wife began to get accustomed to his freaks, and to pay no attention to them.

One day, however, Lötchen was put to a very sore trial; she was going down the Zeil—the principal street at Frankfort—with a friend of hers whom she had formerly made a confidant of her admiration for La Fayette and her belief that it was returned, and near the post-office they met him.

Lötchen was just brightening up into her sweetest smile and her eye began to sparkle like a diamond, while she pressed her friend's arm, as much as to say, Here he is! But when within a few yards of them, he crossed over, and full in sight of poor Lötchen went up all smiles and vivacity to three young ladies, and began talking in a very lively manner about a concert at which he had not been; while the three Misses Scantyjupe, who were quite delighted at having a beau, and determined to make as much of him as possible, passed by Lötchen in triumph and coquetting most furiously.

Now Lötchen knew these three Misses Scantyjupe as the daughters of that eternal half-pay English officer, indigenous to all continental towns, a sly old rogue, looked upon without respect by his countrymen or any one else. Heaven defend me from becoming a sly old rogue!

The poor Fräulein, therefore, while she was with her friend kept up a kind of hysterical gaiety, by which she meant to convince her how little she cared for the three Misses Scantyjupe, or even for La Fayette Ryler, or any one else; but the attempt was a vain one, and Lötchen's eyes were filled with tears all the time; so after a little while her friend left her, and then she sat down and cried for very vexation.

But that night they were astonished to see La Fayette come in to supper, and poor Lötchen looked so pale and wretched that his heart smote him, for he knew that he was the cause of it; and when they told him, in the German simplicity of their nature, that Lötchen was growing quite thin and ill, and he saw she could not eat the raw ham and sausage, the customary dainties that grace a Frankfort supper-board, he knew she must be ill indeed.

Not a wink slept La Fayette that night, and uneasily he tossed upon his couch, whence repose was banished by that terrible

scarecrow—self-reproach. So, during the long, feverish, uneasy night, he determined to seek Lötchen in the morning, and try to make it all up. People like La Fayette Ryler are always making it up with somebody. And when he had formed this resolution, his conscience was more easy, and he fell asleep, but dreamed that Lötchen would not listen to him, and that she was in a decline, stricken by his unfeeling cruelty; which dream showed that La Fayette Ryler was a vain man, even in his sleep, for Lötchen was by no means in a decline, though she was rather unhappy. During the night, however, she too had her thoughts, and determined to give up La Fayette altogether and go to pay a visit to a relation, who was something or other to some count with an unpronounceable name, and who, being an independent prince, held his court at a small watering-place in his dominions, of which scarcely anybody had ever heard; yet the pedigree of the count was so long that it might be supposed the world was created in the centre of it, so that Lötchen was very proud of the relation, who was something or other about the court of this potentate.

What was La Fayette's horror when, after his restless night, he got up, to see the stout serving-maid going out with a box of many colours, and a *carpet* bag, which was of velvet; and when he looked the other way, there was Lötchen at breakfast in the garden with her mother, and Lötchen had on so many clothes, and looked so well taken care of, that it was plain she was going on a journey; and La Fayette's heart sank within him as he looked out of the window. He dressed himself hastily therefore, and walking out into the garden with still a little of his old feeling left, he determined to come upon Lötchen as if by accident, and as if in no way intending to do so; and he observed with great delight the Fräulein Doctorinn go into the house for something and leave her alone; but directly Lötchen saw him, she got up to go away, and La Fayette was obliged to take a short cut across the garden to meet her before she got out of the little gate.

"Ah, Fräulein Lötchen, how happy I am," began La Fayette, though he was too much out of breath for the meeting to appear at all like an accident. He took off his hat and looked up at Lötchen, expecting to see her old kind smile; but his day of grace was nearly over, and the Mädchen's eyes expressed only reproach.

"You are not going away?" said La Fayette, looking the very picture of misery. But Lötchen said she was; though it is but

fair to her devotion to say that her resolution began to fail at the tone of her lover, and she said it a little hysterically; but when she repeated the important position of the lady she was going to visit, who was moreover her relation, her voice had got back to its natural tone, and she looked quite proud and indifferent. "Lötchen," said La Fayette, making the most of a very self-condemned and melancholy look. "Sir!" replied the Mädchen; and Lötchen began to play with the gravel with her parasol; but she smiled as if she perfectly understood La Fayette, but meant to punish him.

"I have not offended you!" said he, presently. Lötchen's eyelids now began to move very quickly, and she could neither see the gravel, nor even her pretty little foot that was fretting it. She was thinking, perhaps, too, of the three Misses Scantyjupe, so she made no answer.

"Forgive me, Lötchen, dear Lötchen!" said La Fayette, taking her hand, and letting a tear of repentance fall upon it.

Perhaps Lötchen thought that he had a very strange way of showing his love; but when the tear fell upon her hand, she forgave him at once; so she returned the pressure of La Fayette's hand, and looked up in his face with the dear homely smile as of yore. We have seen many such, but never one that came more straight from the heart than did Lötchen's. Something, indeed, she said about that Miss Scantyjupe, who had been most violent in her flirtation the day before; but La Fayette defended himself so warmly and so sincerely from the charge of having any admiration for that young lady, that Lötchen was quite satisfied; and so, when the bustling good soul of a Frau Doctorinn came up with another thick wadded cloak for her daughter to put on, and to tell her that the "Eilwagen" would go in a quarter of an hour, she found their guest pressing the little soft hand of Lötchen to his lips.

"Gott bewahr!" said the old lady, quite aghast. Lötchen seemed so reconciled to the liberty La Fayette was taking with her hand, that the worthy old Frau was almost paralyzed; she thought at least that *her* daughter might have screamed when found out.

"Come, daughter!" said the old lady, angrily, "the 'Eilwagen' is nearly ready; thou must make haste." "Lötchen is not going," said La Fayette, again kissing her hand. "Not going!" replied her mother.

"No, not yet; we shall go together. When, Lötchen?" Then Lötchen looked so conscious, and smiled at her mother so meaningly, that the old lady began to see through the matter, and so she laughed a good hearty laugh, that would have once shocked La Fayette, but he had had enough of being shocked and wayward just then.

And in a few days, the preliminaries being arranged with true Frankfort attention to business, Lötchen became Mrs. La Fayette Ryler; and when she returned with her husband to America, old Ryler told everybody that his son, like that Britisher the Marquis of Douglas, had married a lady of high family in Germany. Nothing was said about Frankfort, so it is possible the proud old man made the common mistake of taking his son's wife for somebody else, perhaps for her relation, who was something to the prince with the unpronounceable name, of whom nobody ever heard.

CHAPTER IX.

HOMBURG.

ONE bright summer morning I found myself at the "baths" at Homburg, in company with my gloomy friend Hypochondria. For the first few days the change of air and scene was very agreeable; but one soon grows tired of the monotony of a German watering-place, and I found it too much to offend that divinest part of me, my digestion, by compelling it to do battle with anything half so much like the waters of the Styx as the sulphury springs of this dreary little place, even though to get rid of my dreary friend might be the reward. Fancy how my digestive organs—"Implentur veteris Bacchi," &c., as the Latin grammar says, would revolt at pig and prune sauce, diluted with a bubbling abomination, composed of iron, sulphur, salt, and half a score ingredients equally palatable! I fancied that a gallop over the Taunus hills every morning would do more for Hypochondria than at least a gallon of Styx, and resolved, therefore, to try it as soon as possible.

Meanwhile I dined every day at the *table-d'hôte* of my hotel, where, seeing constantly grouped around me the same people,

regular *habitués* or *abonnés* of the hotel, I soon made a sort of watering-place acquaintance. Amongst the visitors were the Countess of Clandonald; a Polish prince and his little daughter; one Major Firelock, detained, I suspect, by the emptiness of his exchequer, and waiting for quarter-day; a Christ Church man, fresh from Oxford; and one or two other people, such as every one meets at watering-places, but whom no one ever knows. There was a Mr. Bumps, too, who had just taken up his quarters at the hotel, a burly citizen, who lived in Laurence Pountney Lane, and exercised the profitable calling of drysalter; having now come with his family straight out of his den up the Rhine, and on to Homburg, he was full of the marvels which he had seen—amongst others, “*Bonapart’s berying-place*,” at Coblentz, for thus he spoke of Marceau’s tomb. “People talks a great deal,” said Mr. Bumps, one day, keeping up a desultory conversation during dinner, “of the cheapness of the Continent; we finds it more t’other.” The Bumps’s of course knew nothing of German, and could not understand the money; they were consequently plundered on all sides in the most impudent manner. Lady Clandonald and the Pole, both having large fortunes, agreed in the great comparative cheapness of the Continent.

“It may be so to you, indeed,” said the scholar, speaking for the first time that day, “but for others it is not: for instance, one must take wine here, while in England folks may drink beer, and wine is the dearer; beside, wine renders coffee a want: after drinking beer we dispense with it. In England, a man may dine at his club, off a mutton chop and a potato, which costs eighteen-pence; here he dines at a *table-d’hôte*, which, including coffee, mulets him of three or four shillings.”

“*Ecoutez*,” said the Pole, always ready with a sentence. “It is idle to talk of such economy; the real necessaries of life are the same everywhere; if one thing is cheaper, another is dearer, and so it comes to the same.”

A German at table here interrupted the discourse by asking for a toothpick; but as the waiter was leaving the room in search of one, a courteous stranger from Frankfort, with a low bow, offered him the one he had just been using, and the waiter’s journey was spared. This incident, common-place enough, broke off this common-place conversation, for it takes but a little to put an end to talk, however pleasant, and there is a certain shyness in con-

tinuing a subject after it has been interrupted; ladies will begin to put on their gloves, and think of leaving the table; and men, once disturbed, do not care to settle down into conversation again. Many a flirtation has been blighted even thus. So the want of a toothpick has prevented much interesting matter being added to these pages, concerning the cheapness of foreign living, by which the reader will be a great loser; for how to live cheaply abroad is a secret, and it might have come out.

Tired of looking at the same faces every day, I now looked out for a horse. My man Pickle's services were also put into requisition; but as he could not speak anything but Irish, the result of his inquiries was not always of a very satisfactory nature. One morning, however, whilst Pickle was employing a deputy to brush his clothes, I heard him singing—

“ I ne'er had a genius for work,
Sure 'tis not in the blood of the Bradies;
But I'd make a most iligant Turk,
For I'm fond of tobacco and ladies.”

This prepared me for some satisfactory communication; for Pickle's prelude to news was always a stare. I was not deceived. He had found out that Lord B——, who had gone on to Switzerland, had left his horses to be disposed of, and a very moderate price had been put upon them. A bargain was soon made, therefore, for the fine chestnut mare, which had been for some time the admiration of the Homburgers. Pickle had his own ideas about the policy of my buying the second hack. I had resolved, however, to set off on my roving tour alone; for, having found out that Pickle's habits were very much in harmony with his song, I thought it quite as well to set out with the understanding that I was to be my own lackey, rather than allow this fact to dawn upon me imperceptibly.

The following day, and the last of my sojourn at the baths, it was very wet; the heavy rain poured down in torrents; the wind blew fitfully in gusts; the air was thick and heavy; and, after dinner, the little party at the table-d'hôte sat looking out of the window, and tapping unquietly with their fingers upon the table, till each was brought to a state of nervous irritation almost impossible to bear, yet, conscious of having nothing to do elsewhere, they did not rise from table; for the time at such places which is not employed in health-hunting is generally lost. The fairer

portion of the visitors were, of course, the first to leave the table; and the major, who was an inquisitive old gentleman, always poking his nose, which was very flexible, by the bye, into other people's pockets, asked me, very unceremoniously, what had brought me to Homburg—"What does bring a young fellow like you to the baths, I should like to know?" said he; "all the old women in town say there is some mystery in it. You are not ill?"

"Mystery!" rejoined I, feeling a little angry. "What on earth can they see mysterious in me?"

"Well, but *why* did you come, now?" repeated the major, so seriously that I could not help smiling, as I said, "Do you wish to know?"

"Yes. Now, there's a good young fellow, do give us your history, as they do in 'Gil Blas.' We are going to have a thunder-storm, and it will just take up the time."

"With all my heart," said I, "if you think it will interest you." Before I could arrange my matter, however, the Oxford man came to my relief:—

"Let us have a story from you, major," said he. "Since you have been so anxious for the history of our friend's adventures, it is but fair that we should hear yours, or at least one of them; for I dare say you have had many."

"Young men, young men!" said the major, with fat complacency; and then addressing himself to the Pole—"Perhaps you can tell us a story, princee."

"I am not a good story-teller," was the reply; "*c'est un talent qui me manque.*"

"But tell us, then, something funny about Polish manners," said the major, coarsely, again tumbling upon a personal subject; for he was full of wine.

"Of my countrymen," returned the Pole, with pardonable pride, "I know nothing risible. Of the Russians, indeed——"

"Of the Russians, then, let it be."

"But the difficulty will be to know where to begin; everything really Russian would be strange or laughable to Englishmen, so free are you, so restrained is power in the hands of your rulers. Were I to tell you that my letters this morning informed me that a friend, a Russian lady of high rank, having married a man of ignoble birth, was obliged to sell her estates within six

months afterwards; and that one of them, being situate near a country-house of the Emperor, he coveted it, but thought the price asked too much, and that another bought it; and then, when the money had been paid and spent, he issued a ukase annulling the sale, and taking possession of the land, I should be relating an every-day occurrence."

"The Czar has a *penchant* for other people's goods and chattels; and as such things are not of every-day occurrence in England, let us hear one of these Russian stories in detail," said the Oxford man, who seemed rather interested in the subject.

"Eh bien, Messieurs," returned the Pole, "I will endeavour to gratify you; but remember, you have pressed me somewhat hardly, and therefore, if I fail, on your heads be the blame." And he thus began:—

CHAPTER X.

THE POLE'S STORY.

THERE was a man, and his name was Sutherland; like his father before him, he began life as a merchant in London, but he had many wealthy competitors, and therefore, like most merchants of our day who are not great capitalists, after a few years of toil and anxiety, he failed. But he was an Englishman, and possessed not only the name but the iron perseverance and untiring energies which have placed his land so high in the scale of nations; and thus, when he found that he was a ruined man, and that his friends turned coldly from him, he forsook home and country, and sailed over the far seas, and established himself in Russia.

Now, although Arthur Sutherland had small success in England, yet he was no sooner in Russia than everything began to thrive with him; for, besides that the Russians were not then so commercial a people as they are now, he had perhaps gained experience by his misfortunes. So, some eight or ten years after his first arrival in the country, he had become extremely rich, and even a great favourite of Catherine, widow of Peter the Third, who at this time sat upon the throne of all the Russias, and she warmly encouraged the English merchant, both by her countenance and patronage.

It happened at the period of his greatest court favour, that a relation in Scotland,—for his name will tell you that he was of Caledonian descent, made him a present of one of those dogs for which that country is famous. The empress passing by, saw the dog, and desired to possess it, while the grateful merchant was too glad to satisfy a royal fancy at a cost so light.

And the dog waxed sleek and fat, growing daily more and more upon the affections of his imperial mistress, who took a vast pleasure in feasting her royal eyes upon his quaint and graceless gambols. And the empress called the dog "Sutherland," which was, of course, a great compliment to the donor, and a delicate manner for the empress to express her estimation of him. Alas, the bright sun of the Sutherlands was about to be clouded! One day the dog, who had eaten too plentifully of a *suprême de volaille aux truffes*, was seized with apoplexy and died, not without suspicion of having been poisoned by the prime minister, a piece of whose leg he had the day before digested. The empress sighed more over the loss of the dog than she would have done for that of the minister, for the one might have been easily replaced, but the dog!—she could have wept to think of his endearing ways. So, calling one of the chief officers of state, she commanded that all that was left of poor Sutherland might be stuffed and put into a glass case. "It is mine to obey," replied the officer, with Russian brevity and submission. Then immediately taking a strong party of soldiers, in case of resistance, he set off to the house of the fated banker. The worthy old gentleman was seated before the fire, having just taken an excellent dinner, his feet resting upon the fender, which, together with the grate, had been sent out from England; and as he gazed thoughtfully at the fire, the various chances of his life, at length so prosperous, recurred pleasantly to his memory. Cheering were the reflections of the man who had laboured not in vain; and whether it were the excellent *sherri-port-bier* at dinner, or whether it might be the warmth of the weather, or his own sunny state of mind, may not be told, but he actually thought of getting married to Miss Somebody, who recently arrived from England, when his meditations received an interruption of which he little dreamed; for, as he sat between, thinking and dozing, in that half-unconscious state so luxurious, his servant entered and announced the arrival of the chief executioner.

"What on earth can the fellow want with me?" said the banker; "let him come at some other time; by the bye, I shall want some more *croch* presently, and——" he was going to add, some devilled biscuits, for he intended to pass a snug, cozy sort of evening; for once, however, Fate thwarted his intentions, and before he could get the words out of his mouth, in stalked the terrible functionary we have mentioned, and behind him a file of soldiers.

"I am come——" said he.

"Well, I see you are come," answered the banker, perceiving that he hesitated; "and what for?"

"By command of the empress," continued the man.

"Long may she live!" ejaculated the banker.

"It is really a very delicate affair," said the executioner, who, like the French Sampson, was a humane man; "and I don't know how to break it to you."

"Pray do not hesitate; I am one of the empress's most devoted servants, and I can venture to say that I have done nothing to deserve her displeasure."

The envoy shook his head,—"It is what we must all come to some day," he added, after a short pause.

"What is it? In the name of Heaven do not keep me longer in suspense," said Sutherland, who began to grow alarmed.

"I have been sent," returned the awful messenger—and again he paused and looked compassionately at the banker.

"Well——" interrupted he impatiently.

"By the empress——"

"Yes."

"To have you——"

"I hear."

"Stuffed,"—quoth the executioner, mournfully.

"What!" shrieked the banker.

"Stuffed," returned the man, laconically, pointing to a bird in a glass case; and he laid his hand significantly on the banker's shoulder, looking in his face as if to inquire how he would like to take his leave of life.

"For mercy's sake! my good friend, not so fast," said Sutherland; "there must be some awful mistake; let me at least be taken before the empress, or have time to write to her majesty."

"I have brought the straw, and two assistants are without," re-

turned the man; "the empress cannot wait, and we shall want your measure for the glass case."

"Good heavens! how horrible," thought the banker; but remembering that every one in Russia is accessible to a bribe, offers one so considerable that his grim visitor appears touched.

"I was told, indeed, to have you stuffed and got ready for the empress," answered the man, "but there was nothing said about the time, so I don't mind giving you half an hour, if you can satisfy these gentlemen also,"—and he turned to his associates.

It was briefly done; the banker pays like a man whose life depended on his liberality, and trembling, writes a hasty note to the British ambassador, explaining his shocking position, awaiting the result in great anguish. Luckily, the letter finds the man of power at home, and great his ire when he reads it, for he knows Sutherland well, and appears to respect him as a poor great man does a convenient rich one; so ordering his horses, he immediately sets off to seek an interview with the empress, full of threatenings of declarations of war, asking for passports, and all sorts of diplomatic weapons, if the empress persisted in her design of having an English banker stuffed.

Demanding instant audience, he is soon in the presence of the empress, and after a deal of that diplomatic circumlocution, doubtless so necessary in carrying on the affairs of the world, he asks if her imperial majesty is aware of the position of a British subject named Sutherland?

"Excellent man!" quoth she;—"no, what is it?"

The ambassador bows low at the imperial voice, and now begins to explain himself with something more than diplomatic haste, for he thinks that already the fatal straw may be filling the banker's members. Imperial Catherine of course does not consider the affair worth the fuss which is being made about it, and sets the ambassador down in her mind as a man of wild republican ideas, who ought to be recalled as soon as possible and placed under proper confinement and discipline; nevertheless she causes the necessary inquiries to be made, and hears that it is in consequence of her having commanded Sutherland to be stuffed—that he is probably then undergoing that operation.

The face of the ambassador now wears an expression of such horror and consternation, that the empress believes his mind to be disordered.

"Oh what possible consequence can the accidental stuffing of a banker be to you, my dear lord?" saith she.

"The accidental stuffing of a banker!" repeats his lordship, mechanically, and with bristling hair, in a German idiom, not generally understood by English ambassadors.

"Take him away, he is mad," cries the empress, moving back a step or two; for she thinks that no sane person could be concerned at such a very trifling affair, and in another moment one of the most sacred of international laws would have been violated, and England insulted by profane hands being laid on the person of her ambassador, when suddenly a light breaks over the mind of the empress, the recalling of something forgotten, and she cries with delightfully Russian *nonchalance*—

"O! I remember now, it is easily explained; my poor little dog, I had forgotten him too, died yesterday, and I wish his body to be preserved, *cher chien!* His name was the same as that of the banker, I think. *Hélas!* that death could touch *my* dog—heigh ho!"

"But Mr. Sutherland has perhaps already been murdered," gasps the ambassador: "I pray that your majesty will cause instant inquiry to be made, that no time may be lost in releasing him from a position so painful."

"Ah! I never thought of that," returns the empress, a little angrily, for she considered his lordship had used strong language; but giving the necessary orders, the banker was finally rescued, just as the executioner, grown angry at his unreasonable remonstrances, had determined to delay no longer time in executing the imperial commands. Poor Sutherland's hair had turned white as snow in an hour.

When we add that the Scotch banker preserves the Highland kilt and jack boots, with a cocked-hat and feathers, we think we have said all that is necessary to show how effectively he is represented, and what an excellent idea he gives the world of Scotch bankers in general.

"An excellent story," quoth the major, as the Pole concluded. "Of which the best part is that it is *true*," answered the prince. "I think, before you criticize my anecdote, you should give me a chance of revenge, and tell one yourself."

"Yes, yes! an adventure of the major's would be racy, I'll be bound," said the Oxonian.

"I am not a *fast* man," replied the major, thinking he had made

a pun; and being put into a good humour by the company admitting his claim to be a wit, he rolled his eye round with something of the rollicking humour which had flashed in it thirty years before, and with a significant glance at the Oxonian, began his story with a stave of the old song—"Have you been to Abingdon? ch, sir! oh sir!" &c.

CHAPTER XI.

THE MAJOR'S STORY.

BY THE BYE I went to Abingdon, once upon a time, as tale-tellers say, with a party of young bloods from Oxford, and we must needs want some hock at dinner. The waiter, a regular bumpkin, did not know what we meant, so we had in the landlady; she was a pretty woman, a little white and donghy, had a face like an apple-dumpling; the women about Oxford have.

"Pray, madam, can we have some hock?" said I.

"La, sir, I'm shocked at you; but you gentlemen from Oxford have such funny ways; I'm sure I never see the like of you,"—and she flounced out of the room. Benighted woman, the only hock of which she had ever heard was that of a horse, and she thought that we were either roasting her or something worse. You cannot speak to anybody within ten miles of Oxford, in fact, without their being of the same opinion.

I remember once, after a hard day with Lord Redesdale's hounds, I found myself towards nightfall ploughing my way, on a tired horse, through a lane like the Slough of Despond; I knew a farmer in the neighbourhood, and was anxious to get into quarters before night came on, especially as some heavy clouds from the south threatened rain, and two or three heavy drops had already fallen, striking upon my hat like grape-shot. Two women weeding turnips in a field hard by looked up as I roared out lustily to them, inquiring the way to Mr. ——. They both came immediately up to the hedge, and stood gaping at me and grinning from ear to ear. They were preparing for a chaff. I repeated the question.

"Ah, we do know ye," said they. "Don't ye go and play no tricks with us, cos it won't do, that it woant."

"Tricks," said I; "I suppose you don't call this a trick," taking

a shilling out of my pocket and repeating my question a third time. But they would not be reassured.

"Hark to un," said one; "he do know the road as well as we."

"Indeed I don't though."

"Well then, yer must go straight along road till yer come to the Pack Horse, and then turn round and go along till the parson's, or least ways Squire Shirley's will do."

"But, my good woman, where is the Pack Horse, and where is the parson's?"

"I never heer'd so much in all my born days; he wants to make us believe he don't know where our parson's is; we ain't such fools as that neither."

The rain now came down in torrents, but neither entreaty nor persuasion could get any further information from them.

"But the story, major; we can't be put off in this way," said the Pole, tired of being silent; "it's like feeding hungry men with trifle."

Story! Lord love you, sirs, I have none to tell; but I will do what I can for you. Well, then, in a watering-place, once more fashionable than now, there dwelt, in no remote age, a widow in easy circumstances; her late husband, who had been already led some years since by the grim spectre into "the remarkable retirement" of the grave, had rejoiced and sorrowed alike in the name of Dawkins, —Ichabod Dawkins. The name was a family one, and his parents were honest folk, who slept at church twice every Sunday, and drove a brisk business during the week. Ichabod had been an hotel-keeper, and so thrived in his calling, that at his demise he left his good-will, that is, in a mercantile point of view, and ten thousand pounds to the lady whom the country newspapers, in announcing his death, called his relict.

She was a bustling dame, not at all like a relict in personal appearance, and to set up as a lady ill suited the active temper of her mind; moreover, she had a daughter, as chubby-faced, round-eyed, giggling, mottled-armed a boarding-school miss, as needs be; and ten thousand pounds, though a competency, is after all no fortune to any one but a bard; so the widow soon made up what she called her mind to go on with business, and stated the important fact in the numerous advertisements that announced her unprotected condition, and the excellent accommodation to be found at the Cream-coloured Rhinoceros; for so had the late Mr. Dawkins quaintly named his hostel, probably supposing his ensign

as much in character as a blue lion. Perhaps the widow desired to increase her fortune sufficiently to enchant the inflammable heart of some broad-shouldered Irish captain on half-pay, looking out for "free quarters and nothing to pay," according to the want of his countrymen in similar circumstances; or perhaps she ambitioned fondly a high alliance for the demoiselle just mentioned, and meanwhile only kept *one* eye open for herself. Widows hold their own secrets closely, and so if people *had* their opinions, still none could be certain upon the point; and even now, were it not for this anecdote, from which ill-nature may perhaps draw its own deductions, there would be no solution to the problem.

The hotel continued to prosper, and no wonder, but as the Widow Dawkins' circumstances grew easier and easier, she began to repine at the constant "worrit, worrit from morning till night" of her calling, and determined to consult her comfort, and change the sphere of her exertions to a boarding-house. It soon became known that the Cream-coloured Rhinoceros' good-will and fixtures were for sale. A boarding-house! delightful idea. She wondered it had never occurred to her before; for though she had often very fine company at the hotel, they were as much strangers to her as the pope of Rome; but if she kept a boarding-house she would herself take the head of the table with her guests, and thus attain that object dearest to a woman's heart—*SOCIETY*. She scarcely slept till her plan was carried into execution; and the good-will, lease, and fixtures of the "old house" were soon sold. For spotless amongst the hostels of — stood the reputation of the Cream-coloured Rhinoceros.

Women are always admirable in affairs of business, but Talleyrand and Metternich are nothing in diplomacy to the simplest of widows. This means to say, that Mr. Doublekey has often been heard to declare, in language more forcible than elegant or gallant, that he never made so dear a bargain in his life. However, the lady concluded the affair very much to her satisfaction, and a short time saw her removed to a spacious house on the *marina*, with a shining brass-plate upon the door, setting forth the nature of her establishment. Her terms were to be had within, printed upon neat cards, about the length and breadth of an octavo volume;—a poor scribe may scarcely find a better simile at a moment's notice.

Mrs. Dawkins was at this time about thirty-five—for it is not permitted to doubt the word of a lady; and a blowsy, comely dame

was she as one would meet with on a summer-day. Notwithstanding her improved fortune, and certain hopes confined to her own breast, she still gloried in the stiff yet bustling air of a landlady in her Sunday clothes. She was not "tall and straight as a poplar-tree," but rather in shape resembled a pollard oak. The only features in her face worth noticing were the eyes, which had once been bright and merry; but, from the wide-awake habits of a hostess at a watering-place, honoured by frequent visits from the tribe of Dando, they had acquired an expression so shrewd and suspicious, that it often cheated her American pippin of a face of half its comeliness. She kept a table that would have warmed the very heart of such a swain as she desired to captivate; but it is an unlucky thing in the economy of the world, that the very people who are running after each other so seldom meet, whilst those separated by dislike or debt, that great originator of feuds; are every day tumbling against each other. There was roast beef and boiled beef, and capons which made the mouth water, and bacon with reverence, as Caleb Balderstone has it, and other things without reverence, with puddings and pies so rich that their composition could only have been suggested by the fairies who presided over the delicacies of holiday-times, and places in jolly old England, which boasts alike the fattest men and oxen in the world, as if the parody of Johnson's on the famous line of Addison—

"Who rules o'er freemen must himself be free,"

were a mere truism and not a jest; in short, the widow's good things gave everybody but herself a violent bilious attack in three days after their arrival, and consequently her house was thronged by visitors; for it would seem, from the ardour with which such a consummation of what people call good living is run after in England, that a bilious attack is a very desirable thing. There were gouty invalids, therefore, who went and came by the score, and some consumptive sea-bathers; but her eyes long sought in vain the guest for whom they hungered, and she grew more and more cantankerous day by day: her dress rustled quite awfully as she walked along, and the servants began to tremble at her foot-fall; her eyes, too, changed altogether, and looked from disappointment like those of a cat. Still she was at heart a good-natured soul after all; and if some strapping son of Mars or Neptune had only sought her bower, she would have been metamorphosed again

into the snug, smiling, fat-duck appearance natural to her. She was really, as I have said, a good soul, implacable only to the Queen's English, which truth obliges me to say, she mangled with remorseless cruelty, running one word into the other, with an effect as jarring as the meeting of two railway-trains; and if her discourse sometimes had been written, the words would have seemed to belong to some dark and unknown language, thus resembling the well-known bill furnished by a horsedealer to a gentleman who had ventilated himself by a ride round the park on a summer afternoon:—

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The season was quite over for the country, it being the month of May, and people of taste and fashion would scarcely be away from London then. Mrs. Dawkins had been obliged to put off her hopes till autumn should bring back the visitors and bad weather to —, when, one bright afternoon, while seated before her open window, a thynkyng, a thynkyng, a stranger walked by. There was nothing extraordinary about that, for strangers walked by every hour in the day; but this stranger had a certain appearance that made her heart go pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, as if she was running up a flight of stairs without a landing. The stranger was a gentleman—any one could have told that; and, by his free and gallant bearing, seemed to belong to the army; but what is more to the purpose, he gaped about, and turned from one side to the other, and looked up at the windows as if he wanted lodgings. His eye at last caught the conspicuous plate upon the widow's door. There was one moment of exquisite suspense, and then—he opened the iron gate, mounted the steps, and his knock made the very window-panes rattle. Watering-place houses being, generally, built in great haste, owing to some varying freak of fashion, they are not very strong.

The widow's hands trembled like a "hasping," to use her own expression, as she arranged her cap and curls for the expected interview with the interesting stranger. "Ow *do* I look, dear," quoth she, to a wretched toady, who having taught her daughter to play on the piano, sneaked afterwards into a companion.

It would have been more than that toady's place was worth to have replied with strict regard to truth.

"As red as a turkey-cock." So she clasped her hands with an affectation of rapturous admiration, and said, "Be—autiful!"

Of all flatterers, women are the most impudent. The clear, bold voice of the stranger was now heard, inquiring about terms.

"Will you see missus, sir," said the servant, who had been hitherto his guide over a labyrinth of bed-rooms and sitting-rooms.

"Perhaps I had better," replied the stranger; and he hummed a tune, with his back to the empty grate, till Mrs. Dawkins made her appearance.

She soon came, arrayed in many colours, and in ten minutes the stranger, whose name was Marston, had agreed to become her guest; and so he continued for a fortnight. He was a pleasant, merry, racy fellow, and soon inspired Mrs. Dawkins with an enthusiastic attachment, so that she would have said to herself "Eureka," had she been acquainted with the meaning of the word. Such a guest had been her day-dreams—realized at last! A great many letters arrived for him every day; some were sealed with coronets and quartered coats of arms,—one had Coutts and Co. stamped outside. All underwent inspection; and the solitary boarder's importance was vastly increased in the eyes of the widow. Happy man! if any one could have been smothered with kindness, he must have been! Regularly, every day after dinner, the toady remembered she had something to do; and Mrs. Dawkins ogled her guest, as he sipped his wine and broke his walnuts, with some of the buxom vivacity which had led captive the demure heart of Ichabod deceased. And when, at last, the toady came back again, she would seat herself with knitting-work near the furthest window, as unconscious to all appearance as though she were deaf, dumb, and blind.

The guest was amazingly "long-winded," and prolific of stories, so that, in the fortnight he remained at Prospect House, he told tales of his adventures by flood and field which melted the widow's heart into smiles or tears, and made her hair by turns stand on end with horror. Three new applicants for quarters had been refused by Mrs. Dawkins, rather than interrupt this delightful intercourse. One thing only was dark and mysterious to her,—namely, the cause which could have brought a man of Mr. Marston's appearance, in the month of May, to —. To the Mrs. Dawkinses, of the world many things look dark and mysterious. It is astonishing how they will find out a bit of the marvellous;

and much do they grieve when the three black ravens of the story turn out to be only something like a crow after all. It never occurred to Mrs. Dawkins—in fact she would have thought it absurd to suppose her lodger was simply at hide and seek, out of the way, till some affair of debt or honour could be arranged or was blown over.

At last, just fifteen days after his arrival, and fourteen and a half after his complete conquest of his landlady's heart, Marston announced at breakfast that his letters would call him immediately to London.

"Oiy ope we shall see you hagane," said the widow, languishingly, and with an uneasy twitching about the mouth; for she began to fear that her prize would slip through her fingers, now it seemed that there was no mystery at all about him, for he could go back to London, and she had a notion that he might be Smith O'Brien, or at least some leading Chartist. Frankly and merrily smiled the stranger as he answered, "Do you think I could forget all your kindness? that would be indeed ungrateful!"

The toady here swallowed a scalding cup of tea with such frantic haste, that her mouth was blistered for a week afterwards, and she then disappeared, looking at her patroness in a conscious manner, so far as any expression could be conveyed from eyes filled with tears of the most acute suffering. Mrs. Dawkins played with the cord and tassel of her apron, her guest beat the devil's tattoo on the back of his chair, and looked like a man vastly pleased about something in which nobody present could take any interest but himself. At length a demon, in the shape of an ostler, clad in fustian, appeared in the street; they could see him through the open window; he was breathless from haste, and a desire to get something to drink; touching his hat, he told Mr. Marston that the coach was ready.

Both the lady and gentleman now rose from table, and the widow was so anxious to get out of the way, that she placed herself right before the door, and there was an expression in her eye which perhaps her guest had been too much accustomed to read not to comprehend now; so, being an impudent fellow, he put his arm round her waist and kissed her; the next moment he was gone. Convinced of his affection by so indisputable a proof, and feeling sure that ere long she should see him again, or hear from him, Mrs. Dawkins counted the hours for a week, and then, when

Hope, if not grown sick, was getting at least indisposed, a letter came. There was no mistaking the bold dashing hand of her late lodger; it was like everything about him, and she had seen it a hundred times. Trembling with anxiety and anticipation, she broke the seal. The toady clapped her hands and danced, thinking it necessary to appear wild with delight.

"How *does* he begin, dear—with Angel or Venus?" But already the widow's cheek had lost the beetroot tint peculiar to it, and she bent a stern look upon the toady, who began to wish most emphatically that somebody else just then was standing in her shoes.

"Base man!"

"Lor, you don't mean— Well, I never!"

"I wonder at his *insurance*, to write to me about his shirts!"

"About his shirts?"

It was even thus; the words of that letter—theme of so many hopes—were few and to the purpose—but such a purpose! Here it is:—

"Lieut.-Colonel Marston presents his compliments to Mrs. Dobson—[her name was Dawkins]—and begs to say that in the hurry of quitting her apartments he left behind him several shirts and a pair of socks. Colonel Marston would be obliged to Mrs. Dodson to forward them to Lowndes Square by the railroad.

"May 26th."

"Dobson! Dodson! Apartments! Shirts! Socks!—Eliza Pierce, go home; I can't have you here any longer, living at my expense! Yes, I always did say it, though I never before spoke my mind to you, that you were a deceitful girl; Eliza, now go, and let's have no more about it."

The toady, however, had been too much used to these scenes to comply with her request, and well she knew on which side her bread was buttered; so, going up to the widow, she tried to soothe her and to condole with her; and poor Marston's ears would have tingled for a week had he heard the opinion which, it seems, Miss Pierce always did entertain of him, "that she did;" and so at last Mrs. Dawkins was soothed; and then she had a good cry, and then thought she should like some negus, which made her cry more, but nevertheless comforted her exceedingly; as well as did the coinage of several new and very forcible words, expressive of her

profound disgust of the man who had excited so many hopes only to disappoint them. It would be difficult to know what she really felt, for in some cases the feelings of the fair are a mystery. Whether with scared soul and blighted affections she wandered "mid the ruins of her heart,"—as Mr. Phillips once said of a lady who had been deceived by an umbrella-maker, whom she had met a few weeks before in going out of church; or whether, after taking breath, she renewed her hunt for a broad-shouldered Irishman; or whether, by this lesson cured of such designs for herself, she ever after confined her manoeuvres to the establishment of her daughter, this story tells not, but only that of the dashing cavalier she heard no more. Let us hope that her heart was not broken, for Sir Thomas Lawrence—no bad authority—has told us that a woman would rather be courted and jilted, than not courted at all.

"And Lieut.-Colonel Marston was Major Firelock, *cela va sans dire*," said the Pole, who, being able at last to speak, felt like one just relieved from a cruel bondage, as the Major brought his story to a close.

"Gentlemen," said the Major, "if to criticize be the temper of your minds, all I can say is—Go it! for I have been reading from a book under the table all the time, and the story is yours to cut up as you please."

As the weather looked still threatening when the story was concluded, Major Firelock called for some more wine to refresh himself after his labour; the Frankforter, who had eaten a mighty dinner, feeling no disposition to rise, imitated his example, and the rest of the party listened to a conversation about the salads of all nations.

CHAPTER XII.

IN PRAISE OF SALAD.

You do not know in England the importance of the salad question. You have traditions of gentlemen who have driven in their carriage from dinner-party to dinner-party, receiving fees, and practising, with all the respectability attached to a grave doctor of physic, the profession of a salad-maker. Such traditions move you

to a little wonder, but you are not moved thereby to much inquiry into the true principles of salad-dressing; you exercise the craft empirically; you are quacks. Now, I having travelled through eminently salad-eating countries, with a proper reverence for salad as a part of my constitution, which at all times inclines to venerate whatever is mysterious,—I having thus travelled, and respectfully eaten, in Germany, in Italy, and, above all, in France, salads of many kinds, am qualified now, also, by bookish study, and by every preparation which an earnest mind should bring to the treatment of an important subject, to inform my countrymen. I request that which I now write may be read not frivolously, but in a serious and sober frame of mind, and, if aloud, that it be read with a dignified tone, and listened to with a majestic countenance. Salad is a subject of too much importance to be lightly handled. A French writer of the sixteenth century, falling into raptures about eggs, tells us that he could vary his dinner every day for an entire twelvemonth, and yet dine always only upon eggs. In other words, he was acquainted with three hundred and sixty-five ways in which it was possible to prepare an egg for eating. By how much more is salad to be venerated, which admits not only of being dressed in three hundred and sixty-five different ways, but of which there are upwards of three hundred and sixty-five sorts to be dressed after each of the three hundred and sixty-five fashions!

A German writer goes into the etymology of salad, and informs us that it is a word derived from salt. He finds this derivation very satisfactory, until he is brought to a full stop by those sweet varieties, like the sliced apples and oranges, which in his country are eaten with roast pig. There he is puzzled. The fact is, salad was in existence before man. Our boys take pleasure in a salad dressed by nature, a salad in which piquant flavours are exquisitely blended. This is served up in your English meadows under the well-known name of sorrel. The lower animals eat salad. Beasts and birds of prey are said to console their stomachs with grape-lusk and salad-herbs. We see our dogs occasionally seeking for a salad on the grass-plot. In discussing the geographical distribution of salad among men—to say nothing of Nebuchadnezzar, who was condemned to browse on cold salad,—we shall find that in southern Europe whole nations make salad, all the year round, their chief article of diet. In Germany and countries with a German climate, salad, by most people, is eaten only during half the

year; and in Russia, perhaps, only a tenth part of the population eat it during a fourth part of the year. Perhaps it is in France that salad is most eaten. Napoleon, during his wars, used to say, that his army wanted nothing to subsist upon but soup and salad. As for the extreme North, where vinegar cannot be fermented, it is a land that knows not salad. The people there, however, do not feel their loss, for they eat fish, and with fish a salad is not wanted. Let me make solemn exception in the case of soles, which are to be eaten by enlightened people with sliced lemon. Brillat Savarin teaches also that baked pike is not to be thought of without salad. Cold salmon, moreover, is sent up in France with a coquettish little salad, which, in this place, it would be ungrateful to forget.

In a salad, as in the Nature of the ancients, the number of the elements is four—the herb, the oil, the vinegar, the salt. Eggs, anchovies, herrings, shreds of dried meat, gherkins, capers, olives, Parmesan cheese, slices of lemon, of apple, and of cold potatoes, bacon, cream, and other things, are added in various countries, either to conceal a want of freshness in the herb, or to satisfy a vitiated palate. Hermes gave but four strings to the lyre, and the *Ætoli*ans banished Anaximander for wishing to add a fifth. In France, and Italy, and Austria, people are banished or imprisoned for much smaller enormities than the unprincipled innovation which would add a fifth ingredient to salad. A misfortune only equal to the infliction of too many ingredients in a salad, is the possession of too few. Job accounted want of oil among the chief trials of his patience. Salad has a history and a literature of its own, not to be surpassed by any article whatever—not even the Greek article. Josephus simply records that the punishment of Nebuchadnezzar consisted in his being condemned to live on salad; but the Baron Von Vaerst, a German writer on the subject, adds in a shrewd annotation, that the punishment lay in the wicked king's salads being unsavourd with oil, vinegar, and salt.

Plautus ("Rudens," Act the Fourth) discourses on the privileges and bliss of wealth. A fisherman finding a cloak-bag in the road, from which he expects to draw a treasure, like the girl with the basket of eggs, he instantly begins to count up the delights he will purchase with the prize. But lo! on opening the bag, he discovers its contents to be only flax. How does he express the bitterness of his disappointment; what loss does he most deplore?

"Farewell," he cries, "ye royal dishes! thou salad with vinegar and oil, whose taste seemed to be already on my tongue!" Moreover, even the Fathers are not silent on the subject. St. Anthony relates that St. Hieronymus, who lived to the green old age of a hundred and five, and during the last ninety years of his life had been supporting himself wholly upon bread and water, could not withstand a certain "lusting after salad." St. Athanasius attests, also, this very important fact. The moderns, again, are enthusiastic upon salad. The Italian poet, Molza, wrote a long poem about salad. Adam, he says, ate the first salad in Paradise. He disdains to compare the warrior's laurel with the salad of the men of peace. The noblest of sauces are the handmaidens of salad; and if, therefore, a Roman offered once a fortune to the discoverer of a new sauce, what should be the prize, he asks, for a new salad?

The subject of salad sauce has occupied the attention of various learned men, especially in France. Not only have the specific properties of salt, and oil, and vinegar, been properly inquired into, but also their properties and influences as bearing directly upon herb. The famous chemists, Foureroy and Chaptal, wrote, each of them, a treatise on the subject. Chaptal wears, in the presence of posterity, a sweet chaplet of salad leaves. The salad *à la Chaptal* must be sprinkled freely with the salt and vinegar, carefully and discreetly mixed; finally, lightly shaken between two sieves, in order that all superfluity of oil or vinegar be suffered to run off. "This done," says the discoverer, "there will remain upon the leaves much oil and little vinegar, enough of each, however, to communicate the true excellency and delicacy of flavour." This is all very well, as far as oil and vinegar may go, but Chaptal has said nothing about salt. The sculptor of King Charles's statue at Charing Cross is said to have forgotten the saddle-girths, and to have put an end to his life in consequence. Chaptal never discovered his omission, perhaps; at any rate he did not commit suicide. The due proportion of salt, however, in a salad, is a matter of grave importance. Upon this depends no less a matter than whether the salad shall be short and crisp, or flabby and greasy. The great Gaudet dropped pearls of doctrine, but we do not retain a jewel-syllable by which we can be aided on this subject of salt. Concerning the herb, our treatment of it varies with the kind; all, of course, demand an intensity of cleanliness;

all should, when clean, be dried affectionately and patted pleasantly between two napkins. Some salads must be handled tenderly, some pulled and pinched about like men's limbs in a Russian bath, some must be cut, some broken, some torn like the Roman salad. Frederic Schlegel says, of Roman salad, that it should be torn to very small shreds, so that it may look like the Cumuli, the woolly "female clouds" of Pliny. The hearts of some salads must be taken out and dressed on separate dishes. Rousseau tells us, that for a salad to have the true flavour, it should be dressed by a maiden between fifteen and eighteen years of age.

Rabelais affirms that the best oil to a salad is good humour. The sauce used in the salad of Pope Sixtus the Fifth would please the English better. When this pope was an obscure monk, he had a great friend in a certain lawyer, who sank into poverty as steadily as the monk rose into popedom. So the poor lawyer, journeying to seek compassion from his old friend the pope, fell sick by the wayside, and commissioned his doctor to plead for him with his holiness. "I will send him a salad," said the pope, and sent to the sick man, accordingly, a basketful of lettuces. When the lettuces were opened, money was found in their hearts. Therefore the proverb says, in Italy, to this day, of a man in need of money from some helping friend, "He wants one of Sixtus the Fifth's salads."

The great Gaudet, whom we have mentioned incidentally, was one of the first victims of that French Revolution which has now lasted more than sixty years, and promises to last for sixty more. Towards the close of the last century, this wonderful man found himself an exile in England without friends or money. Ere long, the most beautiful ladies of the land hung with bright, watchful eyes over his labours; and mouths, accustomed to command the destinies of armies and of nations, watered when he came near. In the houses of the old-fashioned nobility—as that of the late Marquis of Abercorn—the music would play "See the Conquering Hero comes," when the great Gaudet entered. The talk of a dinner-table hushed into repose before him. Wonder succeeded silence. What an expensive salad dressing-case! What delicacy of touch over the light green leaves! What charming little stories to beguile the moments of suspense! How gracefully and pleasantly he magnified the noble art of salad-making! The great Gaudet concentrated the entire force of his powerful mind on salad; great,

therefore, was his success. Gaudet, like joy, was sought at every feast. He drove in his own cabriolet from dinner to dinner. To secure his services, the high and mighty left cards at his house some weeks before they were required. Have we not seen with our own eyes a letter addressed by him to a noble duke, recommending that person to postpone his dinner until nine o'clock, because he, the great Gaudet, was pledged to another noble lord at eight? The fee of the great Gaudet rose to ten guineas; and none who ate his salad grudged the money it cost them.

Near the city of Rome there lived, about the same time, a certain Madame Drake, who also illustrated by her own renown the delightful salad science. With German solemnity she accepted her mission. It was her belief that salad, to be truly fresh, should not be exposed to light until the moment of its being eaten; she, therefore, in a dark room mysteriously performed her office.

Thus much I have written, and have not yet told you how a salad should be made. It cannot be made by telling. You must be born a salad-maker. Salad is a production of taste; it belongs to the Fine Arts, and can no more be acquired by rule than can poetry, or sculpture, or painting. You may, indeed, measure, or hew out, or daub off a salad. You may know that lettuce requires very little oil, and endive very much; that rape needs beetroot and celery; that cold cauliflower is the basis of a delicious salad used very much in Italy, but almost unknown in England; you may know that four table-spoonsful of oil should go generally to one of vinegar; that the salt is a matter to be nervous with; that, above all things, it is necessary to dissolve thoroughly the salt in the vinegar before you add the oil. All this you may know; and you may know how to collect at the right season the right herbs: yet, nevertheless, you must be born a salad-maker, with the full measure of native tact, if you would shine in the profession. It has even been doubted, in the face of the great Gaudet, whether one man can combine in himself all the qualities which go to make a perfect salad-maker; because, to complete a salad properly, is said, in fact, to require the united efforts of four different men: a spendthrift for the oil, a miser for the vinegar, a sage for the salt, and a maniac for the mixing.

CHAPTER XIII.

A CHEAP DINNER.

BEFORE dismissing these *material* considerations, a word about the comparative cheapness of a dinner at home and abroad, may not be out of place.

I went the other day to pay a visit to my respected friend Herr von Schmidt, who lives in the dominions of his serenity the Prince of the Towering Taxes. Here Von Schmidt has no establishment, and there is a tradition in the neighbourhood that none of his friends have ever been able, after the closest inquiry, to ascertain where he lived. He met me at the station, however, according to previous appointment. "It is half-past twelve o'clock," said the Herr von Schmidt; "are you hungry? I am, very!" and the Herr von Schmidt's looks also assured me that he was confining himself strictly to the truth.

I had breakfasted, according to the Teutonic custom, on a little piece of bread resembling a penny trumpet, and some detestable coffee; and therefore eagerly replied to the question of my friend in the affirmative, dreading, however, rather to find myself thrust in among the hot, noisy, detestable assembly of a German table-d'hôte. My friend, however, is a man of some importance in the town, being Herr Deputy-sub-assistant-auditor to Herr Under-secretary to a local and independent branch of the railway. He was, indeed, far too great a man to dine at a table-d'hôte, since the English have made them dear and unfashionable. He presented me, therefore, to two of his colleagues. Who they were, does not matter; for, to judge of a man's character from his profession, is to be wilfully misled. Some of the quietest and steadiest men I have ever known were consistent supporters of the opera and the turf, and some of the slightest and lightest-hearted, men of letters. The jolliest person, beyond all question, I ever met with was an undertaker; one of my most cheerful friends was a Presbyterian clergyman; and the sternest, a comic actor.

Enough, therefore, that the Herr von Schmidt and his two friends, accompanied by their beards, their cigars, and myself, ad-

journed from the railway to dine at the principal inn. It goes by the name of the United Germany; and, on the sign-board, is painted a lively and appropriate representation of the historical cats of Kilkenny. Let the reader transport himself to the first inn of a provincial town in England—neither at a watering-place nor in the immediate neighbourhood of a fashionable pack of hounds—and ask himself calmly what he would be likely to get for dinner? It is a question to which I could hardly venture to reply. In my hunting days it used to be chops, steaks, and eggs and bacon—bacon and eggs, steaks, and chops, and so on, ringing the changes as often as you like; but, as I have little inclination for any of these delicacies, I very seldom found anything that it was possible for a London appetite to digest, and I have been haunted with the ghost of a tough country steak, and an abominable inky fluid the waiter was pleased to designate as ketchup, or some such name, for twenty-four hours after it ought to have been laid for ever.

Let me, as a contrast, transcribe the dinner provided at half an hour's notice under the sign of the United Germany for our party of four. We had a clear (strained) soup of exquisite flavour, accompanied by powered cheese for those fond of strong stimulants. Then craw-fish, and black bread and butter. Then a fillet of beef (*piqué*) with a sauce of truffles and Madeira. Then some red cabbages, stewed apples, and mashed potatoes; some cutlets of fresh pork, and some cold tongue; some eels in asparagus jelly; some hashed venison, garnished with rice; some young chickens with Perigord sauce; preserves and salad; a plum pudding; dessert and fruit ices.

This dinner cost us just three shillings a head. We had, moreover, napkins, a spotless table-cloth, and finger-glasses. I am not at all vaunting the choice of Herr von Schmidt's dinner, which is, perhaps, in the worst taste, but only the number, quality, and price of the dishes.

Let the country solicitor who payed ten shillings for his dinner yesterday in a dingy room in Bishopsgate Street, ask himself if he dined anything like so well as we did for three? and let any one of the unlucky diners-out in London condemned to a three-shilling dinner, compare their bill of fare with this.

Why it is, or how it is, that everything should be dearer in England than in the whole world over, it is not at present our

province to inquire; but the fact, as it undoubtedly exists, is extremely unreasonable, since every single article we consumed in the dominions of his serene highness the Prince of the Towering Taxes, with the sole exception of the truffles, can, with proper management, be obtained cheaper in London, from the cheese (Chester, by the way), to the ice;—and the fuel with which our dinner was cooked is beyond all comparison dearer than in England. The simple secret was in the judicious division of the contents of the various dishes into proper portions, just enough for the consumption of the people for whom they were provided, and no more, instead of giving them an equal quantity of one thing; the cunning of the cook, and the number of diners-out having brought the art of providing small dinners into a state of great perfection. Many a dozen workmen at the same factory, who carry their clammy, unwholesome dinners in their pocket-handkerchiefs, and bolt the unsavoury mess with a pint of beer in the tap-room of a public-house, might, by merely clubbing the price of their separate meals, though but a few halfpence, and dining together, conduce considerably to their own comfort and the advancement of the noble science of cookery. There is an excellent workman's dinner in Paris, provided for threepence; and most of the officers' messes throughout Germany are served according to contract, and very well served too, at from fivepence to sixpence a head.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE TAUNUS—(KÖNIGSTEIN).

"WHICH is the way to Königstein?" I asked, riding lazily along the Frankfort road, one hot afternoon, from Hattenheim. The man whom I addressed was a strapping fellow of a strength that laughs at fatigue; he looked like some small farmer returning from market after having sold a pig: "Eine halbe Stunde," he roared out heartily, as he strode upon his way. Little cared he, or knew, if he had walked one hour or three. After riding on for some time, it occurred to me that the stout pedestrian must have been in the wrong. I had certainly ridden more than a mile and a half, for I pique myself on my horse's walking, and

my watch—a Dent—told me an hour had already passed since we met; I must have ridden five miles, and yet there were no signs of a town, so I asked three women whom I met talking politics, with baskets of ripe plums upon their heads. They were cackling like geese, both at once; for if German men are silent, not so the women, especially when they get together.

They were so earnest in their talk that for a while they paid no attention to my question, half-smothered as it perhaps was by the thirst and dust that made my mouth feel as if lined with flannel, and so I had time to ascertain that they were in favour of republican principles, which they supposed to signify that every one might take what belonged to the Herzog von Nassau, and keep what they had themselves.

“That would be a good look-out for the duke,” said I, “and certainly is an excellent notion of a popular republic.”

“Ah, vive la repöoblik!” replied the prettiest of the two women—by the bye, the faces of both were about the same shape and colour as sunflowers—turning round with a pleasant smile at the magic word. “Gewiss,” said I; “and now, which is the way to Königstein, and how far is it?” To this question I had the invariable reply in Germany when a stranger asks a question.

“Ya!”

She had caught the word Königstein, and probably thought I had volunteered the information that I was going there; and from my unusual mode of travelling, she perhaps thought that I was a frowsy professor, who had got a new toy in his horse, and expected every one to admire his equitation. The tone of her voice therefore was humouring, as that in which we address a child who has got some dangerous plaything, and whom we wish to get a little further from us, so that if he does himself any harm he shall not hurt us also.

Now, it is extremely unpleasant to an irritable man, riding a fretful horse upon a hot summer’s day, and having all the pores of his skin stopped up with a fine stony dust, to have to repeat a question twice. However, I smiled a ghastly smile, to show her that I entered into the joke, if there were any; and, after biting my tongue to moisten my mouth, gasped out the interrogatory again.

“Gerade aus,” they replied, both at once, and drawing off with great precipitation to the extreme side of the road. Assuring

firm, however, there was no danger, I was further informed that it was "drei Stunden." Three persons, whom I asked at intervals of half an hour, made the same reply, and one said that it was "vier." This puts one in mind of Scotland, where a man may be told that he is a mile and a bittock from Perth; but the bittock is so much longer than the mile, that, after walking seven or eight of the latter, he hears the same story. On, then, I rode, expecting to find shortly that the distance had doubled, perhaps. The next man I met was one of those little puny fellows, that one knows at a glance are henpecked, even by their sisters; he looked, too, so disconsolate that I suspect he was a Frankfort tailor, and that his journey had been after a little bill, due from some one who had run away; and lastly, that he had missed the omnibus.

"How far is it to Königstein?" I asked, once more, of this individual, taking off my hat respectfully, and fumbling with the oil or hand for a cigar to offer my friend, and so get as much information out of him as possible about the road.

"I don't know," he replied, in a petulant tone of utter prostration; "but it is a *very* long way." Before I could put any more questions, a horse working at the plough, a field or two off, neighed merrily; and mine, after sniffing the air and striking the ground with his off fore-foot, answered loud and shrill, which proceeding so discomposed the tailor that he decamped with the greatest precipitation, nor could all my entreaties obtain any other words from him than a prayer to keep off; and had I persisted in attempting to renew the conversation, I strongly believe that he would have tried to get up a tree, towards which he was making, evidently with some intention of the kind.

Well, thought I, this is the Spaniard's story of patience by force; but, at all events, by keeping the road, I must arrive somewhere, and there a florin will purchase the services of a guide. It is a curious fact in Germany, as doubtless elsewhere, that, though the cross country roads have plenty of sign-posts, they never, even by accident, have on them the name of the place to which one wants to go. Once, indeed, I was misled for a moment by Hope in this particular; for, on arriving at four cross-roads, a board pointed each way. I eagerly approached it; but, need I tell the observing traveller, every letter had been carefully effaced, so after turning off three different times, according to directions received—riding once into a sand-pit, and once nearly into a well, and once upon a

summer-house, where a German, smoking a pipe, sat beside a modest-looking girl, knitting—at last met a return post-boy, who said that I had ridden past the road that led to Königstein, at least an hour ago. From him, however, I got some better information; and, at last, arrived safe and sound at the Löwe Gasthaus, in that town, just in time to see a party of French folk, also from Homburg—six persons and three children, in a hired carriage with one horse, having seats for four.

"Allons, filons! Jean Bull!" said the Frenchman who drove, flicking the sober German beast over the ear. "Allons, filons!" echoed his eight companions, in every tone of voice from a base to a treble; but the horse, notwithstanding this invitation to go on, had a most cross-grained air, and evidently debated within himself the policy of rebellion. "Que diable a-t-il donc," said the Phæton, a little frightened at these symptoms of revolt. "Mais donne lui du fouet," said a gallant youth of the party.

But before he could put any such manoeuvre into execution, the solemn beast, resigned to his fate, moved soberly on.

"Eh bien, vieux farceur, tu es sage à présent," said the driver, rewarding him with a cut of the whip. Such is the gratitude of man!

I had heard a great deal of the Feldberg; and Murray says, that "crowds of tourists assemble on it to see the sun rise and set." So, after a light supper, I went to bed, leaving orders to be called at half-past twelve, to set off for the Great Feldberg, and see the sun rise.

About one we started; the night or morning (which shall we call it?) was fine and starry, and everything gave promise of perfect success in the object of our expedition. After about two hours' sharp walking, we got to the top of the mountain; but we were much too early, and had to lie down for an hour under a hedge. My guide was stupid and drowsy, and would not talk even about the "republik;" so, by the time day began to break, I was in anything but that soft sentimental mood in which one should see the sun rise. A biting wind, moreover, had set in, and a most unfortunate mist rose up from the landscape, so that one could scarcely see at twenty yards' distance. I looked at my guide: his nose was blue, his teeth chattered, and his beard was covered with dew. I myself was cramped in every limb. "What a muff that fellow was," soliloquised I, and thinking of my guide,

"not to have brought some brandy or coffee; we might have made a fire up here and had some breakfast." It is easily done: make a round hole in the ground, some light wood and charcoal, and you have stove and fire.

"Are they cold, sir?" said my guide, replying in very fair English, but speaking in the German idiom, which obliges one to address every man as if he were himself a host; and probably mistaking the meaning of the word *muff*, he added, "Put your hands in my cap, sir." Having declined the civility, he next pulled out a piece of black bread from his pocket and offered it to me, with a hand about the same colour, from the cold. I could stand it no longer, so, after a good laugh—"Come," said I, "we will go down from this place and get some breakfast, and if ever I make such a fool of myself again, I hope it will be on a warmer morning. My guide, who was now fairly awake, and had a good deal of quiet humour in him, seemed pretty much of my opinion, and smiled so slyly that we both became the best friends in the world, and went scampering down the mountain as fast as we could, to warm our toes.

Merrily sung the thrush and the blackbird, cheerily chirped the sparrow and the wren, as they hopped from bough to bough, from brake to brake; loud and heartily came the cry of the ploughboy on the morning air, when, with freshened blood and invigorated limbs we got down into the valley, and the grass sparkled with dewdrops and daisies, that it looked more beautiful than a velvet carpet strewn with pearls. And bubbling, glittering, and murmuring, the mill-stream flowed on its way, with many a fat trout rising to the flies which haunted its tiny billow. The air seemed fresh from Paradise!

Surely, for the tired, battered man of the world, worn out by turns with cares and pleasures, it is worth while now and then to leave his snug bed, to see and hear the fresh and fair sounds and sighs of early morning!—just once a year, perhaps!

I breakfasted slenderly—one must do so to eat a German dinner at one o'clock—and sauntered out to the ruined Castle, refusing the officious aid of half a dozen little vagabonds who offered to chaperone me. The fine old Castle of Königstein was entirely destroyed by the French in 1796, so entirely that not one of its towers can be ascended with safety, or they would command a magnificent view of the surrounding scenery; however, it is still very interesting. And it is rarely that one has more pleasure than

I felt in lingering about its ruined halls and sombre passages and vaults, whilst musing upon a bygone day.

The health-hunting gentry from the watering-places about, have made a kind of tea-garden of it; and dirty three-legged abominations, such as our old friend at Schwarzwürst-Schinkenshausen, abused so heartily, grace the hall where, perchance, the gallant Sir Kuno of Sayn pledged his faith to the daughter of the lord of the castle; whilst the chamber from which the Lady Ermingarde may have looked out to see her lover riding, with his chivalrous array, up the road made by magic to her bower, now echoes with the dull jokes of stupid boors, grown republican and noisy over their beer.

CHAPTER XV.

EPPSTEIN.

THE road between Königstein and Eppstein has the reputation of being one of the most beautiful in Germany, and it certainly has not been belied. The lovely mountain scenery, spangled with villages, half hidden in defiles and among trees; the frequent feudal tower, majestic in its ruin; the bright river afar off, shining like silver; and the stately spires of Frankfort and Mainz in the distance,—all unite in forming a charming picture. On arriving at Eppstein I found the sweet little hamlet full of strangers; it was a sad disappointment, for I had kept it as the *bonne bouche* of my journey, and intended to spend a quiet thoughtful afternoon among its old feudal remains. It was, however, impossible. Children playing and beating their little drums; parties out for the day, full of good wine and bad jokes, with all their bustle and common-place; these were sufficient to extinguish quite my hopes, and served to remind me of a similar annoyance which I once suffered in England. Near the pretty little village of Hoddesden, in Hertfordshire, and opposite the Rye House, so famous for the story of its plot, stood a little country inn—the very model of an inn; the landlord smart and civil, the landlady blithe and buxom. The honso stood by the water-side, and near there was some excellent fishing. The hostess was a cunning cook, and often have I stolen away from the wearisome bustle of London to pass a few days

undisturbed in this quiet little retreat. Going abroad, however, for a few years, I lost sight of the place till, on my return, I joined a party bent on a rambling excursion of some days. I recommended my old quarters, and fearlessly we drove up to the door. Some ladies, of the gentlest and fairest, were of our party, and it was a little disappointment when, instead of my old landlord, with his comfortable jolly face, a sporting-looking fellow came out, with a dog in his arms, whose tail he had just bitten off. The place was so pretty and sequestered, however, that we all alighted, and spent a charming afternoon in wandering about the neighbourhood, intending, the next day, to visit the East-India Company's College of Haileybury. Alas! we little thought the College of Haileybury would come to visit us. But, on awaking the next morning and throwing open our window to let in the morning air, what was our dismay to find the little lawn crowded with tippling swearing youngsters, in their Jerseys, preparing for a boat race! Yes, these young gentlemen had found out my little paradise, and I need not say I saw it no more. Even so had Eppstein, with its pretty little inn, the "Oel Muhl," been desecrated; so after putting up my horse, I ordered dinner as the only resource—dinner, I might as well have asked for *tea*! The party had eaten up all the dinner, and everything else that was to be had at Eppstein: forty-eight trout had been consumed since the morning. I might, however, have some bread and cheese, mine host told me, if I could wait till it had been sent for from the village.

I looked rather blank at this proposal, for I was hungry, not having eaten much breakfast, but I resigned myself to my fate, which was a little embittered by seeing the daintiest of German dishes, such as sausages and sauerkraut, leberwurst and spinach, going in quick succession to a neighbouring table, where sat and laughed a party of Germans, looking from time to time at my slender fare. Once my heart went pit-a-pat with hope, as one of the party, a young man of about twenty, left the table and approached me. He is going to ask me to join their party, thought I—decided civil! So I put on my best smile. Not a bit of it; the fellow had learned English, and very badly too, and he only came to ask if I could make the people of the inn understand me. I explained to him that the dilemma was of a different kind; they could understand very well that I was hungry,

but they had nothing to give me to eat; I repeated this in German, in case my friend should not understand the English, and the party at the next table could perfectly hear what I said, but they only looked on, and the gentleman returned to his table to have another slice of a roast duck, that made my mouth water; and it is in truth for a hungry man the most provoking thing in the world to see another eat without partaking of it. I thought, as I finished my last glass of wine and prepared to go, that it was really a case of conscience; and I am convinced that a party of English, in a remote village, would have asked a hungry traveller in a moment to join their mess rather than see him chew the bitter cud of bread and cheese in sight of a dinner which might have satisfied an alderman.

In spite, however, of this little incident and some others, I do not think I could recommend anybody a more delightful trip than that over the Taunus on horseback from Wiesbaden to Frankfort.

In a month's space I was able to ride over the Taunus, the Odenwald, the Bergstrasse, and the Haardt, perhaps the finest scenery in all Germany, and full of the most touching and chivalrous of its memories and traditions. Under the severe exercise and the coarse but solid fare I soon lost sight of indigestion and hypochondria. I also visited many places where my species the English traveller being unknown, I was not looked upon as a prey by the Schwartz Adler, under the shadow of whose wings I reposed, and where the national character, being little influenced by the commerce of strangers, preserves those peculiarities which are worn away on the great highways. And having stopped at every inn from the Schwartz Adler to the Weisses Ross, I have found the landlords uniformly obliging, for the most part honest, and the servants civil. How richly have I enjoyed the start at daybreak from some mountain village with no other company than the blithe echoes to my own song, and the merry chinkling of the mare's harness as she tossed her head from side to side, and with set ears and curved neck went picking her way over heath and meadow. My plan was to ride to the central village of a picturesque district out of the beaten road, leave the horse and take the stable key, then set out upon an excursion on foot. Thirty miles may be ridden, twenty walked easily, which is more than one can do in a Postwagen,

during twelve hours' purgatory. I rode my horse twelve hundred miles, neither sick nor sorry, and in high condition. She was, however, an English mare; but a German horse would perhaps have been as well, attracted less attention, and needed less care. Lastly, the expense, *le quart d'heure de Rabelais*, was not more severe than in any other mode of travelling. In short, in Germany, as in England, the plan of travelling on horseback has a thousand advantages for the loiterer, to be found in no other. It is true that it is not without disadvantages. The traveller must often be his own groom, for he will find the Germans but sorry squires: very often after a long day's ride and a couple of hours' hard work at the end of it to make the mare comfortable, I would leave her, as I thought, in peace, with the door locked, but seldom would it long remain so; and if I returned in ten minutes, there would be a group of staring boobies, open-mouthed, looking at the English horse, and not seldom trying her metal with a thick stick, shouting "*Ruhig! ruhig!*" most lustily, and making a noise like the whirring of a partridge, to quiet her under this discipline. And it was necessary to keep an uncommon sharp look-out, or find her trembling and quaking under a dose of three buckets of hard spring water. A German horse may stand this, but it does not suit an English one. It is, however, incomparably the pleasantest mode of travelling, and in case any of my readers should be of the same opinion, I will add some few hints, which may perhaps be useful to them on horseback.

CHAPTER XVI.

ON HORSEBACK.

ONE of the wits of the last century told us, "respectability keeps a gig." That is to say, most people who can afford it, provide themselves with some means of moving about without exertion. I recollect having a conversation with a worthy old Mussulman, who confided to me, in the course of a long friendship, his extreme astonishment that any one should ever walk anywhere who could ride. A walk, however, if we do not fall into a brown study, as studious men are apt to do, is the best and healthiest

exercise possible. Laughing therefore to scorn the doctrine of the Moslem, still, even Captain Barelay might agree that a carriage or an ambling cob are both very good things in their place. The first thing most of us do, who have money enough, is to buy a horse, the next to mismanage it. What those poor animals go through in the hands of ladies, boys, and other utterly misguided people, nobody can know but themselves, and it is perhaps quite as well they should not. Horses, like men, have nearly all some crook in the lot.

Let us begin with a boy's pony, and see if we are not able to point out one or two little things that might be altered. In the first place, then, we wholly disapprove of the pad or soft saddle, (without a tree), as a most cruel invention. It does not sufficiently protect the backbone, and every sudden jolt or movement of the rider is likely to injure it. Let the pad be replaced by the common saddle, by all means. The saddle should not be so small, either, as it usually is, and should be well stuffed, especially towards the shoulder. It should be remembered, also, that when a saddle has been used a little while, this stuffing gets sweated through, and becomes hard and knotty from unequal pressure; to avoid this, the stuffing should be taken out frequently, and though the same material may be put in again, it should be thoroughly pulled and dried. I have often seen saddles as hard inside as they were out, and the horses on which they were put writhing about like eels, till they got warm enough to soften their dirty uncomfortable harness. This often makes high-couraged horses too difficult to mount, and kick at starting, nor will all the coaxing in the world cure them, if the rider's common sense does not point out the evil,—and it very seldom does. When a horse is vicious to mount, nine times in ten he is or has been badly saddled. Saddles should also be kept in a dry place and the lining carefully dried, either by the fire or in the sun, before they are used again. Nothing is more apt to gall a horse's back than a damp saddle. An excellent means of getting rid of the "bran-new" look of a saddle fresh from the makers, is to wash it with a weak solution of coffee. Yolk of egg will also do, but unless used carefully it may show upon white trousers; the best way to use the yolk of eggs, is to mix it with boiling water; I recommend the coffee, however, and then two or three washings with common soft soap will give it a good gloss. Oil should never

be used, it is dirty in the extreme; a well-cleaned saddle and bridle should not soil a lady's glove even, or a pair of white trousers, and be as supple as silk. Soft soap is the only thing that will make it so.

Horses in England have their harness generally a great deal too tight, and to prevent this, even the best grooms wait looking after. Horses are very often cut by their curb-chains in a cruel manner, half-throttled by the throat-strap, and stifled by their girths. The two former make them carry their heads awkwardly, and spoil the natural curve of the crest. I have seen a strong man six feet high sometimes straining at the girths of a pony he could push over with one hand, till he was black in the face, and then the poor little wretch would hobble out of his stable like a trussed fowl. The girths should not be too forward. If any one wishes to prove the justice of this maxim, let him buckle a strap tight round his own chest and then try to run with it. He can bear it round the *waist* well enough, but the chest expands with exercise, and to confine it must be very severe punishment. Many horses have a trick of swelling themselves out when first saddled; it is therefore a good plan to saddle them about half an hour before they are wanted, and then girth up a hole or two just before mounting. If a saddle is really well made, the girths will want no straining at to make it sit safely. With thorough-bred horses, or those having flat sides and bad barrels, a false collar and a couple of straps will keep the saddle from slipping too far back. I object strongly to martingales, except with young horses, and to teach them to carry their heads properly. A horse should never be put at a jump with a martingale on, or he is almost certain to fall into it or over it. A gentleman named Singleton was killed some years ago by his horse jumping the turnpike-gate near Woodstock with a martingale on. I remember also seeing a horse break his neck at a hurdle not five feet high, from the same cause. A martingale is still more dangerous jumping lengths. The severest fall I ever had was jumping a brook with a martingale. With a gag-snaffle, or a very severe bit of any kind, a horse with a martingale is extremely apt to get into mischief, and if he does so, it must be a light hand indeed to get him out of it. The rings of a martingale should never be put over the curb-rein, and leather sliding slopes should be always put before them to prevent them slipping over the buckles, a mischance often followed by a pair of broken knees. Great care also should

be taken that the martingale is not shorter than absolutely necessary; and a rider should so play with his reins as never to keep a *dead pull* upon a horse's mouth, and let his head have as easy play as possible. A martingale will ruin a horse's temper, if this rule be not followed. There are few things more misunderstood than bits. I heard one of the best trainers in England say, "If you can't hold a horse with a snaffle, you can't with anything else," and I am almost of the same opinion; a thin twisted snaffle is one of the severest bits made. I hold the gag and the chifney in abomination. I have seen scores of horses' mouths spoiled by them, and never saw any good come of either. If a horse does not go well and easily with a man who knows how to ride him, the fact most likely is that he is not in his proper work. I had a little chesnut mare more vicious than enough to ride, yet she would go like clockwork in harness. Many horses too, who never will bear a collar, are the best of hacks. A horse I am now driving in a team pulls my gloves nearly off as a wheeler, though if put in as a leader he does not hang an ounce. Most hard-pulling horses make good leaders. In pairs the smallest horses go better and look better on the off-side.

But to return to bits. They are generally a great deal too heavy, and while the mouthpiece should still be left of a moderate size, the rest can hardly be too slight consistent with strength. The best bit for the road is undeniably a snaffle, but for park riding, or anywhere in a crowd, horses will, perhaps, go cleverer with a curb, managed by a light hand. No grooms or horse-breakers have ever light hands, therefore they should be made invariably to ride with a good strong plain snaffle and a broad rein. A groom will spoil a well-broken hack in a week, and often ruin a hunter for any one else's riding but his own. A bit I have found very efficacious for very high-couraged horses with bad mouths, is a pelham, with rollers; it prevents a horse getting the bit in his mouth; they want, however, a very light hand. If you are surprised by a very hard puller, and have only a snaffle bridle, get off and *cross your reins*; that will stop him. If you find he still gets along too fast, pull up again; let him wet his mouth, or crop a bit of grass, and then start very gently till you master his head entirely. Keep your hand low and steady, giving and taking; humour your nag, and he will go pleasantly. Many horses pull from fear, and want coaxing much more than a chifney. A thirsty

horse, with his tongue hanging out of his mouth, black and swollen, will always pull; such a horse should have something to play with in his mouth—rollers and jointed bits are best. With a more stubborn, wrong-headed pony, who bores away like a wooden thing, a ragged curb may teach him to keep his head up, and go decorously. Spurs are bad and cruel things, except on very cautious heels, and with young horses; they are useful, however, in a crowd, and if you are riding a slug, or an entire horse; but woe to the apprentice, out on a Sunday, who wakes the courage of an old hunter with them.

Few grooms, either, seem to have a proper idea of the use of water. Whenever a horse is washed, the groom should never leave him till every hair is dry. As you cannot expect the ostlers at inns to do this, unless you look over them, I never allow my horse's legs to be washed anywhere but at home. The hoof may be brushed out and washed as much as they like, *that* will dry again, but no ostler shall ever wet a hair of a horse of mine, if I know it.

With proper management, however, water is invaluable. After hunting, I generally have my horse's legs put into a regular bath (made on purpose), full of hot water, then dried and bandaged. I do not like the bandages, however, left on the legs too long—they stop the circulation; three hours is quite enough, and then a good hard rubbing will freshen a hunter's legs more than anything, and the groom can feel if any thorn has got into them, or if there be any trifling strain upon a sinew, and attend to it at once. Lord S—— tried a complete warm-bath for his horses after a hard day's hunting, but he told me it did not answer; the horses broke out afterwards into a profuse sweat. I found this also the case, in a less degree, with the leg-bath, but I did not find that the sweat hurt them.

If horses will not eat their oats, mix it with chaff and beans; a sprinkling of salt is a good thing, and so are cut carrots. In Austria they give their horses small doses of arsenic, but I should not like to try it. I once had a mare so thin as to be a disgrace to my stable, yet so fast and high-couraged, and with such sporting points about her, that I could not make up my mind to get rid of her. Yet she was the plague of my riding life, a perfect Rosinante. I tried everything I could think of, but what with rejecting her food, and fretting over her work, she was nothing but a bag of bones. At last chance brought me acquainted with a noted

character, now no more, Dick Wetherall, the trainer. He was training a horse for a relation of mine, and one fine autumn afternoon we drove over from Windsor to Ascot, to pay them a visit. The conversation, of course, turned upon horses—"what can a cobbler speak of but leather?"—and I mentioned my mare. "My lord," said Dick, who always used this form of address, as a matter of refined diplomacy, "I'll tell you what you go and do with her. Take a lot of barley—a good lot on it—power some biling water on it, jist enough to cover it; then putt it—or, leastways, afore you putts the biling water, putt the barley in a glazed pan so as nothing of the steam can get through, and thero let it soak. Next mornin go an' putt some molasses in along with it, and stir it all up. Don't trust your groom to do this, if he ain't one of the right sort, cos he'll eat the molasses, if you do, or perhaps take 'em 'ome to his missus. Well, when you've made this up (it's like a stiffish pudding, it is, when it's made right, or a jelly, as you may say), give her a lot on it, mixed in with her corn; and if she don't slobber *that* into her, and get fat on it, too, never you trust me again. Let her have four or five feeds on it a day." Such was the summary of Mr. Wetherall's wisdom; and the best advice I can give the reader, is in the words of the Duke of Wellington to Sir Charles Napier—"If you understand these instructions, go and execute them."

"One evil, however, it may be well to guard against; it is apt to teach horses the abominable trick of crib-biting.* The sugar soaks into the woodwork of the manger, and they will keep on gnawing to get it out. I was apprehensive that the constant use of sugar would spoil the horse for other food, if obliged to return to it; but it has not this effect. I have found, too, that nothing will improve a horse's mouth and temper more than giving him, now and then, a lump of sugar. Barley, however, is a bad thing for fast work. To check crib-biting, a muzzle is better than a strap.

Horses should not be fed immediately they come from their work, as they are nearly sure to blow upon their corn and leave it. A pailful of water at a time is quite enough, and that should be given in the morning and evening. I will, however, let the reader into a choice little secret; he must consider it confidential, however—not a word to anybody. I had a very beautiful entire horse,

* A remedy against this evil will be found in the next chapter.

an Arabian, and the pride of my stable. For a long time I found it dangerous to take him into the park. At last, however, noticing the sleepy effect produced on myself by a large glass of cold water, I bethought me of trying the experiment on the "Soldan." I kept him short of water, therefore, in the morning, and just before my ride gave him as much as he liked; the effect was most satisfactory; and afterwards I used to have a couple of hours of as steady park ambling as I pleased, and could lounge about by the side of the carriages, and talk to a friend over the railings, as often as I pleased. Timid horsemen and old gentlemen, who will ride high-couraged cattle, should have their horses watered this way by their friends, whether they will or not. A bucket of water might have saved Sir Robert Peel's life. I know one wilful old gentleman who always will ride horses that are too much for him. I gave my recipe to his son, and he told me that his father never got into mischief afterwards; "though," said he, "he would never forgive me, if he knew he had a bucket and a half of water under him." Dear Mrs. Sutherwood, if you do not want to be left a widow before your husband has made his will, lest his scapegrace of a nephew should get the freehold in Dorsetshire, take my advice, and bribe his groom to water his cob well every day before he rides down to the house. He will come safe enough home, if you do!

Horses are often frightened or excited by music. To cure them of this, it is a good plan to ride them with a military band every morning; if you have not such a thing near, blow a horn in the stable till they will put their noses into it and take out a piece of sugar. You can get them to do it in a very short time, and afterwards they will hardly prick their ears at the most intolerable Italian organ-grinder, who ever was in league with an undertaker to ply his trade upon the wooden pavement.

I remember once finding a horn a very useful thing. When a lad, I was on a visit to a gentleman who hunted one of the midland counties; and his second 'whip' being taken ill, I supplied his place, and never enjoyed a hunt so much in my life. Lad-like, however, I rode my horse almost off his legs, and going home I was left behind by the whole field. My horse had had enough for one day; and no coaxing, and I am ashamed to say, no thrashing would prevail upon him to go further. I was about five miles from home and mortal hungry; I knew, too, that if I was not at

the hall by five, every vestige of dinner would be devoured by the hungry gentlemen who had gone on before, and who invited themselves regularly on hunt days to my kind-hearted host's table. Well, thought I, playing with my stirrups, what's to be done? Echo answered or might have answered, what? So to assist my reflections, I took out the horn I had been blowing with high glee for the greater part of the day, and made such a discordant noise, and one so unlike anything my horse had ever heard before, that seized with the utmost alarm, he carried me home like steeple chasing; and I, blowing like mad whenever he slackened his pace, was quite in time for dinner with plenty to spare.

As long as your weight will allow it, ride light thorough-bred horses. Avoid Irish horses, unless you are a bold, *temperate* rider; they are almost as difficult to manage as *Irishmen*. They are particularly awkward in harness, and nearly always gibbers: when they will go, however, and if you are not afraid of them, they go well. Never buy a horse who has not good, airy, cheerful action; it is combined generally with every other good quality. For harness horses should have plenty of bone and substance, with short pasterns and round action. For saddle, they should be light, with long springy action and long pasterns. Chesnut horses are nearly always hot; roans as generally slugs; mares are hardest; horses quietest; grey horses are difficult to keep clean, and look miserable when they are dirty. Horses should only be clipped when they are in hard work. I do not hold with trimming the legs even, except for park work. Hunters' legs should never be trimmed—the hair on the fetlock protecting them from sharp stones, thorns, and so on. A little patience and time will enable you to dispense with punishment of any kind. If you say "steady" to a horse whenever you want him to go slower, and "wo!" when you wish to stop him, he will moderate his pace or pull up without having his mouth hauled about, and likes it better too. In the same way, I teach my hacks to canter whenever I raise the right curb rein, and to trot when I drop my hand and take the snaffle. "Gently lad," or "steady lass," brings me to a walk, and "wo—ho!" to a dead halt. I feed them in small quantities every two hours, and give no hay to horses in fast work, supplying its place with clover-chaff, and I find my horses work better on it. Beans only do for hard work, and even then horses fed upon too many of them, are apt to fly at the heels. As they are very fond of them, however, a few beans

bruised are good to give horses off their feed, or in raw, cold, wintry weather, or on a long journey.

Across country, and for road-riding, an Englishman's seat is the best. But the Germans have a better and more graceful military seat than we have, and "*make*" their horses better. Orientals do not ride well, and they ride very cruelly, with sharp inhuman bits and spurs like the head of a spear. They spavin and ruin their horses in no time too, by pulling up short when at full gallop. They cannot fall off, however, for their saddles are like arm-chairs without backs, and they are so firmly seated in them, with their short stirrups like shoes, that nothing short of a horse tumbling over and over can possibly unseat them. Spaniards ride badly, too, with cruel bits and spurs. Frenchmen have generally had seats and worse hands; and when they are not afraid, ride cruelly fast over bad ground; indeed they have no judgment about horses, and very seldom ought to be intrusted with them. Of course there are many exceptions to this;—the Emperor rides well; the late Duke of Orleans rode very well, and that unhappy man the Duke de Praslin was said to be one of the best horsemen in Europe. Among the great men who have been remarkable as good riders, may also be mentioned, the late Duke of Wellington, Sir Fowell Buxton, the late King of Hanover, Sir Francis Burdett, Lord Byron (though Moore doubts it, and tells a good story to maintain his opinion), and Sir Walter Scott;—men about as various as one could think of. Among the most famous of living horsemen may be mentioned, the Emperors of Russia and Austria, the Duke of Beaufort, Lord Chesterfield, Counts Sándor Batthyányi, and Lord Palmerston.

It is odd enough, that an island people like ourselves, should be the best cavaliers and the worst swimmers in the world.

Let me conclude with a few remarks about riding, which I shall string very roughly together. Never ride in a town if you can help it: the best hack that ever cantered, ridden by the most careful horseman, might fall down on Holborn Hill, or get himself or his rider spitted by an omnibus-pole in the Strand. Never take a jump if you can help it; the best sportmen save their horses whenever they can. Walk your horse the first mile and the last. Never use your riding-whip if you can help it, nothing is so apt to make a horse swerve and start; if, however, you do fall out with him, take care that you get the upper hand, or your horse will never

carry you safely any more. If you whip a horse for shying, the next time he shies, you will probably have an accident, and the whipping will have made him worse. The best cure is to approach the object that frightened him quite close, stay a short time beside it to show him there is nothing to fear, and then go on very gently. Accustom your horse to stand like a rock while you are mounting, or some day he will start off when you have only one foot in the stirrup, and if I wanted to do myself a serious injury, I should certainly choose some other means. To succeed in making your horse stand quiet, always stop for a minute or so, after you have mounted, and then start at a slow walk. If you attempt to show off, and eaper about at starting (which, by the way, is tailor's horsemanship), you will certainly meet with an accident, soon or late. Never take more out of your horse than you can help; you may always know a good rider by his attending to this. Thus, when on the road, ride at the side where it is softest; avoid stony places, and when you cannot do so, go very quietly over them; or if in the country, get off, and lead your horse over very bad ground, so that he may be ready should you really want him. Many a man has slept in a wet lane, or rather passed the night there, from having so unnecessarily tired his horse in a day's hunt that he could not go any further. If you are out for exercise, and want to gallop, choose turf-land; or the sea-shore makes good galloping ground, when the sand is not too hard. Rotten Row, too, is a capital gallop at eight o'clock in the morning; later, you ought to go steadily, lest you should startle some pretty girl's pony, which would never do. On the road, a steady trot, or a gentle canter, is the fastest pace for any one to ride at, who has proper consideration for his horse's legs.

The English roads have, however, become almost the worst in Europe for horsemen, and there are two remarkable advantages over them possessed by many foreign roads, which I am happy to be able to point out in this place. The one is, that these roads are often divided into three parts—the one, macadamized, being for carriages; another, often a pleasant alley of trees, with a soft sandy bottom, for horsemen; and the third being reserved solely for foot passengers. Thus the Phaetons cannot drive over the equestrians, or either of them run over the pedestrians, by which some accident and many frights are spared to all. I should say, if some of our most frequented roads were laid out in this way, it would be an

improvement;—for instance, that from Kensington to Richmond, so crowded with tipsy apprentices driving out and home upon a Sunday, to the terror of many a timid horseman mounted on a nag rather too much for him. Another most admirable arrangement which exists throughout Germany, though I do not remember to have seen it elsewhere, is that regarding the passage over bridges. The bridge is distinctly separated into two parts—the one kept exclusively for carriages going one way, and the other for those going the other. No carriage is allowed either to rush past another on a bridge, and a man is kept at each end to see that the rules are kept. There is no doubt in my mind that many a sad accident which has occurred through reckless charioteers driving furiously over some of our most crowded metropolitan bridges, might have been prevented by these simple regulations. In fact, they render accident from collision simply impossible. There is still another rule I should like to see established on the road, and severe punishment inflicted for the neglect of it. The law should compel indeed all turnpike-keepers to hang out a strong light at night, and whenever the gate is closed, the light should be placed in the centre. A most amiable lady I know was rendered a cripple for life by being thrown out of a phaeton from the horse running violently against a closed turnpike-gate on a dark night. And about two months ago, riding home from a shooting party in a pelting rain, I got a very severe fall from the same cause, carrying away the gate, and coming down with it, horse and all; after which my friend at the turnpike appeared with a small candle to see what was the matter, and actually had the impudence to ask for money to pay for mending his gate, a proceeding which called forth a very energetic rebuke on my part. “I have not time to complain of you for nearly breaking my neck and damaging a valuable horse by not hanging out a proper light this dark night, but if your wicked negligence should cost you anything to mend your gate, why I am very glad I have broken it.” I am afraid the sleepy old man to whom this speech was addressed did not understand the full force of it; and as I dare say you could not get him, or any one else of the same class to use a candle a night to save the necks of the whole community, unless obliged to do so, the sooner some regulation is made on the subject, the better it will be for those who ride by night.

To prevent such accidents, however, and many others equally

dangerous, nobody but a doctor summoned upon an "interesting occasion" should ever ride fast by night. It is a curious fact, that the oldest and steadiest horses often get frightened and into mischief in the dark; and in these days of draining and improvements of all sorts, you may find the features of the most familiar road changed in a few hours, and where you left a surface flat as a billiard table when going to the meet, you may find, coming home from the hunt, a six-foot drain opened. Luckily for you if your horse sees it, and is not too tired to jump, but the probability is, that you will both get a rattling fall, if nothing worse. The more I know, too, of horses, the less I like to trust them; and the steadiest hack that ever went upon four legs may surprise you when you least expect it. I like, indeed, to carry a small (policeman's) lantern with me when obliged to ride cross-roads in the country; for to meet a drunken farmer on a foggy night, as he is driving home from market, is dangerous enough, but it is worse still if he cannot see you. I always get home by daylight from hunting, however, if possible; but when it is not, I take especial care never to start without my lantern, and when I hear wheels, to send it flashing along as far as possible in the direction from which they are coming. Riding home a valuable horse by night, too, after a day's hunting, if I am in a country I know, I generally contrive to borrow a pair of knee-caps; tired horses are very apt to fall, especially if they put a foot by chance upon a sharp flint. It is very useful also to carry with you a strong hook, to pick out stones from the hoof; and if you understand anything of farriery (not without), one or two nails to fasten a loose shoe, and a couple of screws to put into the foreshoes, should a frost have come on unexpectedly, and to prevent the necessity of having your nag's hoofs pulled about by a country blacksmith, in the barbarous process of roughing: if to these things you add a German tinder-box, a good knife, a ball of whipeord, a spare curb-chain, and a spare strap in case of need, you may often find them useful; and I have a little pocket in my hunting saddles made to hold these things, as well as a small case of gingerbread, the best thing I know of to nibble at the cover side.


CHAPTER XVII.

A WALK ROUND MY STABLE.

STABLES should be much better ventilated than they are, and should be always scrupulously well drained; horses, too, are very often lamed by irregularities in the ground on which they stand. It should, therefore, be perfectly level, and well perforated with holes to carry off the urine, and keep the stall dry. Innumerable horses go blind from the bad drainage of their stables; still more become broken-winded from bad ventilation. Grooms have an idea that by keeping their cattle swathed up in hot clothes they get good coats. The practice should, however, be discouraged. Care should be taken to keep the stable at a healthy moderate temperature, however; and if in a cold situation, this should be done by artificial means. A groom should never be allowed to clean his horses in the stable: this is a common reason of horses leaving their food. It becomes impregnated with the dust and scurf of the currycomb and the brush, and is, indeed, then unentable. Bars are bad divisions to a stable; each stall should be fairly separated by a solid wooden board, for high-couraged cattle are very apt to bite, and kick, and fight, when only protected by bars. But the truth is, I am very much opposed to stalls altogether. How should we like, my public, to be tied by the neck to our dinner-table, instead of being allowed to make "a voyage round our chamber" when we feel disposed? Depend upon it, stalls are a cruel invention; every horse should be kept, when possible, in a loose box, and without any halter on. Horses learn all sorts of tricks from sheer weariness at being tied up, and get swollen legs and all sorts of things besides.

Most horses which are dangerous in the stable have become vicious from ill usage. I should say, indeed, *all*. Therefore, if ever you find any marks about your horse which seem to have been produced by a pitchfork or a broom-handle, watch your groom narrowly, and should you find that he ill-treats his horses when they ought at least to be at rest, discharge him, without thinking twice about the matter, or, depend upon it, some day,

when you are showing your stud to a friend, you will limp away with a severe hurt. A frequent cause of lameness is a want of care in leading horses through the stable-door, and thus letting them hit their hips against the sides of it. If they have done it once, they are apt to get frightened ever after in entering their stables, make a rush, and bark their sides till they are raw,—lucky if nothing worse comes of it. I have known, indeed, several valuable horses utterly spoiled in this way. Another common stable vice is, for a horse to hang back, swinging himself even on to the end of his halter, till he gets half strangled, or gets away and does mischief. For these horses are nearly always vicious. To cure it, tie a rope along the end of the stall, and to that tie some of the thorniest part of a quickset hedge. The first time my friend backs he will get pricked, and will probably kick furiously; but, as every time he does so the prickles will sting him (they cannot do more by their own weight), he will soon get tired of the amusement, and be cured of a dangerous vice for ever.

An infallible means of preventing crib-biting in horses, was some time ago communicated to me by a coachman, who had spent some fifty years in the best stables in England; and as I never heard of his method being practised by any one else, I am very glad to have an opportunity of mentioning it here, in the hope that it may be the means of curing many valuable horses of so bad and mischievous a habit. Take a common iron hoop, break it, and nail the flat rim of iron thus given along the top of the manger, in this form  that is, fastening by a curve at both ends, and with a nail in the centre; taking care, of course, that none of the points of the nails project to do mischief. The rim of iron may be from two to three inches above the top of the manger: thus, it is obvious, when the horse makes his usual grab at the manger, he will fasten on to the iron-hoop, which will get between his teeth. He will not try the game more than once or twice. Take care not to have any loose wood-work about the manger, on which he can fasten instead. A manger of polished stone is also a good preventive to this vice, or one lined with zinc.

Of all vices, the most dangerous is that of rearing; and after having twice had horses fall back with me, I determined, whenever I met with another who had this incurable fault, never to ride him

twice. Horses who once get the habit never lose it,—at least, I never knew one that did. Breaking bottles of champagne or soda-water over their heads, hitting them between the ears, and all the rest of the nonsense talked about it, is useless, and, still worse, it is cruel. They say, however, if, when a horse rears, you have nerve, and courage, and activity enough to spring off and pull him over, it will cure him. I can only say, I have seen it tried without effect; and I once saw a horse's back broken in this way. A strong, headstall martingale, taken up short, will do for a day or two; but a cunning, old horse soon gets used to it, and will so curve his neck as to get up on his hind legs as high as ever again.

Rearing in single harness is equally dangerous; but in double harness, or in a team, it hardly matters. Indeed, in double harness, horses seldom will rear viciously; and, I believe, the vice generally comes of a dislike to any weight on the back; which brings me to what I said before, that *if a good horse does not go well, he is not in his proper work.*

Never buy your own horses, and, I think, I had better add, never buy of a friend. No man who has not been absolutely brought up in a stable, can tell a perfectly sound horse from one unsound in some respect; and I say, never buy of a friend, because many a man has a horse which is unsound without knowing it, and if you find it out after the purchase, it will be hard to convince the most good-humoured of men that you have not been in fault and produced the unsoundness since the animal left his possession.

Any gentleman, and still more any lady, who wants a horse should go to some respectable, established horsedealer, recommended to them, if possible, by some sporting acquaintance, pay a fair, perhaps even a high, price in the first instance, that they may be sure to get at once precisely what they want, and there be an end of the matter. Many a sad accident has happened from silly people buying cheap horses. As a rule, depend upon it, if a horse is good, quiet, sound, and handsome, he is as well worth a certain price as a good picture; and, if you get him under, there is something wrong about the bargain, whether you find it out to-day or to-morrow.

Do not be led away to buy a horse because you hear he has performed some great feat of strength or speed. A man wishing to sell a horse to a relation of mine

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told him that it was a great trotter, and had several times trotted from Brighton to London in five hours. "Ah," replied the other, "I wish he hadn't." It was a frequent thing in those days, and certainly a very brutal one, to trot horses from Brighton to London in five hours; and the consequence, of course, was that they were soon used off their legs. To go fast and far will never do; and the horse that has once done all he can will never be so good afterwards. If you buy horses to sell again—a speculation that never did pay, and never will, in the long run, to anybody who does not make a complete business of it,—it is needless to say, buy them young, and, if possible, out of condition; for they will cost less, and, to use the technical expression, *may* (or may not, which is much more likely) *grow* into money. But I do not like young horses for work. A horse is much better from eight to fourteen, if he has not been previously ill used, than at any other time; but I once had an excellent cob whose existence could be traced for thirty-seven years, and, perhaps, he was much older. I rather like buying horses out of condition, too, altogether irrespective of any intention of making money by them. A fine coat, high feeding, and good grooming, sometimes covers a multitude of sins; whereas, if you buy a horse poor and ragged, you can, at least, be sure that he will never look worse.

A dark brown, with a tan muzzle, and black legs and mane and tail, is said to be, and I believe is, the hardiest colour of all. Dark chestnuts, too, are nearly always good horses; but light, mealy chestnuts are nearly always weak and worthless. White legs are said to be bad, and denote bad hoofs; and it is quite certain if you have a horse with a white leg, and he goes lame, nine times in ten it will be the white leg that has given way.

The highest price, I believe, ever given for a horse was eight thousand guineas—an enormous sum; but it may not have been too much for a race-horse, race-horses being generally sold with their engagements, and therefore the price paid for them is no more a criterion of their value than that once given for tulips in Holland—the horse being bought wholly and solely as a matter of speculation. Generally, a first-rate hunter will fetch about two hundred guineas; though Sir Francis Burdett is said to have paid seven hundred pounds for his famous horse, "Sampson;" and the price of a hunter has even risen to one thousand and one thousand two hundred guineas. Indeed, for a timid man, fond of field sports,

a perfectly broken hunter is beyond price. First-rate carriage-horses, well matched, are often sold as high as five and six hundred guineas a pair; and, recently, a pair of very handsome ones are said to have been sold for no less than nine hundred guineas! A hack ridden by Prince Esterhazy cost one thousand guineas; and this sum is not, indeed, uncommon for Arab stallions of the true blood; next to these, old gentlemen's cobs, if very handsome, fetch the highest prices, as much as three hundred and fifty guineas having, to my knowledge, been paid for one. Even a child's pony, if very handsome, and quite perfect, has been sold for a hundred and fifty guineas.

But, in general, a good pair of working carriage-horses can be bought for from sixty to seventy pounds a-piece; a hunter for a hundred; a hack for from thirty pounds to a hundred; a cab-horse for from sixty to one hundred and fifty; a brougham-horse the same. Very good leaders to a team ought not to cost more than thirty pounds a-piece; ponies, from fifteen to thirty; cobs, from fifteen to forty; and for a horse for general purposes, to ride and drive—a good family horse—thirty-five or forty pounds is the outside price that ought to be paid, from an honest dealer; tradesmen's horses ought not to cost more than twenty-five or thirty pounds. Newmarket is a good place to buy hacks; and sometimes a very superior horse, not fast enough for racing, may be bought for thirty or forty pounds. The best hunters come from Lincolnshire and Ireland; the best carriage-horses from Yorkshire; the best cobs and cart-horses from Suffolk. Some good horses, too, are bred in Leicestershire.

For fast work and for riding there is no doubt that English horses are the best bred. The Barb, and the Jennet, and the Arab may do very well as park-hacks, and look pretty; but they cannot go across country, and they have more action than speed. For harness and heavy work, however, they say that the Flemish horses are very good; and so are some of the German horses. The Spanish and Arab horses do not work well in harness. I have noticed, too, that foreign horses, when brought to England, have some dangerous vice about them. For London work and in harness, I recommend small horses. Fifteen hands is the best height for a hack; a hunter may be higher. Not even a carriage-horse should ever exceed sixteen hands, if you mean him for work, and

* To Lord Foley.

not *only* for parade upon a gala day. The shorter and compacter they are the better; and if you can get them with what is called pony-action, they go safest over the stones. Large horses cost twice as much to keep as small ones; and unless looked after with great care get easily out of condition, and then are gaunt and spectral indeed. They are also generally over nice in their feed, and apt enough to refuse what other horses will eat readily.

A good horseman may make a good horse go pleasantly through the longest summer-day; a bad one will tire the same horse in a mile. The secret of going a journey without distressing your cattle is easily told. Go steadily, if you mean to go far; never let the best and fastest horse steal on you beyond seven miles an hour; keep him well in hand; cheer him often with your voice and patting; stop often, if only for a few minutes; slacken your girths, shift your saddle a little, undo your bearing-rein and curb-chain; give him a wisp of wet hay, or a bit of bread, or an apple if he will eat it, and sponge the dust off his face and fall—a mouthful of ; water will never hurt him, more may. In cold, damp, chilly weather, or if your horse is off his feed, a double-handful of oatmeal in a quart or two of warm water is a good thing, but ride gently after it. Beer, wine, and all such things which you may get horses to take after many trials, are bad. When riding a journey, however, I like to have half a dozen lumps of sugar in my pocket, and when I get off to walk up a steep hill, take out one and let him follow me for it, giving it him before tightening his girths at the brow;—anything to cheat him of the road when it is hard and heavy. It is a good plan too, when riding on a road little frequented, to take some black bread, which horses will eat readily when cut into pieces.

It is said that Mr. Richard Turpin, who finished his renowned career at Tyburn, doubtless to the great edification of our grandfathers, rode from London to York with a beef-steak rolled round his horse's bit. Full of this scheme, I once tried it, when a boy, on my poney, setting his struggles at naught. I am bound to say, however, that it did not answer. Little Jack expressed as much horror of animal food as Shelley, or Doctor Lamb, or Professor Newton, or any other vegetarian.

In Germany they always give horses their corn wet, and in hot summer weather, I rather approve of the principle. In winter I should not like to try it with valuable horses, though I never knew

any harm come of it. Every horse in high condition, should have at least two warm bran-mashes a week, and should, I think, have a six weeks' run at grass at least, once in two years. For the rest, I am inclined to think, English grooms feed a little too highly, and hence our horses are more unhealthy than foreign ones. It is generally the opinion of foreign soldiers that our horses do not get well through a campaign; though I am not prepared to say the opinion is correct; many of our cavalry, however, are too heavy for the horses they ride, and I am inclined to think the horses of our life-guards are too heavy for hard work in the field, and too big. I have known experienced officers who thought poorly of heavy cavalry; and in the late war in Italy and Hungary they were found so useless, that nearly all the heavy cavalry regiments in Austria have since (I hear) been converted into lancers. I by no means agree, however, with a French warrior, who told me he starved and ill-treated his horse "*pour l'accoutumer à la misère.*" Indeed, it seems only according to common sense that the stronger and healthier a horse is at the beginning of a campaign, the more likely he is to last bravely through it.

When a horse comes in from a journey, the first and most important thing is to get him completely dry, groomed indeed, till he looks as if he had not been out. It is quite as pleasant and healthy for him as for a man to wash and comb his hair, and change his clothes, after running a race; and many horses will not feed till they have been properly cared for. This should be done first with a wisp, and then with a brush. A currycomb should never be used at all to high-bred horses. I believe the Queen's horses are completely washed when they come home; but this is only a safe practice in a large stable with plenty of hands.

The feet should be stopped twice a week, not oftener, except in the height of summer, or the hoofs will get too soft and the pressure of the shoe bring on corns, which make a horse unsound. A dandy may have his hack's hoofs polished with honey, boiled oil, and bees'-wax, mixed together and put on very lightly, and *after the hoof has been washed quite clean.* Blacking or varnish is very mischievous.

I have some ideas of my own about shoeing, and think that iron and nails might be replaced by some lighter and softer material—caoutchouc, for instance—but I shall not say anything about this till I have completed some experiments which I am now making, except that

we all know very well that more horses are lamed by shoeing than by everything else put together; and more horses fall down, in towns especially, from iron shoes than from the wooden pavement. I do not think that with a proper shoe, even the wooden pavement would be dangerous. Iron shoes, too, get hot from going over the stones, and the nails burning their way out, the shoe comes off. I know a farmer in Wiltshire who never shoes his horses at all; but as he rides mostly over soft ground, and never beyond the steadiest of jog-trots, it will not do to cite him as an example to be followed. If therefore we must shoe our horses—(a fact which I am not altogether going to admit, as I think the hoof might be hardened by proper treatment), let us set about finding some lighter and better shoe than the present one as soon as possible.

CHAPTER XVIII.

DUELLING, OR THE THREE WARNINGS.

"My dear!" said my wife to me the other evening after dinner, "I fear you are growing a little deaf. You had better see Mr. Yearsley."

"Deaf!" I answered, becoming rather red, for I am not fond of personalities of that kind, "deaf! not a bit of it."

My wife began to settle herself comfortably in her chair, which I know from long experience to be usually a prelude to giving me a lecture. I would have cheerfully given Mr. Yearsley's fee to be allowed to escape, but of this there was little chance, so covering my face with my handkerchief, I prepared, like Cæsar, to suffer decently.

"Yes, my love, you are positively growing quite deaf!" repeated my wife, with the air of one who has made a discovery. "All the time Lady Mountdreary was talking to you to-day about her rheumatism, it might have been noticed by anybody that you did not hear a word she said. Indeed, though you had your glass in your eye, I have thought several times since that you were asleep! Now, my lord has promised to speak to the Duke of Thunderbolt about your majority, and they have asked us to Weary Court, to spend the Christmas, and—"

"Will you allow me to observe that, as you have intruded your

impudent little person into my private growlery, I shall take the liberty of lighting a cigar. The effect is soothing; you will see I shall listen to you."

"No, no; give up your cigar for this evening. We will go out for a walk, and you shall carry my parasol."

"I am all obedience, my love," said I, "not even a cigar is worth talking about during this hot weather."

"That's a good boy, and you will put on your nice stock that I bought you yesterday, won't you, now? I like you to look soldierly. And now I will run and put on my bonnet," said my wife, hastening to stifle a faint remonstrance that was rising to my lips about the stock—Come! look for my gloves! I took them off to pick those strawberries for you that you did not eat."

"Your gloves! my dear, I have not seen them."

"Why, you blind little buzzard, I laid them on your easy chair, and you have been sitting on them. I shall put on a new pair to teach you to be more careful. Run along now and open the door for me. I have got my hands full."

"Whew!" I cried involuntarily, for as I rose an unaccountable twinge in my left foot almost took my breath away.

My wife clapped her little hands. "The three warnings, I vow," she laughed merrily, "the three warnings of Mrs. Thrale's fable! Blind, deaf, and lame."

"You may say what you like against them," said I testily; "but each has probably saved my life on three separate occasions. If you will let me off going out this hot weather, and sit down quietly, and far enough off from the smoke of my cigar," I added, stipulating for terms, "I will tell my three adventures. Can you be quiet for a little while?"

"I won't promise; but I'll try. May I ask questions?" said my tormentress, with the prettiest air of no interest in the world.

"You may ask anything you like," said I, "so long as you do not ask me to put out my cigar."

"Ehem! ehem! ehem!" coughed the lady mischievously.

"The first leave then, my love, which I obtained from a cruel Horse-guards, I spent in Paris, and I remember, one terribly hot day in July, I had been with Alfred de Grammont to see a military spectacle in the Champ de Mars, after which we were to dine, *en garçon* (which means very badly), at the Rocher de Caucale, or somewhere else,—I forget where now. Our first business, how-

ever, was to get rid of our uniform, and agreeing to meet at a *café* on the Boulevards, in an hour, I stepped into my cab, which was waiting, and drove home to a bath and a pleasanter dress than the uniform of the hussars.

"My toilette over, redolent of Windsor soap and moustache wax, I drove as fast as possible to my rendezvous with Alfred. The mare I happened to have in my cab was a very fine stepper, and when I pulled up I noticed that several French officers were examining my turn-out with a good deal of attention. I had not however, at that time, just fresh from Sandhurst, any great love of Frenchmen in the abstract, and I could not speak French so readily as would have been agreeable; so, brushing by them somewhat unceremoniously, I entered the *café*, and found Alfred, as I might have anticipated, playing at billiards, according to the custom of his country.

"I was uncommonly hungry I remember, and kept looking telegraphs at Alfred to finish his game as soon as possible; but he had been eating bon-bons all day, and perseveringly looked another way.

"While I was thus straining my eyes towards him, and growing, if the truth must be told, a little impatient, a French officer, one of those who had been sitting near the door as I entered, rose suddenly and strode haughtily up to me.

"It was Colonel de Montmorenci, one of the most famous duellists in the army, a man of high family and stainless honour, the very best fellow in the world—generous, kindhearted, wise, witty, what you will that is soldierly and gentlemanlike, but with a most inveterate knack of quarrelling.

"'Monsieur!' he said, as I eyed him standing with defiant looks, within a few yards of me, 'Monsieur has been looking at me these ten minutes. Have you anything to say?'

"He spoke in French, and I did not understand him; but I thought it became my dignity to look very stately, and Cavendish and Marston of ours lounging in at the moment, I asked them what he meant.

"'He wants to know,' said Cavendish; 'why you have been looking at him?'

"I have always been in the habit of answering straightforward questions in a straightforward manner, and something within me seemed to put the words in my mouth, as I answered simply—

"'Because I squint!'

"This was rather too much for the strong sense of the ludicrous inherent in Frenchmen, and Montmorenci's friends, always fearful of his getting into some new scrape by his impetuosity, crowded round me, laughing.

"*'I am waiting,'* said I, 'for M. de Grammont, who has been keeping me this half-hour without my dinner, and it seems in trying to see him I have looked at your friend. By the way I offended an old gentleman in the same way at one of your, what do call them, "tables of hosts." He thought I was looking at his wife. Nevertheless, I added politely, if the colonel wishes to quarrel with me for squinting—

"Tentre bleu, ce serait trop fort cela!"

"The story soon got about in Paris, and people would have it that the whole affair was a joke against Montmorenci; but it was true enough.

"My next adventure took place when we were quartered at Edinburgh. I had gone to dinner with a Highland laird, who was making a great noise at the time and spending his fortune as fast as he could: after dinner the eternal toddy was brought in and we fell to work in good earnest. How much we drank or how we spent the evening I remember very faintly, for not feeling particularly interested in the conversation, I drew my chair near the open window, it being summer time, and listened to an old lady, who was playing

"Ah, welcome Charlie back again,
Our gallant royal Charlie."

She played, I remember, with so much spirit that as one of the old Jacobite airs after another came ringing from the piano I was soon as much lost in listening to her as the old gentleman, whose bald head I could just see sitting near her and nodding the time. Away went my rambling fancy from the scene of vulgar riot going on around me, and Lochiel and Flora Macdonald, and the brave duke of Perth, and the false laird of Broughton flitted like shadows before me.

"At length I was roused by a tremendous oath and a blow upon the adjoining table that made all the glasses dance again.

"*'He is raddy,'* said my host, turning to me; *'he is raddy to make ye an apaulagee!'*

"'What's the row!' said I, somewhat disgusted at being so unceremoniously roused from my reverie.

"'Roo, indeed! its just that he's said yer a pock pudding to set there, instead of drinking your whasky like a mon, leestenceen to an aw wife's feedlen, ond aw have tauld him that a stranger shall no be insulted at the hoord of the laird of Ichyeochy, and so he made an aupaulagee; or ye moost ha cau'd him oot, and I'd have been yere second, though Ivan Macneil is my ain cousin only sixteen times removed.'

"'Ivan Macneil is a gentleman,' said I, 'and I shall certainly not call him out as I have not heard a word he said, and his apology and your zeal in my behalf, my dear laird, are quite sufficient. Here's to the health of both of you in as many bumpers as you please.'

"'Wait then a wee bit, captain,' said an unctuous little man whom I then remembered had been introduced to me just before dinner as Ivan McNeil. 'Wait just a wee bit, captain, and I'll brew ye're toddy for ye. It must aye be a Highland mon to do that for you.'

"'To the laird of Ichyeochy and his cousin, The McNeil,' said I, raising a large glass, the contents of which tasted like liquid fire, and I never could remember how I got home or passed the rest of that noisy evening; but I very well recollect that instead of meeting The McNeil next morning in a hostile attitude, his jolly face was the very first I saw at my rooms, for we had grown such good friends over our cups that it seems I had invited him to breakfast, and there he was. So much for the advantages of being deaf.

"My next adventure occurred at a ball, in the palace of the hereditary Grand Duke of Schwarzwurst Schinkenshausen: I was suffering intolerable pain from a tight boot, and from dancing and the heat of the room, the pain at last became so intense, that I was watching the first opportunity to escape from an old gentleman who was boring me about the antiquity of his family, and take my departure. There was no shaking him off, however, for some time; and I tried to ease my bad foot by tilting it up and resting on my heel. At length there was a slight bustle, the emperor was going to supper, my friend stopped his narrative, and I hastened to escape. I was just pressing through an immense crowd of officers, when a hand was laid on my shoulder, and turning round,

I saw a very fierce pair of moustachios standing on end with anger.

" 'I begged your pardon just now,' said my friend of the fierce moustachios.

" 'I bowed, masked my pain with a smile, and was going to pass on.

" 'I say,' continued my new acquaintance, blocking the way, 'that I—begged—*your*—pardon—just now.'

" 'Pray don't mention it,' said I; not knowing what else to say.

" 'But you ought to have begged mine.'

" 'Ah! that did not occur to me; but I am sure I will, with all my heart, if it gives you any pleasure. Pray, why?'

" 'You touched my foot three times; nay, more, you actually kept your foot poised in a threatening manner over mine, as if with the intention of insulting me.'

" 'You are a very sensitive gentleman,' said I; 'but having begged your pardon, as you wished, I will now tell you a little secret: that I have got such an angry little corn upon my left little toe, that I was obliged to rest my foot in the manner which has roused your displeasure, and if I do not have my boot cut off in five minutes from this time, I believe I shall go out of my senses. Allow me to wish you good evening.'

" 'There now!' cried my wife, 'that is story enough for one evening. Don't light the other cigar. I won't listen to it for a moment. Ring for Ichabod to bring your hat and cane, and make yourself look more like a *preux chevalier*, while I put on my bonnet; and we will go and drink tea with Lady Mountdreary.'

" 'It is written,' said I, 'oh, queen, that no man can avert his fate. Lo! I go!'

CHAPTER XIX.

YACHTING.

YACHTING is a pleasant mode of travelling with a very pleasant party of people, all intimate enough to pull well together, yet not such old acquaintances as to have told all their best stories to each other, and have nothing left to say. I know few things that require

more care and management than the selection of a good yachting party. A political dinner given by a county magnate is nothing to it, although that is an awkward thing enough to manage well. One sulky or disagreeable fellow will spoil all the pleasure of the trip, for there is no getting rid of him, and a six months' cruise with a bore is a weary business. If a man who does not belong to a yacht club, and has not a yacht of his own, wishes to have a cruise, I recommend him rather to hire than buy a vessel. A very good one, manned and all, may be got for a hundred pounds a month; and, supposing your party to consist of six or eight, it is very cheap travelling; and a loitering, lazy cruise in the summer seas of the Mediterranean, with good books and cheery people, is a thing to remember with pleasure as long as you live.

One of the most important points in yachting is to have a careful, experienced, and thoroughly trustworthy captain. It may be all very well to be your own captain now and then, if you were once a midshipman, and are fond of amateur navigating; but winds will blow rough and keen, and nights will sometimes be wet and cold, and gentlemen will be sleepy, or the ladies in the cabin will be more attractive society than the compass and the helm, and it is pleasant to know one can go to sleep if one likes, even on a dark night with a dirty sky. A hundred and fifty pounds a year, if you keep a yacht, is always a fair salary to give an experienced captain; otherwise from ten pounds to fifteen pounds a month. A small, useful yacht, indeed, may be maintained altogether, and in very good style, for five or six hundred a year, everything included. A still smaller one, only intended for trips on the coast, need not cost more than two hundred. Fitting up yachts, however, is fearfully expensive, and so is a good stock of provisions. It is better to do these things by contract: hiring the vessel, hiring everything in it, and contracting even for provisions, giving back what may be brought home. For one trip, this is, of course, by far the cheapest way, but it would never do for a man who keeps a yacht always. Beware of forts and batteries, and take care always to answer immediately to any signals that are made to you. Remember, a gun-shot will reach a long way, and a refractory little schooner is sometimes brought, rather roughly, to order and obedience.

Yacht travellers are, generally, very well received wherever they go; and, as they are looked upon as bringing their certificate

of respectability with them—especially if belonging to a club—they usually receive every attention, and are admitted at once into the society of any place where they may stop. This is a very pleasant thing, which yachting folks should be careful not to abuse.

After all, I look upon a yacht now-a-days very much in the light of a travelling-carriage; and unless a man is very, very rich, or a very determined and enthusiastic sailor, it is, with all its advantages, often a troublesome and an expensive encumbrance. It is such a slow mode of travelling, too; and is so uncertain, that many a man who has gone gaily out to Lisbon to find important letters recalling him home, has been glad enough to leave his yacht to take care of itself, and get back to England in a fourth of the time by a steamer. Indeed, you may easily have most of the advantages of a yacht, without any of the bother of it: you and your party taking in good time the best cabins of a steamer, and as you will find it generally stops at all places of interest, you may stop where you like, and either wait till the next of the line of packets makes its appearance, vary your journey by a little land-travelling, or charter a boat to the next point, where steamers are more frequent. Depend upon one thing; there is nothing like being independent as much as possible, and you will soon get heartily sick of any means of travelling to which you are absolutely tied.

Neither must you expect much real amusement from your first trip on the water. You will, of course, be sea-sick, and I have known sea-sickness to last a whole voyage, even for months; indeed, some people are never cured of it, and the oldest sailors suffer sometimes. I have seen the captain of a man-of-war obliged to rise from table by a sudden qualm. Remedies and quacking are of no use. For a short voyage, however, say from Boulogne to Folkestone, I believe there is a remedy; at least it is one I always find effectual, and neither more nor less than a beefsteak and a wineglass full (no more) of cold brandy and water. Fish, wine, beer, sweets, made dishes, tea, coffee, and the rest of it, are all nearly certain to be troublesome. People have a silly idea that sea-sickness does them good; but I fancy this is a great mistake, and I have known many people seriously ill for a fortnight afterwards, one break a blood-vessel, and one who died from it. Among the three things that the Roman philosopher regretted, was that

of having *once* made a voyage by sea when he might have gone by land; and in the famous Spanish ballad about the landing of Tarik, who overthrew the empire of Roderick, in Spain, the Moslem is made to say—

“ Since man is made of dust, I ween,
He well may dread the sea ;”

and this of a mere afternoon's sail across the Straits of Gibraltar.

Chartering a boat in the Mediterranean is a very grave affair; and such a vast variety of rogueries are practised in the proceeding, that the best way is to draw up a written agreement, even if you are only going a twenty-four hours' run. A very favourite manoeuvre of the Cadiz boatmen is, or used to be, taking their fare to the wrong place, and then insisting upon some rascally payment to go on where he wanted them. Take care always, too, to carry rather more than a sufficient supply of provisions for any voyage you contemplate making in a felucca or mistico; for if a breeze spring up strong enough to ruffle a duck-pond, the master will, likely enough, run you into some out-of-the-way creek, while he crosses himself at leisure. Get him out of it if you can, while there is anything stronger than a zephyr blowing, or one sparkle of foam on the crest of a wave. Now, as the Spanish and Portuguese sailors live chiefly on powerful onions, washed down with the most abominable wine in a state of fermentation, you will find a couple of cold chickens and a glass of Val-de-peñas very useful. For the rest, a close-fitting oilskin cap, and an india-rubber mattress filled with wind, and a Portsmouth sailor's tarpauling boots and great coat, are the best things possible to sleep in, if you can get them—as you sometimes can at Lisbon or Cadiz—as the whole boat is sure to swarm with vermin.

One of the pleasantest things I know of is a cruise in a man-of-war, and the properest thing to do after messing with the officers, is to send in a case or two of champagne to the mess when you make your bow to them. A well-appointed man-of-war, with a captain popular among his crew, is the paradise of the waters; its perfect and scrupulous cleanliness, the good order that reigns always; the gaiety, roominess, excellent cheer, and jolly companions, are enough to make a sailor of the veriest land-lubber that was ever nailed to a desk. A first-class man-of-war, too, from its size, and shape, and weight, does not roll much except in very

heavy seas, and then the motion is generally so steady and measured, that you may escape sickness altogether; especially if you lie on a sofa and read novels in very bad weather, when you will hardly feel the motion at all. Indeed, lying down, as long as you can practise it, is almost an infallible remedy for sea-sickness; but I did not mention it when speaking of yachting, because people do not go on pleasure trips to pass the time on a sofa or in bed. It may be well to caution young gentlemen, also, that they are not wanted on the deck of a man-of-war in bad weather, and that if they do not attend to this advice, they may get a rebuke even from the most polite of captains, that is likely enough to offend their dignity.

In choosing your berth in ships, if you have any choice about it, get as near the centre of the vessel as possible. The motion will trouble you less, and it is as great an advantage as getting your back to the engine in a railway carriage, or your face to the horses in a coach. Take care, if possible, to have a window in your berth, and one that you can open, that you may have as much fresh air as is to be found, if the weather will allow it. Do not ask questions; take especial care not to make any joking prophecy about going to the bottom, or talk of having had a prosperous voyage hitherto, or whistle when the wind is blowing, or suppose you will get into port on such or such a day, for all sailors are superstitious; it is second nature with them. Be quiet, therefore, about the sea, and all that in it is, and the ship, and the sails thereof, and the sailors, and above all make no observations about the weather. If you do, you will be certain to touch somebody's sore place. Enthusiastic yachters will tell you that you cannot catch cold from being wet with salt-water; but I am sorry, from my own personal experience, to be obliged to assert the contrary; therefore on with your dreadnoughts when seas run high, and beware of it. Beware, also, of how you wash in it; for if you do not use fresh water afterwards, and dry yourself very carefully, you will have but a fidgety day afterwards. In fact, either bathe in it entirely, in which case it will not hurt you, or do not wash in it at all. If you are too doubtful of your swimming capacities to jump gallantly over the side, and trust entirely to your own thews and sinews for a glorions bath, make acquaintance with one of the sailors, fasten a well-padded strap round your chest, securing it in its place by shoulder-straps; to this harness fasten firmly a strong

rope (mind it is long enough), and then go off head foremost; you cannot hurt. It is a treat, however, that cannot of course be indulged in when the ship is under canvass.

Those lazy barges in Holland are amusing enough to travel by if you have plenty of time on your hands, and you will get many a scene for your sketch-book in them, if you have an artist's eye. Indeed, this is by far the best way of seeing Holland properly. If a good painter, too, would consent to rough it on a raft going down the Rhine, he would get some fine subjects, and see the noble river under aspects unknown to the everyday traveller by the steamer. The fires of the charcoal-burners on the hills by night, the solitary lights from the watchers' huts among the vines, the frowning tower and beetling crag, awful in the darkness, would suggest a thousand new ideas to the poet and painter; while, to a man who really understands German, the talk of the boatman, full of story and superstitions, would not be without its charm, and his expenses would not exceed a shilling a day! Rowing against the stream of the Rhine is unfortunately out of the question, and in consequence of shifting sands and other things, it would be, I am told, dangerous to row down stream, otherwise a pleasant thing enough. The dress of the people seems to go a hundred years back, and to acquire a wild picturesque character, that is altogether lost during the annual invasion of the foreigners. A Rhine peasant in December is a very different person to the same man in July. The sheepskin coat, the fur cap, the muff, the snow-shoes, make quite a character of him, and the red dresses of the women are pretty indeed. Spend six weeks, too, at Coblenz, in winter, and you will know more of the people when you go away, than in a score of summers. You will find yourself admitted into their pleasures, and will become familiar with quaint and beautiful scenes. Winter is the season of enjoyment, too, in Germany: the season of "Weinlesen," a sort of Bacchanalian festival; the time of song, and mirth, and Christmas trees, and dancing, and love-making, and match-making, and marriages. Even your innkeeper becomes a pleasant fellow with a racy wit, instead of the unconscionable harpy presiding over a trap to catch travellers. I once was in Germany at this time of the year, and found that I had never before known the real charm of sauerkraut and black puddings; or what an odd, singing, dancing, saving, dreaming, stuffing, love-making, visiting, lazy, gossiping, speculating, friendshippy (there is no other word

for it), maudlin, smoking, soaking life the Germans lead, when really at home and left to their own devices.

Your German, independently of his summer excursion—which is quite a necessity with him—is a traveller at heart. On the other hand, your Spaniard, Italian, Frenchman, Swede, Dane, Portuguese, and Oriental, appear to have a distaste for travelling. Go where you will, you may find an Englishman, a Dutchman, a German, and an American; other nations like to stop at home,

CHAPTER XX.

POPULARITY OF TRAVELLERS—(THE OBJECTS OF TRAVEL).

It is curious enough to observe, that whilst foreign powers have almost always been ludicrously anxious to keep their subjects at home, England has always encouraged hers in their *penchant* for exploring other lands. Travelling has ever been popular in England, although at one time, from our island position and stormy seas, it must have been difficult and dangerous enough to gratify; and travellers have always been particularly well looked upon amongst us. Lord Byron certainly owed a great deal of the personal interest that attached to him, to his wanderings; and the most graceful epithet that the elegant Coleridge could think of to apply to a heroine was—"The lady of a far countrie." The most popular books in the language are "Robinson Crusoe" and "Gulliver's Travels;" and very few heroes or statesmen have left such a name amongst us as Captain Cook. The name of Sir John Franklin, whether he return to us or not, will be immortal, and go down to a grateful posterity with those of Columbus, Cortez, and Pizarro, whose names, though foreign, are household words among us. What child of ten years old does not know of Bruce and Mungo Park? though he may never have heard of Washington or Kaunitz, or Richelieu, or Mr. Pitt, or General Wolf, or Marshal Saxe, or Frederick the Great, or Voltaire, or Göthe, or Thomas Moore; all names that have been spread wide enough. Peter the Great owes a fair half of his reputation to his visit to Holland, although he only worked half a day in the shipbuilder's yard. But then, to be sure, the acts of an emperor are seen through a magnifying-glass. Take away the cloak-scene and his travels from the brave

and unfortunate Raleigh, and what have we left? Was not it travel which threw so strange a romance round the common-place character of Louis Philippe, and is there not a wild nameless interest clinging to every one who has lived in distant lands?

English travellers have been even sometimes rewarded with substantial honours for the perils they have braved; and Hallam mentions an old statute of King Athelstan which provided that "a merchant who had made three voyages beyond sea," should be raised to the dignity of a thane. Our youth in the Middle Ages crowded the universities of Padua, Cordova, Leyden, and Paris. And even the stern Lord James of Douglas, carrying the heart of the Bruce to the Holy Land, could not resist the idea of a ramble through Spain; and it was there, in a *mêlée* with the Moors of Grenada, that fighting he fell, throwing the heart of the king, as far as a strong arm could hurl it, into the ranks of the unbelievers, and shouting the brave word "Forward." He may be said to have died travelling. English adventurers have always been found in every army in Europe, from the Marshals Keiths, and the Loudons of other days, to the Nugents and Hallyburtons, the Stuarts and Macdonalds, the Taafés and the Pringles, of our own time. Wherever they have gone, they have done good service. Two Englishmen in the Austrian service are said to have saved Verona; and in the Spanish service they have done marvels indeed. And now we find them murdering Wallenstein; and now, like Sir John Hawkwood, captains of bands of free lances, only less famous. There are, and have been, princes in Russia, dukes in Spain, marquises in France, counts in Austria and Prussia (Richard of Cornwall was even emperor of Germany), and potentates with unpronounceable titles in India, the East, and even in Mexico and the Brazils. They have sought and found fortune among the marshes and canals of Holland; in the wild wastes of the New World, and among the native princes of Africa; and this not always from political troubles, or any other assignable reason, but from the mere love of roving, the dash, and the hope, and the adventure of it. In all the songs of Gay's opera, every one of which had an echo in the very heart of the people, "O'er the hills and far away," is to this day the most popular of all. The first thought which usually occurs to an Englishman bowed down by any great calamity, is that of travel—as if it were possible to fly from sorrow! And though, for my part, and after

a good deal of experience, I think England, upon the whole, one of the best and pleasantest climates in the world, taking one day with another throughout the year, yet there is something wonderfully luring and attractive in the hope of cloudless skies and constant summer; and even they who have been the most often deceived still hope for them. Yes! after having been blinded by the sands and the red skies of Egypt; chilled out of health and comfort by Italian winters; half-drowned by the rains of Spain, and then dried into rheumatisms by cutting wind; after skating along the streets in Germany; wading up to your knees in mud in the East; losing the use of one or two of your fingers from frost in the North; shivering beside unhealthy stores in La Belle France; and catching the yellow fever and a chronic liver complaint in the marshes of Africa, get rid of the illusion if you can. Meantime, notwithstanding our efforts to create a population of gipsies, or wanderers, if you like the word better, our people, somehow or other, are always glad enough to return, and live in cities, if Fortune will let them do so, whether in Belgavia or in Islington. The case is precisely the reverse elsewhere. In Russia, the tax upon travelling is so great that it is out of the question for any but rich people, and even they are obliged to demand regular leave of absence, though holding no commission under government; yet the whole country, from the Emperor to the knout-giver, is travelling mad. A Russian gentleman asked the Czar, some short time since, for permission to go to Paris; it was given, and the Emperor, turning to one of his staff with a sigh, said: "*Il est bien heurenx ce paillard là, il va à Paris; je voudrois bien y aller aussi.*" The emigration which we look on with such approval in England, and are trying to stimulate, by all that writers and legislators can say or do, has excited such serious alarm in Germany, as to have been in many places forbidden. The Hungarian may consider the discovery of the longitude, and the obtaining of a passport, matters of about equal difficulty;—not a pin to choose between. Even an Austrian, of what are called the Hereditary States, and one known to be well affected to the government, would have hard work to get a passport, and would not, as I before said, be allowed to emigrate at all. Some of the eastern nations not only levy a heavy tax upon travellers, but exact sufficient security for their return; if they do not come back within a given time, whatever property they may have left behind

them is very coolly sequestered. I have heard of such things too, in Russia—but perhaps just now we had better not believe all we hear about Russia!

In the East, again, travelling is looked upon as a religious duty, and a pilgrimage to Mecca is rewarded by the title of Hadj, about equal to a knighthood with us, though they would make, as a body, perhaps the dirtiest order of men ever seen. A man who has made three pilgrimages to Mecca, is looked upon with great reverence; and his dignity increases vastly every time he goes. It is certain, however, that this voyage is, even now, attended with extraordinary dangers and difficulties; and the wretched men, who, at certain seasons, wend their toilsome and weary way to the Prophet's tomb, are the mark for every possible species of fraud and villany. One of the most frequent of those practised upon them, is rather ingenious. Persons who are obliged to make a sea-voyage, usually carry a small stock of provisions with them, but as they generally have a small stock of money also, this provident arrangement by no means agrees with the views of the captain of the vessel; and he therefore contrives to cruise uselessly about, till they are starved into buying food from him at prices quite incredible, and then are put on shore often perfectly penniless; but as, I dare say, few who read these pages are likely just now to contemplate a pilgrimage to Mecca, it would be needless to detail the rogueries that are practised on such as do. One hint, however, we may give, and that is—if ever a traveller meets with a party of pilgrims, the best thing he can do is to keep at a respectful distance from them. In the first place, because they are often dangerous fanatics, who think it rather a virtue than a sin to slay an unbeliever; and in the next, because even the most harmless are apt to be light-fingered, considering that the religious duty in which they are engaged is more than sufficient to outweigh any wrong that they may do while prosecuting it. While I think of it, too, it may be as well to caution travellers against being led away by curiosity to go too near troops of dancing dervishes, and other religious maniacs he will frequently meet; for sometimes a Christian who falls into their hands has been known to fare badly, and there is no redress: in fact, if travellers always and everywhere should be scrupulously careful of getting into scrapes with the natives of any country, they should be twenty times more careful in the East; for there the government is often

perfectly unable to punish any outrage, and it is not very easy even to find or hear of the culprit, if he once gets away; for the whole population will infallibly be in a league to protect him. Above all things, therefore, never court danger in the East; and if you fall into it unavoidably, be careful of any act of rashness that may bring vengeance on you, for there is none to help you out of it. Your Moslem, who is the most determined of fatalists, too, will only fold his arms in time of danger, let what will come; and upon his aid do not rely. If he has got any stupid prophecy or superstition into his head about you; or seen any bad omen, such as a hare, a squinting person, or if you be a man with red hair; in short, if any childish nonsense whatever about you has found its way under his turban, neither fear, nor love, nor good words, nor bad words, nor even interest, will probably spur him into action, or to move a muscle in your defence.

For the rest, I have never met with any dangerous adventure in travelling, nor did I ever know any person, whose word was worth having, who told me he had. Policemen, indeed, seem to be the worst dangers of a modern traveller, and they are likely enough to seize him in unexpected places, however harmless. I do not think there is anything else now-a-days that need reasonably frighten anybody. No; though at every little inn in Italy and Spain you may hear as much of bandits and robbers as you care to listen to; and the roguish population of Cairo, and the gossips of Pera, will tell you some astounding stories enough to the same tune. When Germany was as lawless as almost the total overthrow of all government could make it, when they were hewing down Prince Lichnowsky at Frankfort, and pouring vitriol on the heads of the Prussian soldiers as they marched to parade through the streets of Mayence, I travelled over nearly the whole of Germany alone, on foot and on horseback, and never met with anything worse than a rogue of a landlord and a waiter, who thought proper to mistake Marien groschen for good groschen, in giving me change for a three-shilling note. When the "*Fira la Constitution!*" nonsense was going on briskly enough in Spain, and the whole country was split into as many factions as—as it is now—I travelled safely enough through the length and breadth of the land. Though I remember well enough seeing the sages of remote villages sometimes come out to meet our party, as we wound slowly down some neighbouring hill at eventide, and they would

ask us, with hushed voices (silly geese), if we had heard of robbers on the road. Indeed, everybody was full of stories about handitti, but they all related to other people. To be sure, I saw some desperate men who had just been captured, chained together, at Seville; and among the ruins of the Alhambra, one evening, a gentleman of trueulent aspect thought proper to come and peer, in rather a romantic attitude, over my sketch-book; but on my offering him a cigar, and requesting him to put his right leg a little further out, that he might look better in my sketch, he obligingly complied, and we had a very polite conversation. He asked me, indeed, in the confidence of the rapid friendship that sprung up between us, for some money, and I told him if he stood quietly he should have a pesetta (the fourth or fifth of a dollar, I forget which). He said this was very little, and I agreed with him, but I did not give him any more, though I learned afterwards that he was said to be a robber. If so, he was certainly the only one I ever met, to my knowledge at least, under that avowed character, and of him I had little reason to complain. In Greece, the same great cry and little wool. Every private gentleman one met with told tales that made one's hair stand on end, and nervous, frightened people look under their beds at night. Yet in Greece, even, I never met with anything worse than an indigestion, and some resolute attacks from more bedfellows than I think I ever slept with even at Rouen. Near the Rif country, in Moroecco, too, I recollect my guide pointing fearfully to four or five men seated a little way off, among some brushwood; and he assured me, with bated breath, that they were atrocious robbers, as, indeed, he added, was everybody else in that terrible country. So my guard got out his long trumpery gun from its red cloth case, and I unbuckled my pistol-holsters, and lighted a cigar. When we drew near to them, one of the number rose, and coming towards me, asked me for some "barout,"—gunpowder. This I declined to give, but offered him some tobacco instead, which he accepted, showing a very fine set of teeth as he did so. Nothing else came of it, save that I had stupidly put one of my pistols back into the holster at full cock (for I was a young goose), and just as I put my horse into a canter, off it went; and had my holsters not been very good, or my pistols very bad (probably both were the case), I should have shattered my leg, I dare say, very cleverly. As it was, I found the ball at the bottom of the holster, and was quit for a bruised hand and a startled horse.

A holster, however, should always be ball-proof, for I saw the same accident once happen to a friend. Travellers really are seldom in danger from any one but themselves, or because they do foolish things. I remember being with a party of wild youngsters, travelling in the East, who amused themselves by flogging the baggage mule, on which the guide rode, into an awkward trot; and as this guide was a fat, clumsy fellow, and the day was dreadfully hot, he looked funny enough jolting up and down; but, at last, it put him out of temper, and jumping off, he refused to move another inch. Seating himself on the sandy soil of our trackless road, he quietly remained for half an hour, as obstinate as his own mule, and especially unable to forgive the indignity of having had his turban poked off by the wildest of the party. Night was coming on, and a storm looked threatening to windward, while the town towards which we were riding was, as far as I could calculate, at some distance, and the country was fearfully wild. Every persuasion to move him was vain, till at last his eye twinkled, and he proposed a large sum of money, about ten times as much as he was entitled to, as the only thing that would induce him to accompany us another step. I knew something of the character of my turbaned friend, however, and that he and all his race are generally only more superstitious than they are ignorant.

Fixing him, therefore, sternly with my eye, I drew out a small pocket-telescope that I had, and drawing a circle round him, walked solemnly round, opening and shutting it very gravely. I could see that he began to be much discomposed at this proceeding, and at length he condescended to ask me the meaning of it. Handing him the telescope, I bade him look through it, placing his eye to the small end. "Behold!" said I, "the power of the Christian. Your own eyes shall judge of it! Look at yonder horse, and you will see in one moment, by the magic of this wonderful glass he becomes so small that even you, O Hamet, might put him in the folds of your turban. Suppose, bad man, that you also were so changed, could I not at once carry you away on my saddle-bow?"

It is almost needless to add, that this argument was successful, Sedi Hamet mounting his mule with the utmost alacrity, and a very pale face, but not till he had first asked permission to pass the magic circle, which he supposed I had drawn about him. Unluckily, I could not prevent my companions from laughing, which,

I believe, made poor Hamet look upon them as so many imps of darkness. I positively insisted that he and his mule should be left in peace for the rest of the journey.

Before a traveller starts upon his journey, it would be well if he were to spend half an hour in considering the object he has in view, as well as his own peculiar character and tastes. I set aside, of course, mere invalids, who go where they are ordered, and speak now only of travellers for pleasure. Instead of taking any thought about this matter, however, most travellers busy themselves in making a great many useless purchases; and thus encumbered, not equipped, away they all hurry in the same direction, helter-skelter, like so many Pardon me, gentle reader, my naughty pen had nearly transgressed, forgetting that travellers are of both genders. Others begin by reading up their projected journey so energetically, and acquiring such a number of ideas about the places they intend to visit, that there is not room enough left in their minds for a fresh thought. Indeed, they resist rather angrily any attempt to disturb the prejudices which they have taken such pains to acquire. I would give more for the opinions of a sensible girl of twenty than for those of a pedant of fifty. When visiting a strange land, we should rather try to put aside or look up our previous impressions, in order that we may have room and verge enough to receive new ones. Let us always, as much as possible, judge for ourselves; and then, as each individual is nearly certain to see things in a different point of view, our opinions will be worth having. Any man who would honestly write down only that which he sees and thinks, would produce one of the pleasantest and most original books of travel ever written. An excellent means of making a journey useful and interesting is to have in view some special and paramount object. *Travel for a purpose.* Be either political reformer, architect, painter, antiquarian, botanist, a fiddler even, or what you will—but be something; do not travel about like your trunk, with no other purpose than that of holding tight all that was stuffed into it before starting, and letting in nothing new. A friend of mine travelled a year or two ago through France, inspecting mad-houses, and brought home a most valuable amount of statistical information on the subject. The result was the establishment, through his means, of one of the best institutions for the reception of the insane which exists at this moment in England. And thus the summer trip of an over-worked

doctor may have been the means, under Heaven — nay, certainly has been — of rescuing many of his fellow-countrymen from the most terrible evil which the crimes of mankind have brought upon them. When I say the crimes of mankind, I am afraid that careful investigation of the causes of insanity will prove that I speak too truly, and that it is one of those many afflictions which bear out the terrible denunciation of Scripture,—
“That the sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children to the third and fourth generation.”

But there are a thousand objects of a gayer character than visiting lunatic-asylums; and let me tell you, my dear chum, if you expect to get any good from your ramble into Brittany, you must fix upon something to divert your mind from the consideration of Greek roots and mathematics; for if you believe that an over-worked brain like yours will consent to go to sleep without some compensating stimulus, you are vastly mistaken. What the generality of British travellers want, who are not mere idlers, is some light, interesting subject to wean the mind, for a time, from the mill-wheel round of daily occupation, when a little over-strained, and to freshen it for its task again. Without some such object, travelling is the dullest and most wretched affair in the world; you had much better take a six-weeks' course of novels and theatres, my good friend, or go and see if your cousin has grown up to be such a pretty girl as she promised.

Never mind what the dunces may say, many an over-worked mind has been saved from a fit of hypochondria by a six-weeks' course of novels and theatres. It is certainly the next best remedy after pleasant society and travel; and if you cannot have the one, be satisfied with the other. In any case, do not go far away from home and friends objectless, to idle away your time lonely and uncomfortable at hotels.

For an invalid, travel should be a kind of *ultima ratio*, not to be taken hastily and unwisely, but with a little sensible consideration how the time occupied in running about may be spent most pleasantly and to the best advantage. Invalids should never travel alone, however, or a good deal of their time will be found to hang heavily on their hands; and with the best letters of introduction, intimate acquaintances, who will consent to waste their mornings with you, are not to be found in a day. Other people would do better to go alone. One gets put out of many pleasant things by

having a troublesome or disagreeable companion; and, for my part, I would as lief have a volume of Montaigne with me, as ninety-nine men out of a hundred. Besides, so few travelling companions wear well, that the French have a proverb about them which is better, perhaps, left unprinted. I would rather go sight-seeing alone, too, and see things in my own way, than be pestered with a punster among the cities of the silent, or be rebuked by a viscaere behind the scenes of an opera.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE RIGHT PLACE FOR THE RIGHT MAN.

HAVING discussed the object of our journey, let us think about the direction we should take.

It may be all very well for our friend the pale-faced curate, who has just taken a double first at Oxford, and who has read himself into feeble health, to hurry away to Italy, because he will scarcely find there a stone without a sermon in it, or a ruin unhallowed by some association made dear to him by his whole studies and education. He knows, and better still, he feels the history of the land, and it is delightful indeed for a scholar to tread the land of Virgil and of Cicero, of Horace and Livy; where the brave Horatii fought and Curtius sprung into the gulf; where Brutus punished Tarquin and adjudged his sons; where Brennus (perhaps some far-off ancestor of his own) bullied the senators; and where he cannot meet even a goose without being reminded of the saving of the Capitol. The land of Antony, the finest of all fine gentlemen; of Augustus, the wisest despot who ever mounted a throne through blood and crime; of Sallust, the aristocratic *littérateur*—the Beekford or Anastatius Hope of other days, save that he had been governor of a province; of Seneca, the very type of a vain philosopher. But bless my heart, where am I running to, and "*Qu'a la bombe de commune avec la lettre que je vous dicte?*" Why, this—that although a thoughtful ramble through classical Italy is a very fine thing for that living book, which men call a scholar, pray what on earth of amusement can Mr. Bubb, alderman and dry-

salter, find there unless he enjoys being "done brown" by the sun (as a pleasant joke of that luminary), while climbing, knee-deep in ashes, up Mount Vesuvius; and all just to say he has been there and does not like *lachryma Christi*. Poor Mr. Bubb, who has forgotten the little of Cornelius Nepos and Cæsar's Commentaries, over which he blubbered when a boy at Mr. Tickletohy's classical and commercial seminary for young gentlemen at Upper Islington. Now let us say that for some five and thirty years, perhaps, Mr. Bubb has been forgetting all about those weary books, which cast a cloud over the sports of his youth, in the honest pursuit of a calling for which his brains and character are better fitted than for gathering flowers (or weeds, which are they, reader?) up the steep side of Parnassus. During all this period Mr. Bubb has been thriving in his business, in spite of the ups and downs he has met with, as every one else does in life; so that lately he has become one of the managing directors in a flourishing bank, chairman of a railway company, or what not. "In short," as Mr. Micawber would say, "a useful citizen." Well, he has eaten too much turtle, or some other greasy abomination, upon which our good citizens are said to thrive, and his doctor, not seeing clearly how to keep him from excesses at home, and afraid of losing him altogether by the angry advent of an apoplexy, says—"Change of air." I am quite sure that Mr. Bubb, or any of his friends in a similar state, would be infinitely more amused and interested by a trip to the manufacturing districts or to Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Paisley, than by any foreign journeying whatever. They would meet pleasant friends engaged in congenial pursuits, and would come back vastly freshened in health and improved in mind, instead of wearied and bothered to death, as they always return from the Continent, and as their generation always have done and will continue to do.

Let the smart man who has just brought out a paying patent to make silk out of cobwebs, take a run over to America and have a talk with Mr. Bogardus, if he feels a little overworked; he will find the great mechanical genius delighted to see him, and to tell him more in half an hour in the simplest way in the world than he could get from books in a twelvemonth. Let him make a tour through the States and converse with some of the go-ahead men there, and take my word for it he will find his journey has paid very well and enlarged his ideas amain.

And why are you going off to Rome, Captain Snype Eyvswell, of the Royal Horse Guards Blue; you who are the best shot in Northumberland, but got horsed five times a week at Eton, and were rusticated at Oxford before the end of your first term? Much better go to Norway: come, let us take a cigar and talk about it. Capital shooting there, skating, sledging, fishing, dinner-giving, pretty girls, and civil innkeepers; a land of rough sports, and strong, healthy, gallant fellows like yourself. Besides, if you spend your ten months' leave of absence in Norway, my boy, you may cry quits with Mr. Lewis when you come home; for do what you will, you cannot get rid of much more than ten shillings a day there. What do you say, Sap? (Lieutenant Royal Artillery) —you will go there, too? Oh no, it's not the place for you, who dream of nothing but rockets and long ranges. Go to Austria, you will get a wrinkle there, I can tell you; they have got some signal-rockets, and one or two other things such as you do not see anywhere else. You will be very well received, too,—all soldiers are; it is only the merchant who runs the risk of being lodged a night or two with felons; and let us hope that this evil will ere long be remedied. When our government shall be convinced of the necessity of having a clever sensible man at the court of Vienna, to represent England, instead of a contemptible driveller, the merchant will be as well protected as the *militaire*. Having looked at the rockets, then you may go on to St. Petersburg, if you like, and get a lesson in military manœuvres. The troops of the Czar, under arms, are worth looking at, although their colours have been sadly tarnished under the *Eastern sun*. Coming back through Berlin, you will have a chance of seeing the best helmet that was ever invented for a noble warrior, who objects to his head being broken without knowing "the reason why." You can also examine the *zünden-nagel* guns for infantry; they do not work well, but you can see them. Perhaps at Hanover, too, if you have a day to spare, you may get a lesson in military riding, and (if your Britannic vanity will allow you to take it) it may be useful when you get sufficiently old and worn out to become a field officer. Also in Brunswick you may learn something, if it be only how perfectly tasteful and quiet even a uniform may be; and you will see a prince who is the very model of a frank and gallant soldier; and learn where, and in what heraldic splendour and stern repose, a race of heroes sleep. You may also examine their hearts,

which are kept in little wooden boxes like small flower-pots, and you will find them hard and tough things like petrified sponges. While merrily musing thereon, and upon heroes in general, you may saunter over some of the most famous battle-fields of the world, where every step you plant rests upon some untimely grave. You will also have an opportunity of hearing what gentle conquerors the French were, so that you may know what chivalrous generosity to expect from the warriors of that nation, if they should turn their arms against us, and succeed in effecting a descent upon the coast of Kent. You will hear in the course of your journey, how the sub-lieutenant Governor of Vienna received a hundred pounds a day from the town for insulting it; and how he kept, or rather the town kept for him, sixty horses for himself and his aide-de-camp; and a variety of other matters interesting to those who admire the pomp and circumstance of glorious war—the game at which, were their subjects wise, as let us hope they are growing, kings would not play.

And you, Mr. Dryburgh, the antiquarian and manuscript hunter, you, yes, even you, I fear will be wasting your time in Italy. I should say, Sir William Gell and others had pretty well ransacked the Vatican of all that was to be found there; and really, your modern Italian is such an errant cheat, nine times in ten, that I do not recommend you to place too much reliance on the genuine character of the cameos and duplicates of the old masters, which you may buy at Naples, or elsewhere. I have heard,—but this is only a secret between the reader and myself, and I fear I should get into disgrace if any one knew that I told you; but I certainly have heard that there are some very rare and remarkable antiquities at *Messina*;—a word to the wise. For the rest,—I know a sea captain who bought from certain fishermen and other humble individuals on the coast of Spain, sundry old pictures, upon copper (I think), for something like seven or eight pounds in English money; and I know that he subsequently sold one single picture of this lot for two hundred guineas: a practical proof enough of its value, as it was bought by a connoisseur whom I could name, but won't. I happened, however, to be with him, and had I any taste for speculating, or at that time any money to speculate with, I certainly might have bought as much of such gear as I chose to look for. Then, with respect to manuscripts and dusty records, if you can only make interest enough to get the run of the Escorial,—Ah, me!

Blessed Saint Martin!—I would give a year of my dull life for your sensations there during a single day. Dominic Sampson, on the library ladder at the Bodleian, would be nothing to you. You will find it very desirable too, to make friends with any snug, fat, monks you may meet, for truly they have an itching palm, and some of the records of old monasteries may make it very well worth your while to scratch it. It is my opinion too, that very few people suspect some of the rich treasures of the library at Berne. And if they should chance to find its custodian in a more amiable mood than I did (I believe he felt insulted at being disturbed by an individual with moustaches), you will find it more interesting to spend a morning in its dusty solitudes than in gaping at the Alps,—especially if you are going on to Chamouny. The Three Crowns, too, are pleasant quarters. Berehtold, Duke of Zähringen, surnamed the Founder, was a great man, although he had three wives; and the records of his life and deeds, which may be found in the library of Berne, give one of the most graphic pictures of life in the middle ages possible to wander over, and present one of the pleasantest of the few unthumbed and undogear'd pages of history. Little birds also have whispered to me, that some very valuable antiquities are to be met with and bought in the quaint little town of Hildersheim. Now, where that is, I will not tell you; but if the point of your forefinger is travelling over the map of Northern Germany, you may be said, in the picturesque language of blindman's-buff, to "burn." I know half a score of such out-of-the-way places, where more wonders are to be found, Mr. Dryburgh, "than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

I am very sorry to say, that during the troubles of 1848, many valuable historical collections of antiquities, and other curiosities, were hopelessly dispersed, but have luckily fallen among thieves: many such are to be bought at Frankfort, Hamburg, Bremen, and other places, and, of course, should be restored to the collections to which they belong. I, for one, should feel more pleasure in returning a national relic to its proper place, than keeping it. But there are some things, of course, that could not be restored, nobody knowing whence they came; as, unfortunately, few foreign collections have ever possessed correct catalogues. Certain it is, that at this time Germany is full of stolen goods of this kind, and they are to be picked up at nearly every

curiosity-shop. The very sword of Rudolph of Hapsburg (fortunately now restored) was sold by some rascal, in the streets of Vienna, for two shillings. I am afraid, also, that some of the keepers of museums, and so forth, are not quite honest; and the result of not having proper catalogues, because they would interfere with some petty private interest or other, has been a most extensive system of peculation. This remark applies particularly to Spain. I have even, now and then, met with Vandals, who have confessed, or rather boasted, of having purchased, from dishonest keepers, articles belonging to the public; and not long ago I heard of a similar instance in Holland. An intelligent little fellow, one of the useful class of *Laquais de Place*, at Seville, told me that he had, on several occasions, attempted to make a catalogue of a fine collection of pictures there, but, somehow or other, it never long remained of any use. The pictures were purposely changed, and some he missed altogether. After the visit of one person he named to me, he said he missed *three*! I have heard, also, some curious stories about altar-pieces by great masters, having been sold, and replaced by inferior works; and, certainly, if some of the wretched daubs in churches I have been assured were by great painters, had not been changed, their fame rested on a very indifferent foundation. I have seen Murillos (?) in churches, not worth 40s. Before concluding this subject, let me add that any good oriental scholar, who could get attached to the staff of a foreign consul, going into the interior of Morocco, would, I am convinced, find some very remarkable Arabic manuscripts, if he could get permission to hunt for them at Fez. A rich man, who was prepared to make a present of a hundred pounds' worth of seven-barrelled pistols, many-bladed knives, and English gunpowder, to the Sultan or his court, I fancy would get permission, after more or less previous palaver about it. Down by Tunis and Tripoli, too many fugitive Arabs, from Algeria, have things enough to sell, interesting to a student, who likes to wander along the bye-lanes of history.

But to each his hobby; and yours, my good sir, is not mine. To sum up, then: let a sportsman go to the North; an adventurer, who wants to make his fortune, to the Antipodes—the New World is a rare field for a strong arm or a keen brain,—let Governor Latrobe say what he will. A romantic fellow should go to the East, and, perhaps, when he learns from experience what a dirty

set of lazy rogues orientals are, he may come back cured and sensible. The practical man will delight in America. The lady and the scholar, in Italy. Any man who has a strong dash of Gil Blas, or Sancho Panza, in him, would enjoy Spain; and the gourmet, or "saunterer through life," will find a paradise in Paris. Next to Paris, Naples is, I think, the pleasantest place in the world to live in. Florence and Rome are not good permanent residences. After Naples, comes, beyond doubt, Vienna. Madrid is a wretched place for an idler; he will be frozen and frizzled by turns, and there is not very much to care about in society; besides, it is very expensive. Seville is a nice place to linger in; and Smollet, translating a Spanish proverb, tells us:—

"He who has not Seville seen,
Is no traveller, I ween."

But still it has the disadvantages of a provincial town. Cadiz is worse, and none of the other towns of Spain are to be thought of. Turin is a pleasant place, and there is an agreeable society, and the court is civil to strangers; but it is rather too much infested by travellers, not of the best kind, and the town is too small to allow one to get out of their way. A man of business might pass his time very pleasantly at Hamburg or at Frankfort, and the hospitality at both places is unbounded, but at most other towns in Germany he would find a *residence* insupportably tedious. Pesth, in Hungary, is a jolly place enough, and in winter, the gaieties there are endless; besides being *really* quieties, and not their ghosts, as in Germany. Venice will not do for long, you get tired of its silent streets. Of French towns,—after Paris, Tours is the pleasantest, but the country round it is flat and not very pretty, despite its being called "the garden of France." There are a great many English living at Tours, and the French society is good. Pau is also an agreeable place, and so perhaps, upon the whole, is Marseilles, and even Toulouse. A man of little mind might live a long time at Brussels without feeling tired of it; a thoughtful one would find more to interest him at Antwerp; but the climate of Belgium is detestable. I know a man who passed twelve months in Algiers, and liked it. And I dare say it would be possible for any one, who tried the experiment, to amuse himself *anywhere*; for, after all, the pleasure is not in the place, but the person. Pleasant people make every place pleasant. Those summer

wanderers, the Germans, often take flight in flocks to some little out-of-the-way village, where, living all together, each one knows what the other says or does, but this does not prevent their amusing themselves very well.

CHAPTER XXII.

IN THE PINZGAU—(THE APPLE-GREEN SPENCER).

QUIETLY hidden in the farthest corner of the Pinzgau, where not only the rest of Prussia, but the world in general is, or ought to be, locked out by a splendid range of mountains, there is an inn, on which I fear to be intruding. It looks a comfortable place, not the less warm for being wooden; and I must poach upon after-experience to let you know, that it is under the despotic rule of Gertrude, or familiarly Gerl, the landlord's pretty daughter; for her father has voted himself a retiring pension,—he is superannuated, though to be sure, hale enough. Under the satisfactory administration of his daughter, he finds the condition of the inn improving, the revenue on the rise; and therefore he has quietly accepted the Chiltern Hundreds of the chimney corner; he says of himself, that he is nothing but an old-world landlord, fit to serve his equals who are old-world also; but the fine lords out of Berlin and England break his peace, and give too many orders. When the migration of the civilized hordes began seriously to disturb peace in the Pinzgau, the crabbed old ruler threw his crown into the lap of Gerl, his thoroughly good-humoured daughter. Gerl, he asserts, "knows how to deal discreetly with the people of all nations;" and in the practice of her queenly craft, she has retained her peasant freshness and simplicity.

Upon this inn I now come down from the mountains, during a sudden Alpine shower; Gerl comes forth to meet me at her threshold, kisses my hand,—according to the kindly mode of salutation in the Pinzgau,—busies herself with the unstrapping of my knapsack, leads me in, carries my wet coats to the fire, and while she sets me down in a pleasant corner of her room, I set *her* down in a pleasant corner of my heart. How do I set her down there? As a being endowed with a great multitude of little friendly ways,

and a broad homely dialect; with a round face, dark eyes, fair hair, and an apple-green spencer.

Gerl, having soon enabled me to form some practical ideas on the subject of her larder, as a matter of course, leads the way, in the next place, to the "Krirralfalls." To this waterfall, Gerl is indebted for her extensive practice in the management of travellers. The good genius of the cataract causes the good girl to sit like Danaë, or like a damsel in a pantomime,—if I may allude thus early to the dimensions of her little bills—under a tolerable rain of gold. But never mind the gold: we have another dreary subject here before us, for through just such a gloomy rent as might contain a dragon, or some other fiery monster, high up among the snowfields and glaciers (which Gerl calls the "Kees"), a watery monster rushes, troubled with a husky roar. Deep down below us, where the valley opens, water-fairies are as plentiful as lilies, only they avoid the sight of man, and therefore nobody has seen them. The Pinzgau people are by no means of opinion that the fairies are a good-for-nothing race. "See how that piece of rock is shaking, though the torrent scarcely beats at all upon it." "I can tell you why that is," said Gerl; "nothing will grow there, and the fairies are at work to clear the useless lump away." Either this is a legend of the Pinzgau, or the discreet Gerl, holding firmly by her fairies, has perceived the necessity of adapting them to the understanding of utilitarians, and gratifying the prejudices of the men of business, agriculturists, and others, who are on the way to Gastein for recovery of health. So we stand here and see the torrent flinging pearls about the stubborn rocks, that toss them away instantly;—but never mind, down in the valley we can see also a mob of flowers with uplifted heads, "the painted populace of the plains," as Gray has sung; and I warrant that there is not a blossom in the throng that is not staring upwards with a few pearls in its eye.

Then we go back, and leave the roar behind us, and at a short distance before me the wild dreary rocks are enlivened by the apple-green spencer. Smoking dishes await us at the inn; and, to my discomfort, also smoking men. The house is full of Berlin people who are making a great noise and wrangling fearfully, and drying their canary-coloured cloaks. I tremble lest Gerl should be worried out of her good temper. But she flits about like an apple-green will-o'-the-wisp, and gives her orders

so briskly that one feels quite to tingle and glow as they strike one's ear sharply, like bracing morning air; they come about our eyes like a brisk wind on a clear blue winter's day, and work our spirits into such elasticity, that it is difficult to resist an impulse to start up and perform the behests of the apple-green imperatrix one's-self. Her father, immovable and stolid, sits by the fire, and relates in an even, unmitigated tone to old Schweinermichel, the guide, a few facts concerning the time when he served under the famous Archduke Charles, and was encamped before Amberg and Würzburg, against the French. I declare that Gerl is quite a mother to me; perhaps because I am the only person who is not making a noise. She protects me tenderly against the guests from Berlin. I like to have an apple-green mother; much better, indeed, than to have a grandfather who will not cease to talk military despatches under any circumstances whatever. This is the fourth time I have overheard the siege of Amberg; but the rascal Schweinermichel has not heard it more than twice; for he has been asleep during the last two recitals. To be sure, however, he has had the adran ago over me on previous occasions. The Berliners begin to wrangle so horribly, that I am sent to bed; and go meekly. Gerl of course knows what is best. Long after I am gone to bed, I hear the noise, and hear the hostess busy with the guests. At daybreak I awake, but I hear Gerl's feet already trotting about the house. When does she sleep?

The breakfast-table makes me fancy, for a minute, that I went to bed in Austria and have come down stairs this morning into Scotland. Then there are glasses, playing with a bit of sun upon the sideboard, and they stand beside a flask of brandy. I am not to issue unarmed against the sword-blades of the mountain winds; Gerl helps me to put on my outer coverings, all dry and cleanly brushed; she performs some minor operations, and, incredible!—she sews me on a button; she is the best of mothers! that is, she would be the best of mothers, but for her bill! How, out of that little domestic haven of a pocket, there can come this large and unconscionable bill, passes my comprehension. The man in the grey coat, did not astonish Peter Schlemihl more, when he pulled three horses out of a side-pocket, which had already produced a tent, a turkey carpet, and a telescope, than Gerl astonished me when she put her hand into her apron-pocket and produced that elephantine bill. After all, there is this to be said of the true

mothers, that for their money, their trouble, or their love, neither on paper nor within their hearts, can you say that they keep Dr. and Cr. account; though we pay nothing, they will not remind us of a bill. Feeling a little apple-green myself, or like a man who has been so considered by his hostess, I discharged the reckoning without a grunt. After all, Gerl is in the right; what cares she for the fine lords and Berliners, or for a poor roving Englishman, except as the materials of trade; she is true to the nature of her sex, in working these materials up energetically; besides, it is almost the only way she has of extorting,—certainly extorting,—our respect, by showing to us foreigners that she also is civilized. I pay Gerl's bill, and as I go away, she stretches out her hand so kindly, and looks so true-hearted, that I advise you, if you go to the Pinzgau, and get such a bill as this out of an apron-pocket, to pay it without grunting, for the sake of getting your goodbye said generously, without any extra charge.

GASTEIN BATHS.

From Gerl's inn to Gastein in the Pinzgau, is not a long journey. I think if you can imagine an old German giant out of the *Niebelungen Lied*, with an elegant cravat and diamond pin, under his uncombed beard, you can form some notion of Gastein. But although that will give you a notion of the wildness of this fashionable place, it will leave out of account what is by no means to be omitted, the element of beauty in its green slopes and woods. Gastein itself is an odd mixture of lowly huts and lofty palaces; of Alpine dust and drawing-room perfumes. The Gastein peasant-girls, in picturesque attire, have the advantage of studying in the streets the latest fashions out of Paris; the cowherd, in his thick-nailed shoes, if he will not mind where he is going, may perchance tread on the japanned toes of a Prussian minister. You read daily, in the visitors' book of the hotel, names so highborn, that you walk about the corridors with reverence; and then, many of the people seem to be such Cooks, Bruces, and Mungo Parks, that you feel quite ashamed of yourself for having neglected to call at Smyrna or St. Petersburg, upon the way to Gastein.

Then you step out into the fresh air, and take a ramble in the woods, and do not feel oppressed so greatly by the dignity of Nature's decorations, as you have been by the stars and bits of ribbon there in the hotel; you are so irreverent as to forget the

great men altogether, and to be thinking about yonder milkmaid, tripping through the greenwood; when a turn in the path casts you, a complete wreck, on the reef of the provoking old Privy Councillor from Berlin, with his two beautiful daughters. You wanted to indulge a little in the luxury of thought, and, wrapped up in yourself, to love and enjoy all things from a little distance; but now you must shake hands and help these little ladies up the mountain. No doubt they mince the Berlin accent very prettily, and their papa mouths it with peculiar magnificence; and you all laugh a great deal, and are spasmodically merry; the damsels have some flowers which they did not pick, they have just bought them on the road, and they are pulling them to pieces on the most-approved principles of art; I do not mean the lively art of wilfulness, but the extremely dull art of Linnæan classification; they are finding out how many monandrias and polyandrias, with any number of gynias, their nosegays may contain. This being settled, they proceed to enlighten you upon the geological peculiarities of the surrounding district. The two lecturers next divide the world into four quarters and proceed to go through them *seriatim*. At the risk of being thought rude, you diplomatize against the old statesman and his daughters, and effect an escape at last. You plunge into the forest, there you lie down under a majestic fir, and look up at the blue sky through its leaves, and hear the rustling of the wood, and watch the birds as they come home from their rambles, where they have been intent on making satisfactory provision for their families. Perhaps you feel, thus pleasantly surrounded, that the moral world, or the intellectual, is no more than this wood; a place of sticks and rotten leaves; especially when you regard that moral and intellectual world as exemplified in your own bosom; you feel that you have wasted much time that has brought neither true profit, nor enjoyment; you feel capable of an immense number of things, and you get up with a fresh heart, and walk stoutly on, determined to march out of the wood, and give your energies fair and full play, and show the world what you can do.

Thus minded, you walk back to the hotel, and are a little late for dinner; that provokes you; you sit down at the *table d'hôte*, and the immense man on your right hand you conjecture, by his build, to be Bavarian. You would like much to hear him speak, for confirmation's sake; he helps himself twice from every dish,

and whenever he wipes his mouth, a gentle murmur issues from it, but it is not articulate. On your left hand is a wedded pair from modern Athens,—Scots will restrain their anger when I say, that Munich claims that title, ignorant that it belongs to Edinburgh,—you suppose this couple to belong to the class of well-fleshed people, whose mission in society is that which has been sometimes ascribed to the spleen within our body, to serve as a warm pad or stuffing for the filling of gaps within the social circle. This man and wife are travellers, you find, who have hitherto eaten at every stage of their journey, delicious trout of the Alps, and are now earnestly discussing how to shape their future rambles so as to find, if possible, still better fish.

Opposite to you sits a student from Upper Austria; he is making, on foot, the usual summer ramble. He has a huge beer-jug before him, and his sighs deepen as the level of the beer descends. What are his thoughts, behind that cloud of smoke? Possibly pure and beautiful; but your attention is directed to the Prussian Privy Councillor, who is about to pay his bill with Austrian bank-notes; he cannot be made to understand the value of those filthy little twopenny and threepenny notes, torn into halves and quarters, which are offered to him as change out of a note for five florins,—about half a sovereign. He demands silver of the astonished waiting-maid; but it is many years since silver was much current with her, and she looks her answer at the Privy Councillor with an amusing stare. The Prussians are notable for prudence and economy; and if you wonder at the statesman's distress, buy two damp cigars of the pedlar who is passing, and offer him a paper florin; he will insist upon trusting your honour rather than give change. Life is short, and talk ought therefore never to be long. Having, at Gastein, no more appetite for medicinal water than at Homburg, I did not patronize the baths; to show the reader, however, that I am no enemy to ablutions, I will just relate in the next chapter, how I once excited the suspicions of a German Baron, by my wholesome reverence for cold water.

CHAPTER XXIII.

AT HOME IN DRESDEN.

I AM in Dresden; my apartment is a suite of five fine, lofty, airy rooms, on the second and best floor of a palace, in the most fashionable quarter of the town; and I pay a sum in German money monthly, equal to about three pounds English. My rooms, indeed, are not carpeted, save by a little strip of something that looks like drugget placed along the side of my bedstead. I rejoiced at this, however, and I think, perhaps, if some people I have met only knew what a receptacle of invisible abominations an ill-kept carpet is, they might be glad enough to exchange it for the spotless surface of a polished floor.

What is especially convenient, also, is the arrangement of my little dwelling. In the first place, it is all upon one floor, and the doors, the upper part of which are of stained glass—so that you cannot see through them—open from one room to the other. My sitting-room is, of course, the best of the suite, and is almost as large as an English ball-room in a country house. Let me look round it. The paper is of a plain, light stone-colour, which serves to set off to considerable advantage the pictures which hang round the room in quaint antique frames—pleasing and suggestive of thought enough, which I take to be the real charm of pictures—but rather too numerous and too formally placed. Too numerous, because my host is an artist, and, I fear, an ingenious fabricator of old pictures; and too formally placed, because it is scarcely natural in the Germans to be tasteful in the arrangement of anything.

A noble chandelier of cut glass hangs in the centre of the room, and is somewhat too grand for it, large and spacious as it is; but, upon the whole, it is a graceful ornament, and, with the light playing and sparkling among the cuttings of the glass, enlivens the apartment amazingly. Then there is no end to the looking-glasses in all directions, so that my sitting-room would be the paradise of a coquette or a dandy; but unfortunately there is no getting at any of them. Between the two windows—un-

lucky position—the principal mirror is slung a great deal too high, and behind an immovable sofa, so that there is no getting at that. It is a bad glass, also, in spite of its gay frame, and makes me look like the pictures of Voltaire in his old age. Then, over the door, high, and far beyond utility, like some fine people we meet now and then in the world, is placed a circular mirror; but, as when I approach it I seem to be walking on my head, I seldom look up at that. Two others, again, are let into the wall, but as they have the disadvantage of being almost entirely covered and completely darkened by the curtains, I don't look at them.

Neither can I say much for the furniture, which consists of about a dozen of the hardest, most untractable, uneasy chairs, sofas, and tables I ever had any dealings with. They are made of venerated wood, badly glued together, and are always given way at unseasonable times. He must have been a cunning upholsterer who covered those shiny unsafe chairs, and who designed that sofa, which never could be laid down upon by any conceivable tact and self-arrangement. Indeed, it is as well to study the art of balancing one's-self under difficulties, before attempting even to sit down; for these articles of furniture are endued with an inner garment of a poor but gaudy kind of satin, extremely slippery, and an outer one of glazed chintz. "Hold tight" might be a good watchword under such circumstances, even in the case of an English chair; but with these it is impossible to take any liberties. Unless you sit down very gingerly and respectfully indeed, some part of the woodwork is certain to give way, and let you through the seat, or backwards, as the case may be.

I cannot say that these things discompose me much. I like my rooms, upon the whole, infinitely better than Sir Harcourt Berkeley's confined rabbit-hutch of a lodging in Duke Street, St. James's, for which he pays five guineas a week, or something more than six times the price that I pay. I have got over the English prejudice about fires, too, and begin to think that a handsome china stove, surmounted by an exquisite statue of Vesta, may be as agreeable an object to look at and quite as warm and comfortable to feel, as an open fireplace, and that, if made on true scientific principles, it will diffuse a far more regular and healthy heat, and, in any case, that it is infinitely cleaner and more economical. I do not breathe all sorts of gases and impurities when sitting too near it, and little purses and coffins do not fly out and burn holes in my slippers. I am

not worried by being constantly obliged to look after it, and poke it, and nurse it. I am not obliged to get up once or twice every half hour in windy weather to open the doors and windows to clear the room of smoke. I am not obliged to have a dirty coal-scuttle in my room, made to tumble over in the dark; and I do not run splinters up my nails while putting on wood—my stove being fed at the back. All I know of the operation being a pleasant rumbling, as fresh logs are cast on, and a roar, like that of a distant torrent, as the rushing air is compelled by science to act like an untiring pair of bellows in want of no working. Should some clever person say that, in a little while, I must be breathing air too dry to be wholesome; I answer, that a very simple means of preventing the air of my room from becoming too dry, is to place upon my stove a little vase containing water and artificial flowers, if I want it to look pretty; and, besides, as I have already said, my rooms communicating one with another, I can regulate the temperature of them just as I please, or even open a distant window.

Let me see if I can remember how the day passes. In the first place, I rise soon after daylight, for one must be a sluggard indeed to sleep late in a German house,—and it is next to impossible to do so. At the very top of the morning, a man—who is maintained by voluntary contributions from all my neighbours—begins ringing an enormous bell, ten times louder than a dustman's, with the premeditated purpose of waking up man, woman, and child; and it is but doing him justice to say that he succeeds most thoroughly. Then comes a crier, who is employed indifferently by the auctioneer of any public sale that is to take place during the day, and by advertising shopkeepers, or by people who have lost or found anything. This functionary shouts out his mission in the hoarsest, strangest voice ever heard, and repeats it at the corner of every street in the town according to the terms of his contract. Understanding what he says is, of course, out of the question, but he wakes me up for all that, even if my slumbers have survived the bell.

Up I get, then, and repair from bed, into an immense tub, which serves me for a bath—an unpopular institution in Germany, and therefore my proceedings in this respect are subjected to much remark and inquiry; nay, on one occasion my servant is waylaid by a fierce Baron, who lives on the same story, and whose

curiosity has become uncontrollable. That nobleman insists that my servant shall demand an immediate interview for him, and as he is known to be connected with the police, his demand is of course looked upon as a law by a German. On being shown in he casts a rapid glance round the apartment; probably he has concluded in his own mind that so much water can be for nothing else than the alimentary purposes of democrats or refugees. He greets me however with extravagant politeness—a caricature of French hat-taking-off-ism, before Frenchmen lost their manners—and at length makes known to me the object of his early visit. He is anxious to see what I do with so much water; and on my explaining, seems relieved, but looks doubtful and still unconvinced. Upon which I take him into that *sanctum sanctorum*, where the tub is placed, surrounded by wet oil-cloth and considerable splashing. He cannot resist the evidences of his own senses, but still supposes I warm the water. No! At fault again; it is cold. “Impossible!” exclaims the Baron; “during the whole of the winter months, from the beginning of October till the end of May, I am glad to huddle on my clothes when I get up, as fast as I can, and never take them off until I go to bed again: sometimes not then. Such a discipline would be the death of me.”

This important ceremony over, I receive a visit from an elderly lady, who is the cook of the establishment. She brings me a small cup of coffee and two little breads, each made in the shape of a child’s penny trumpet. These I reject for the twentieth time, requesting mildly that they be replaced by tea and a beefsteak. The old lady lifts up her hands and eyes, and wonders how it is possible to eat beefsteaks so early in the morning; but is reassured by a pleasant word or two, and fancies I must have been ill the night before, as I tell her I ate no black-puddings for supper. She is succeeded by the functionary in uniform who brings my newspaper from the other end of the town for the exact sum of the third of a farthing daily. He, in his turn, gives place to a person who, in appearance, might pass for a professor of Divinity, and I rise respectfully when he is shown in. He informs me, however, that he is a journeyman watchmaker, travelling, and shows me little books stamped all over, and certificates stamped and sealed, without end, as a preparatory ceremony to asking for some pecuniary assistance on his journey. I give him a shilling, upon which he believes that I must desire change, and informs me,

hesitatingly, that he has none, though I am not quite sure that he is telling me the truth. I reassure him, however, and making me a formal and rather condescending bow, he goes upon his way.

Again I must look up from a review of Shakspeare's works, which occupies two-thirds of my morning paper, for there is Pepi, my servant, waiting to speak to me. "A lady wishes to know," says Pepi, "if my grace is disengaged."

"Certainly," replied I, "who is she?"

The lady declines to give her name, and being shown in, nevertheless expresses some little hesitation in accepting the seat which I offer her, and begins playing with a small and neat leather instrument case which she has taken out from that sanctuary of sanctuaries, a lady's pocket.

I look inquiry, and she is not slow to understand, though she does so with an air of considerable mystery. Would I like to have any grey hairs eradicated? No. She sees I have not got any; but I wear my moustaches badly, and there are a few hairs about the corners of my mouth which might be pulled out with advantage. Then my eyebrows! she is really distressed by them; they are quite straight; she could arch them beautifully in five minutes; would I let her try? No! Was it possible? Well, the English lords she had met with had been all so odd; hardly one of them would submit to having his whiskers pulled out; yet nothing could be in such bad taste as a whisker. It spoiled the classical look of the face (I am not exaggerating, "classikalish" is the very word she uses), and made all the English lords look like drum-majors. A little moustache, falling naturally, and an imperial; *that* was the fashion of princes! The rest of the face should be cleared by the art of the tweezer. So, then, I am not to be convinced? I fear not. Still she does not despair. She has remarked that most English lords had little hard excrescences on the feet—may she say corns? I laugh and blush slightly, not being used to such inquiries on the part of ladies; but there must be something in my look which owns that here she has me; and in far less than that period of time which is popularly known as a jiffy, I find one of my slippers is reposing at a distance from me, and the foot to which it belongs, in the lady's lap, undergoing a very delicate and serviceable manipulation. The operation is soon over; the lady's fee, just eightpence deposited in the sanctuary before alluded to; and she takes her leave just as the mag-

nificent music of a splendid German military band comes pealing in through the open window, filling the room with martial melody, and my imagination with all sorts of heroic thoughts. Oh, those German bands, how much have they to answer for! I look upon them, for my part, as the very bulwark and strong tower of defence of the military despotisms. There stands poor freedom, cowed and broken-spirited, slandered and insulted; while slavery goes by, in such pomp and glory, with such a braying of trumpets, and such a clashing of cymbals, that no wonder the crowd love false glitter better than true worth.

The band sweeps on, followed by a rabble rout of admirers, and I begin to dress. When dressed, I go out. An hour or two, in the picture gallery—I never can tire of these splendid foreign picture galleries; another hour or two spent in the studios of artists with whom I have gradually become intimate; a hard task, but well worth the trouble; an hour devoted to the music lesson; another to a game at fives, in which I am growing a proficient, though the Germans still beat me; then an hour spent in shooting at a mark, or in sword exercise, in both of which pursuits I am excelled by my companions; or in a free gallop, which I am obliged to take by myself; and so to dress, and to dinner.

I will not dine at one o'clock after the manner of the Germans, because I find it spoils my day; and I do not drink Bavarian beer, because it disagrees with me; both of which peculiarities brought me rather into disrepute at first, but by persevering in them they got to be looked upon simply as evidences of that spleen which is supposed to be a characteristic of my countrymen. I am pitied and forgiven. The waiter, even, at the inn where I dine, takes me gradually under his protection; for which I am grateful and reward him liberally—not too liberally, however, lest I should spoil the waiter market, and others should be brought to grief thereby. Penetrated by good feeling towards me, this functionary sends me in my beef half raw, under the impression that that is the method of cooking it in benighted England; being remonstrated with, in gentle terms, he corrects his error, and—for in spite of the manner in which Englishmen are laughed at, there is a great deal of Anglo-mania about—I find him watching me curiously; and, after a little time, emboldened by my conciliating manners, he ventures to ask for the pattern of my great-coat. I allow him to take it and make him happy; although I cannot say when he appears in his new

garment, that the pattern of mine seems to have been taken very accurately. At least, I hope it is not; for I observe that my friend the waiter's coat is decidedly too short behind, and too long before, and that the collar falls unequally, and that its buttons in wrinkles enough to make Mr. Davis's foreman go wild with anguish. The colour is certainly not mine, being a yellowish brown with metal buttons, lined with a bright red, which the waiter thinks an improvement.

Perhaps it is also to take the pattern of one of my coats that I find the Baron so busy in my room when I return home to fetch my subscription-ticket to the stalls of the theatre. As I do not keep my coats in my writing-desk, however, although I have left the key out, the idea appears improbable; so I ask him what he may be doing there? just for the sake of acquiring information, and because I am of a curious and inquisitive turn of mind. He has "rendered himself," he says, simply for the purpose of making me a visit; and I find him comfortably smoking a cigar and reading my letters, to pass the time. I feel surprised.

Would I inform him of my intention in visiting Germany? Am I engaged in the charming pursuit of literature? No! Surely that astonishes him; so many of my countrymen make such fine incomes by letters. Might he ask me if I have many friends in Germany; if I intend staying long; and who is my banker? In short there is no end to his kind inquiries; and it is probably to satisfy himself on these points that he has been following me about, in rain and fine weather, ever since my arrival—which I now remember him to have done, on looking at him more attentively.

And I go to the theatre, and see one of those dear old German plays, all speculative conversation; far, very far beyond any possibility of comprehension by me or anybody else. So I go to sleep. Yet it seems all very lacrymose and spirit-stirring too, for I always wake up when the orchestra begins. The music is, of course, excellent. I am enabled to see more white pocket-handkerchiefs and red noses than I can count. The play, long as it is, is over at half-past nine. If it were not over at that time, the audience would decline to wait for its conclusion: that being the hour of supper. If ever this hour be the least exceeded, a banging of box-doors—sounding like the irregular fire of a band of guerillas—is sure to be heard, and the house is cleared in no time. I do not eat suppers, however; finding that after a five or six o'clock dinner I have no appetite left; and thus am obliged to take an evening

walk before I venture to call on any of my acquaintances,—as is the custom after the theatre in Germany. At eleven o'clock, however, I generally make my appearance somewhere, and am very well received. Some beautiful music, vocal and instrumental, or some merry games, and perhaps a dance, conclude the day; and I go home, ringing up the porter of my palace, who claims three shillings every month, or rather more than a penny a day, for letting me in after ten o'clock at night.

In the morning again, I receive a printed invitation to present myself at nine o'clock at the Police Office; and, although somewhat startled,—especially as I cannot help connecting it with the visit of my friend the Baron on the previous evening,—I go punctually to the time, and find that nobody can make out what I want, or what to say to me, until I observe my friend the Baron coming out of a room in the establishment. He immediately approaches me with a profusion of bows and compliments. He has come, he says, for a passport. Will I allow him to assist me in the object of my visit? I bowed somewhat stiffly to decline the attention; but that nobleman, whose courtesy will not receive any discouragement from mere English coldness of manner, hastens to conduct me into the room he has just quitted. There I find a grave functionary, with a most imposing uniform and fierce moustaches; but a good-natured-looking fellow for all that. I exhibit my printed invitation, and he begins to question me. I am also cross-examined in the most charming manner by the Baron himself, who seems to have the lively interest he takes in my proceedings by no means damped from my answers of last night. I refer, however, to the British Minister and to the first banker of the town, as well as to several well-known persons, and am requested very politely to present myself again on the following morning at the same hour. I cannot help noticing that the good-humoured functionary casts no very friendly look at my neighbour the Baron, and seems to think him a good-for-nothing mischief-maker, although he stands plainly in awe of him. I do not go, however, on the following morning, and am not summoned. When I meet the good-natured functionary, by accident, in the street, he, too, stops to speak to me, and seems to bear me no grudge for having neglected to obey his commands. The Baron, when I meet him at balls and parties, is quite oppressive in civilities, although he does not make me any more visits; and, indeed, the

curiosity of my host, which was at one time troublesome, has, at this present writing, subsided into such an awe-stricken respect, that I would rather not meet him; for he makes such low bows, and gives me such high-sounding titles, that I am ashamed of him. In short, nobody worries me any longer, except the old lady who brings me my coffee of a morning. She, indeed, I have reason to suppose, is for ever rummaging in my drawers when I am absent,—inasmuch as at least half my handkerchiefs and gloves disappear, as if by magic; and I am sure to hear the hurried and unequal pattering of her feet scudding over the polished floor, if I return unexpectedly. I hear, however, that she is fond of dancing, and is going to be married to her third husband; so that I am not surprised at her anxiety for her personal appearance; and, indeed, she is so very much like certain lodging-house people of England, that I have no right to consider her confusion of ideas as to what is hers and what is mine, at all peculiar to her country.

CHAPTER XXIV.

VIENNA—(OUT SHOOTING).

A MERRY sunshine shone over Vienna on the third day of September last. I was sitting, in the early morning, looking at the little thimbleful of coffee and the two horns of bread, half roll half cake, which a fat little housemaid had just brought into my room, wondering how, after such slender fare, I could wait patiently for dinner, when a loud cheery voice came ringing up the stairs, and a young German friend presently flung open my door, and showed himself to my astonished eyes in the complete sporting costume of his country.

He wore a high-crowned, white Tyrolese hat, with a feather in it; a light-green coat, profusely braided; black dress trousers; and a pair of high Indian-rubber fishing-boots, preposterously wide and large; a broad *couteau de chasse* hung at his side; a brand-new belt confined his waist; and he carried a green pouch, large enough, when filled, to load a pony. In short, he was in full sporting trim; and knowing something of the manners of his countrymen, I saw

at once that he meant partridge-shooting. Had I been a stranger, I should have supposed that he came to me in costume from a morning rehearsal of *Der Freischütz*.

Bidding a bull-dog and a terrier, which he had brought with him as sporting dogs, be quiet, while he put their heads into a sort of brass cage, called a muzzle here, he told me, with considerable excitement, that he was off to a shooting party some sixteen miles away, and that he came to fetch me to the gathering.

"It will be a warm day," I said, pulling on my gaiters. "Is there much heavy ground to go over?"—"No," was the reply; "nothing but the regular paths."

I was soon ready, and without more ado, we whistled up the bull-dog and the terrier. In five minutes we were whisking away in a light phaeton with four "yuckers" (a species of galloway, bred chiefly in Hungary), along the road to Gumpoldskirchen.

We found a party of some twenty or thirty "guns" assembled at the house of my friend's father. The gentlemen were fortifying themselves against impending fatigue, with different varieties of sausage, cold game, ham, and such matters,—in the consumption of which we heartily assisted. Presently, all prepared to sally forth. The weather, as is common in the autumn, had changed since the beginning of the morning, and a pretty keen wind now blew. This nearly blew out the zeal of our companions, and promised to nip the bud of our day's sport; for your true German sportsman does not care much for the actual pursuit of game, if he can only put on his shooting clothes. Since, however, I had hazarded my day upon the speculation, I was indisposed to let the time be lost, and rallied those members of the party with whom I felt myself to be on joking terms. My friend at length travelled upstairs, and came back with a couple of ample catskin muffs, which were to be slung round our necks by means of a chord, to keep our hands warm. Fortified thus, we at length got under way, singing melodious chorusses on the pleasures of the chase. The Germans sing much better than they hunt.

I soon found, as we proceeded, that our party was diminishing; when we had quite reached the hunting-ground, I found myself almost alone. Our companions had been dropped by the way singly, like Hop-o'-my-Thumb's crumbs, and formed a line of sporting posts twenty or thirty yards apart from one another. We then stood at ease for an hour, with a keen wind in our teeth;

while a section of our party took a circuit for the establishment of a circle, within which the game was to be hemmed.

My friend at this time had an opportunity of introducing me to a few stationary brethren. A fat little Sancho, in dress boots, with a coat much too small for his broad back, stood nearest to us. He was armed with a small Swedish rifle, which was loaded with ball. When my friend presented me to him as "Sir Smith," he answered "Mr. Sir, your most obedient servant." The rest were a motley group of officers in uniform, and men in every costume but what we should suppose to be the right one; fine picturesque fellows with sweeping moustaches, good beards, and gorgeously coloured clothes. A painter might have been glad of them,—though certainly an English painter never would have grouped them in a sketch of partridge-shooting.

At length a hum along the line informed us that the sport was shortly to begin; and a student from Bonn, who had included English in his studies, turned to me with some excitement, saying "Sor, if you please, now we catch them will." Assuredly, they galloped hares in plenty down upon us, with their heads up; and the partridges were darting upward like rockets, in all directions. "Lie quiet," said I to the student, "for here comes a hare!"—"I fear me not," was the reply. The student, shutting both his eyes, let off at the same time both his barrels, and a horrid howl from my friend's bull-dog, told us the result,—which was precisely the reverse of that which was either intended or desired. A sharp fire now ran along our line, and the hare fell. When we took him up, it appeared that our stout little friend with the rifle had the credit of one among the lucky shots; for besides being riddled like a sieve, our victim had his head almost blown off.

In some alarm at these proceedings, I refrained from firing, in order that I might keep a wary and an anxious eye upon the gentleman who had just shot the dog. My relief was inexpressible, when one of the keepers told me that he could do no farther harm, precaution having been taken to load his gun with powder only, and not to put in very much of that.

My next care was to persuade our sportsmen to leash up their dogs, or at least to send them to the rear; for, as the hares came down, the dogs immediately ran at them and gave chase, so that for some there was no shooting to be had. One gentleman, who established an acquaintance by asking me whether I came "from

England out," warned off the game by his stentorian hunting-songs; others broke the line, and ran into the circle, thereby exposing their limbs to the attack of small shot; others flogged their dogs, who responded with discordant yells; and all had horns or whistles, into which they blew with lamentable perseverance, when they were not otherwise employed. I grew at last accustomed to this mode of sport. As the kreis or circle included only too much game, by the time our lines closed we had killed one hundred and forty-five hares, and twenty-three brace of birds.

It was now about three o'clock in the afternoon; for we had begun late, and with one delay or another the day had almost slipped out of our hands. The keener sportsmen of our party were very anxious, therefore, to make the best use of our remaining time. But the appearance of a bevy of ladies wandering towards us through the distant fields, with a few symptoms of lunch, gave us now reason to expect a rest of some duration. So it turned out. Our quarter-master had pitched upon a pleasant nook in one of those elegant little patches of ground, half wood, half shrubbery, which is the favourite resort of pheasants. There, disembarassing ourselves of our guns, which had been slung over the shoulder, after German fashion, we sat down upon the grass. The afternoon had cleared again, and the day now felt to us quite warm, after our exercise. The ladies hung their bonnets on the boughs of trees, and lucky beaux obtained the care of shawls and parasols. We grouped ourselves unconsciously into a Watteau picture, and enjoyed one of the pleasantest of luncheons. The light wavy foliage of some young trees formed a bower overhead; a glorious hill-country, with the peaks of the Schneeberg, bounded the view before us in the distance. Pleasant words and merry tales went round with the good wine, and before long a vagrant fiddle and a strolling flute had been attracted by the distant music of our laughter. The fiddle and the flute made it quite certain to the meanest comprehension that our shooting for the day was over. So we yielded ourselves gladly to a dance, and afterwards wandered through the fields and vineyards, singing as we go,—for Germans breathe an atmosphere of music. The clear bell-like voices of the young girls sounded very sweetly in the still air of the evening, as we trooped pleasantly along. Of one voice I still remember the soft, liquid, pleading tones; the songstress looked so placid and so gentle, that one felt angels to be possible, even on this side of the moon. The

peeping of the stars admonished us, at last, 'to hasten homeward. We departed, some in one direction and some in another; but we have lingered too long; darkness has surprised us, and one of the party, at least, is doomed to be

BENIGHTED.

Travel on foot in a dark night through the mountain pass, is not made pleasant by a sweeping wind, which dashes rain into the face by the pailful. The most powerful emotion excited in the human breast under such circumstances, is a pining after shelter,—though it were but the shelter of a charcoal burner's hut; and an inn then seems to be an institution too completely blissful to be calmly thought about, as something actual and near. With my hat well pressed over my forehead to defy the wind; with my clothes containing a much larger quantity of water than of cloth, leather, or frieze; with my succulent boots treading monotonously through the marsh of the footpath, over which I could just make out the lowering shadow of the fir-forest, I plashed along through a mountain pass in Austria, on an exceedingly wild night in September. Now and then I was obliged to steady myself, by planting my staff in the mud, and standing still, with my back to the gale, for a few minutes; then on I went with heavy, measured tread, counting my steps, to while away the time,—miscounting them, and then judiciously beginning a new calculation.

Battle through trouble, and the haven of rest will be reached at last:—push on through the darkest night, and at length you will find an inn. I found, therefore, the inn of the pass,—its windows all quite dark; the house had shut its eyes and gone to sleep for the night; but then it might easily be awakened. The wooden door, as usual, was wide open; but the real door of these mountain hostleries, which keeps intruders out, is not composed of wood, but of an immense quantity of bark, and bite too, possibly. The light slumbers of the dog having been broken by my footfall, I waited patiently until his wrath should have properly fulfilled the uses of a bell and knocker. Barking and howling on the dog's part being, however, the accustomed lullaby of the inmates of the hostelry, the inn continued to sleep soundly. I could not enter without losing some portion of my legs, and therefore proceeded to shout patiently, in chorus with the dog,—to throw pebbles against

the windows,—and at length, when I was quite hoarse, to stand quiet in the rain ;

“ Uncomplaining, hoping, till
Chinked the lattice bar ; ”

and a loud “ Who’s there ? ” rewarded the exertions of myself and of my brother chorister.

The dog, satisfied with sounds of explanation, accosted me thereafter with a conciliatory growl ; and when I groped my way into the dark room, and stretched myself upon a bench over which I had previously tumbled, he resumed his slumbers near my feet. Mine host, entering with a rude oil-lamp, looked at me curiously and disappeared, leaving me in the dark without a syllable of consolation. A swarm of flies, whose night’s rest I had broken, hummed and buzzed about me ; and I began dreamily to speculate upon the probable result of sleeping in wet clothes upon a board, and to wonder whether I should not feel less draught if I removed my quarters to the table,—and whether there were knives and forks left there, which might be worse bed-companions than fleas. Over the knife and fork question I must have fallen asleep, for I was dreaming of hot roast beef, when a glare of light awakened me ; and, looking up, I saw two damsels, according to the expressive German idiom,—drunk with sleep,—who had been routed out of their beds and were getting the table ready for my supper.

From the dream of beef it was an agreeable transition to the reality of bread and cheese. The two stout peasant girls, unmistakeably real, were busily producing wedges of black bread, an inexhaustible amount of goat-milk cheese, and as for the mighty beer-glasses with their bright engraven pewter lids, I did not wonder at the subjects chosen by Dutch painters ; for what could there be on earth finer than such beer-glasses, such bread and cheese, such a lamp-lighted kitchen, and such handy peasant girls ?

I ate ; I smoked my little travelling pipe ; memories and dreams mingled with the fact that a stout waitress was staring sleepily at me out of her dark eyes, and that I was staring sleepily at her,—and the fancy that we had been staring at one another sleepily somewhere else,—I couldn’t remember where ; I slept. I have no doubt I went to bed, for it was in bed that I awoke.

No ; there was no rain in the morning. I shaved by a ray of

unadulterated sunlight. It was a feast day of the Catholic church, and carts were rattling to the door outside, and there were voices in a hubbub of sound, sparkling all over with laughter, and there was a fellow singing in the mountain dialect—

“ The snow has been falling,
And I must stay here;
For, visit my darling,
I can't, O dear !

“ The snow has been falling,
The mountains are white;
I've now a new darling,
And that's all right.”

I thought the matter of the song extremely questionable, but the melody and the manner of it were so blithe, that it haunts me still.

The kitchen, downstairs, I found full of life and bustle. The guides, who keep none of the church holidays, were fortifying their souls with “Schnaps.” The church-goers from the mountains, who still had far to go before they reached the pastor, were resting half-way, and bartering and comparing news together. The waitresses were anything but sleepy now; the ostler was plunged into a thousand cares; while the cattle of the farmers stamped and chafed their rusty bits outside. On the walls of the room the pictures were of Hofer and of other champions of the mountains; and to me the people talked about their local memories. They told me of the famous defence of that pass during the “French wars;” and how the man who built the inn in which we then talked, defended the pass with the desperate energy of a Guerilla, and the success of an unerring shot,—how, in fact, he had been a Leonidas of their unsung Thermopylae.

A fine, bold race of men were they who filled this little world; they won my respect at the first glance. The landlord, a powerful young man, came among us with a bold eye; neither blustering nor cringing: he reviewed his guests with a free, good-humoured look, such as might grace the face of one of Nature's gentlemen.

Then to me, fortified with breakfast, came the ostler, saying that a car was ready for me; a narrow little one-horsed curiosity,—for curious the car must be that is constructed to jog unshattered over these rough mountain roads. The horse was capering beside his pole (single horses in Austria are not indulged with shafts), and

friend ostler, who was to drive me on to the next village, looked so unutterably contented with the world, laughing to himself out of the fulness of delight, that I determined to share some part of his shower of good-humour, by inducing him to talk to me. Accordingly I won his confidence by the offer of a cigar. Then, to my great astonishment, he began praising the cigars of Milan in very good Italian. That made me curious, and I discovered that he had been a soldier in the fifth battalion of Rifles, and that he had served in Italy.

It had an odd effect to hear this rude mountain peasant garble the music of Italian with his uncouth dialect, and recall here, among the firs, the plains of Italy. Here, in the pleasant autumn morning, he was eloquent about the tumult and the roar of battle in the disastrous years of 1848 and 1849. Unconscious of the horse and cart, and puffing manfully at the cigar, he told with earnest eyes how he had loved "Father Radetzky:" how the other generals often asked too much from the tired troops; how batteries were captured; how he did not like eating polenta for his dinner; mingling strangely the affairs of history together with the story of the ostler. He had become a soldier through the love which he preserved still for the pomp of war, the arms, the gay dress, and the music. But he was a mountaineer when he enlisted, and on getting his discharge he hurried back directly to the mountains, resolved to enter into service where he could live in his home district, without a sigh for sunny Italy. These mountaineers, at home, seem to care little enough for the glories which we travel over sea and land to visit. Take them away, however, and they are not easy until the firs again are rustling overhead, and they are comfortably wrapped up in mists of their own hills.

So our driver spoke with joy of his design to live another summer in his native place. This was a feast-day, too, in the next village, and—secret of his abounding happiness—his Dirndl, his sweetheart, was there waiting for him; yes, and we were now very near,—he told me with a voice that came as if his heart were singing under it.

The horse halts, snorting, and pricks up his ears at the loud sound of horns and fiddles in the village inn. Here our ride ends. The driver is gone in a minute, and has already found his place among the happy throng of dancers;—peace ever rest upon his love!

CHAPTER XXV.

A MASKED BALL.

It is a bitter cold night, and the snow, which has been for three days tumbling down upon the roofs and pavements of Vienna, tumbles down upon us still. The theatres, which get through their performances by half-past nine, are closed already; and there is a lull now in the muffled streets. I mean to go out as a muffled man, and use the ticket I have bought for a masked ball at the palace. The sale of tickets for such balls, which take place now and then during the winter, raises enormous sums, which are applied to charitable purposes; so that the luxury of the rich is made, in this case, to minister also to the comforts of the poor.

Here I stand, ankle-deep in snow, and look up at the palace; all the windows on the first story are being lighted up, and cold gentlemen, converging towards the door from all parts, are the members of Strauss's band. And now lights have begun to flash about the streets, and masks are now beginning to arrive; splendid carriages of the nobility, and, positively, some of the imperial family, do not disdain to be among the first arrivals. The beau from the suburbs, in a light fiacre; actresses and officers in their broughams; sledges from the country, drawn by merry little horses, frisking through the snow, and jingling bells over their harness; a chaos of lights and coachmen, and the long poles of sedan-chairs in the way of a chaos of legs; hats, shoulders, coachtops, and everything else powdered with snow, that tumbles silently and steadily upon the scene of riot; a crush of revellers upon the staircase. Half-past eleven; all the most important people having now entered, except myself, it is quite time for me to follow to the ball-room.

A vast room; think of the Great Exhibition, if you want a notion of it, and take off a discount for exaggeration. Walk to the end of this room, and a door then opens into another hall-room, almost twice as large. In each of these great halls there are raised orchestras, in which the bands are stationed, and when one band ceases playing another is prepared immediately to begin.

Galleries, to which you ascend by flights of stairs at each end, run round both the rooms, and into these galleries open innumerable ice and supper rooms, passages, and out-of-the-way cells, wherein you may lose yourself, but not your company. Masks are to be found sitting in every corner,—and wherever a mask is, there is mischief.

You see nothing vulgar; no rude costumes, no monstrous noses, absurd spectacles, or woolly wigs. You hear no boisterous shouts of mirth; beautiful music reigns incessantly supreme over all other sounds. Only the ladies are disguised; their faces are hidden behind elegant little black silk masks, and they vie with each other in the costliness and beauty of their costumes and dominoes. The men are all in simple evening dress, they walk about, defenceless game, and yield sport in abundance to the dames and damsels. Most of the ministers are here,—grave steady gentlemen, with bald heads or grey hair. Each of them is surrounded by a swarm of masks,—princesses, perhaps,—milliners, perhaps; and some of them are evidently making wry mouths at the physie that is poured in through their ears. This is the time for home truths to be gathered in. The ladies at a masked ball make good use of their disguise, and scatter about abundantly their wholesome mischief.

A vision in black and gold beckons to me; I place myself at her disposal.

"You are an Englishman," the vision says; "I know you."

"How, madam?"

"By your awkwardness."

"Are Britons awkward?"

"Yes, and wearisome. Go, you are not amusing. Take care of your gloves, they are so large that I fear they will fall off."

So the vision laughs at me and vanishes. I have a secret or two which I don't mean to print. I did think that these mysteries were locked up in my bosom. If you ever happen to be at Vienna with some secrets in your keeping, and desire to know whether you hold them safe, go to a masked ball. Mocking voices behind black-silk masks will very much surprise you with some samples of the penetration proper to a sex which seems in Vienna to be made up of Bluebeard wives. Twenty ladies honour me with minute details of the contents of an apartment in my mind, which I had considered quite a patent safe, with a fastening like that of the big box in the talisman of Oromanes.

The night wears on; at three o'clock the instrumental music ceases, but the music of the mischievous and merry tattlers still continues to be ringing in all ears, and making them to tingle. Every man is destined to go home abundantly informed and criticised upon the subject of his foibles. Until six o'clock, supping, and taking tea and coffee, will continue, and the relish for amusement be as keen as ever. Nobody is dancing, nobody has danced,—that is no part of the business. At length the multitude has dwindled down to a few stragglers, the remainder of the cloaks and coats and wrappers are brought out and scattered, as so many hints to their possessors, in the middle of the great room. We immediately dive and scramble for them. In another hour the lights are put out, all is over, and I travel home over the snow.

ROAD POLICE.

You do not like, in England, too much police regulations; but on the roads here I really think that the police do some good service. Take for instance, the road between Vienna and Schönbrunn, perhaps the best kept in Europe. At Schönbrunn, is the summer palace of the Emperor of Austria, and as this is surrounded by very beautiful gardens at all times freely open to the public, the place is a great resort for the Viennese, and is as full of hotels and lodging houses, and holiday-folk, as Richmond or Hampton Court. On a summer evening the road is thronged with carriages of all descriptions; the rakish four-in-hand of the Hungariau noble, with its gaily-coloured, jingling harness, and picturesque groom; the steady, precise carriages belonging to the foreign embassies; the rattling little fiacre with a load of gents; or the cumbrous omnibus, carrying sixteen inside. In fact, the throng commences at eleven in the morning and lasts till eleven at night. On the road is the summer theatre; and a hundred bands are playing at as many casinos in the neighbourhood. At about four o'clock in the afternoon, when Strauss's band begins to play in the great dining-hall at Dommayer's, the crowd is nearly as great as it was last June in Piccadilly.

Nevertheless, no accidents occur.

Mounted police ride slowly up and down the middle of the road, enforcing order. No fast young coachman is allowed to try his dexterity at shaving an omnibus; no inexperienced whip is suffered to forget the rule of the road. At the town gate, where payment

of *octroi* is to be made,—a tax about the tenth part of our turnpike trust extortions,—policemen stand, who compel the use of distinct gates for ingress and egress. Bridges, in the same fashion, have the roadway divided into two parts, and committed to policemen, who take care that every vehicle shall keep to its appointed side, and that, while passing over any wooden bridge, the horses walk, and men abstain from smoking. There is also, in all cases, a raised, or protected, footpath.

Then again, it is to be observed that most German, and many French roads, have a part kept exclusively for horsemen, sometimes not macadamized,—but kept as a sort of Rotten Row. The macadamized road is also sometimes split for separation of the opposed currents of traffic; and the three parts of such a road will be divided, not by railings, but by handsome rows of trees.

I own the weakness of a little partiality for some of these arrangements.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Nothing in the world equals the quiet, earnest, unconscious manner in which a German commits an absurdity. An Englishman, when he makes himself ridiculous, has generally an uneasy perception of the fact; a German never has. Solemn, unsuspecting simplicity is one mark of his race; even his vanity is grave, and a German curls his moustache, or twists himself into the shape of a Z, to see how his coat sits behind, with a sober, unsmiling look, hard to imagine; he makes love and reads tragedy both with the same face.

I saw, reproduced in "Household Words," a little while ago, some of the strange advertisements which our stoical friends send by the handful to their newspapers. Let me give you a few more, translated faithfully from papers that have passed through my hands here in Vienna. Advertisements for wives and husbands are very numerous and varied. Their nature is, however, tolerably well known, and I shall content myself with dropping one or two as we pass on to the more interesting details of the processes of courtship through the advertising columns. This is one which, doubtless, was well calculated to touch the heart of gazelles not indisposed to wed a market-gardener:—

"A THIRTY-FIVE-YEAR-OLD young man, of studious disposition, and a ministerial employé, wishes to meet with a person of ripe

years, who has several thousand florins at her own disposal. She will live a life free from care, in any other respect than keeping a tobacconist's shop."

F. N. N., prompt to calm any apprehension on the score of bigamy, advertises that he, "A SINGLE MAN, and an Imperial-Royal Hungarian officer of state, wishes to marry a beautiful and accomplished lady, with 8,000 florins." Fearing, apparently, a heavy pull on his exchequer, he requests the beautiful heiresses applying for his hand, to pay the postage of their letters.

"INVITATION TO WEDLOCK.—A widower, of *sixty* years old, of a firm yet pleasant disposition, healthy and strong in body, who has served in the imperial army, and received a good-service pension of four guineas yearly"—(I translate also the money)—"possessing, moreover, a small trade, and being the father of a little eleven-year-old daughter, wishes, without farther hesitation, to marry." Hereupon, well-reflecting persons are to address &c. Reflection might suggest the imprudence of marrying an old man, even with four guineas a year of independent property. But the advertiser, evidently looking for a rush of ladies after so desirable a husband, answers their impatience beforehand, by appending to the offer of himself.—"*N.B. A railway all the way.*"

That is enough upon the subject; and we will pass over the cross advertisements fired at each other by gentlemen who quarrel, and all manner of other things, with which we in England are not at all familiar, certainly.

"THAT THICK OLD GENTLEMAN, with the bald head and spectacles, who, on Monday, the 27th inst., made such a noise in the Court theatre, by laughing loudly during the performance, and subsequently groaning and crying, to the great disturbance of other people, is begged to express his feelings more quietly for the future."

Little matters of this kind let us pass over, and let us take some specimens of courtship by advertisement. Young ladies hereabouts must really be newspaper readers, if they would not miss knowing when an offer may be made, or a love-letter addressed to them. In order to ensure a limit to the number of my specimens, I will judiciously change the initials, and give you neither more nor less than an *abecedaire* of manifest affection.

"A. TO EMILIE.—Sad the heart! Worn out. A thousand thanks for relief. Much anxiety about Julia ———! Loves she me?"

"**MADemoiselle LEOPOLDINE CŒUR D'ANGE** is most humbly prayed to send a letter for her slave B., to the Post-office."

Here would have been an oversight, if Miss D. had not read her paper:—

"**TO MARRY, OR NOT TO MARRY?** That is the momentous question. From C. to D."

D., however—Deborah, doubtless,—sees the question popped, and puts an advertisement into the next morning's paper:—

"**WHEN, AND WHERE?** From D. to C."

By a later advertisement we are told that the answer to "When and where?" has been left for D. at the Post-office. D., doubtless, is changed to C. by this time.

J. says, "To Miss P. von S.—I will do whatever you wish, *if* you will only issue your commands from a little nearer."

He objects to letters, and desires an interview. E., on the other hand, is thankful for a letter, as he ought to be:—

"**HIGH-BORN AND GRACIOUS DAME**,—I have just received your honoured letter of this month, and already fully considered your invitation. I was touched to the heart at the delay of your letter. Cruel fate,—cruel post-office! Well, too well do I understand such painful impediments to our bliss! Deep in my heart grow the thanks for your remembrance. I have the greatest anxiety to see you; till when, think of me sometimes."

"To G.—I suffer much, both physically and morally. Why care for the rain, or the full omnibus? Did I not wait for you in the green wood; and is not Sunday the only day of my freedom.—H."

"**TO THE LADY** who ought be dressed in white or blue.

I am bound in your hands,

And can send by no hands.—**MARY STEWART.**

Thirteen Sundays have been days without a sun! Thirteen hopes in half-past twelve have been lost! Still, salt keeps the meat fresh, and desire keeps love young! Sheltered are my happy hopes, like 'flowers gathered by a child.' The flower returns to dust. But winter brings us the hope of spring."—He thereupon signs himself "J."

J. sportively asks for the address of his pet, who, perhaps, is on a visit to Vienna:—

"**TO THE LITTLE Puss, MIMI**.—Where do you now, now, Mimi?"

K.—from Petruchio's Katharine, perhaps—to a despondent advertiser:—

"To L.—As for your despair, I saw nothing of it, and don't mean to write to you. It is all stuff.—K."

"REQUEST WORTHY OF REMARK.—M. would be satisfied to associate himself with a young maiden, or widow, and thus commence an acquaintance which might ripen into matrimony. *Also*, wants a partner in his business, with from £150 to £200."

M. is evidently getting a taste for society, or else he is sordid, like N., "AN UNEDUCATED LADY," who bluntly advertises her "desire to buy a little business, by means of marrying the proprietor."

"To O.—I was there. Sorry I saw nobody. Look to the opposite window this afternoon.—P."

"Q., UNFORGIVEN, can'st thou remain so long? Well, then, let it be mine to say the godlike word, I pardon, lest you should be gone. I got your two letters. Anything but leaving me! My trust is in your truth;—this believe. Shall your maiden write without embarrassment? This say soon to R. To-morrow I return *there*, alas!"

"To S.—Oh, you little silly thing! What am I to do with a Johanna's reticule?—T."

"TO THE TWENTY-YEAR-OLD BLONDE YOUNG LADY.—I am arrived. Will come next week, at the same time, to the same place.—V."

V. is assured by a lady, signing herself a "Female Cigar-holder," "that he need be under no uneasiness as to the success of his visit."

"BELOVED W.,—To-day is a terrible thought for me! Every gleam of sunshine falls on my heart like joy. Every cloud hangs over it like sorrow! Wilt thou come? If wet, scruple not to take a hackney-coach; I will pay."

The lover, who spontaneously offers to pay for a hackney-coach, should be transformed into a husband, without loss of time. Beloved W. has, doubtless, hurried to become beloved wife,—that is to say, if W. was wise.

"YOUNG WOMAN,—I await your letter.—X."

X. is extremely cross, one can perceive. Not so, however, Y.

"TO THE SMILING LADY, who, upon the loveliest day in summer, and of my life, drove to Grätz:—

"In the depths of my soul is your image graven! Truth and I know each other. How lovely art thou! All the hopes of my life are broken down, if I cannot see you at eleven o'clock, on the 17th of September. You were the sunshine of my days! Ho, why are you clouded!

'Blooms still no flower me to joy?'

"Y."

These are all literal translations of advertisements; and so is this concluding one, from Z., that crooked dog, who, being left to walk last, sneers at his company:—

"NOT TO BE OVERLOOKED.—When I wish to write cheaply to any one, I just put in an advertisement. It only costs four florins; a mere nothing.—Z."

With these advertisements I think I have afflicted the reader sufficiently; but the reader will forgive me, I am sure, on the condition that I add no comment.

CHAPTER XXVI.

CONCERNING A PAIR OF DEMONS—(A COTTAGE SCENE IN AUSTRIA).

DEEP in a valley, at the foot of the mighty Schneeberg, stands a little village of a few scattered houses. The inhabitants are a rude, primitive set of people, full of wild legends and strange, un-south poetry. Even the tide of snug Vienna citizens, that sets in every summer towards the sweet spot, has not yet quite spoilt it; and glimpses of old world manners, and old world people, may be got here now and then by a quiet traveller, which will amply pay him for turning out of his way to go there.

The name of the village is Buchberg. How pleasantly the memory of it rises on my mind, as I pause, pen in hand. First comes the veteran of the neighbourhood, the unforgotten Schultes, not unlike one of the figures of a Dutch picture—a short, brown, healthy old man; then follow two of his colleagues, Schmidl, who blows the horn, and one Weidman, the laziest and most amusing of guides. It was a strange, simple, uncouth, piping, dancing,

loveable company in which I paused a few days, far from the strife, and turmoil, and sorrows of life.

Very near to Buchberg, at a place called the "Schneeberger-dörfel," there lived, not long ago, an old man, the sweetest pleasure of whose life was to accompany travellers up the famous mountain, as their guide, philosopher, and friend. He had gone with Emmel as far as the famous Kaiserstein; in 1811 he had pointed out the loveliest points of view to Mösmer and Molitor, the two illustrators of the Austrian Mont Blanc, some of whose paintings were sent by the Emperor of Austria to the Queen Victoria, and which are beautiful as ballads. But his great glory was that of having been present at the visit of the Emperor Francis, and having enjoyed the honour of social intercourse with that monarch. In preceding the Imperial party, his foot had slipped, and a loose stone rolled back, and struck his Majesty. The Emperor reproached him in a short but expressive address, and the words were engraven for ever on his mind.

It is Sylvester Eve—a festival in Germany among high and low—and our old friend is seated in the midst of a large circle of relations, young and old; the room is very different to that of a cottage in England, and is of considerable size, although rudely furnished. They have all gathered round the ample earthen stove, and are roasting chestnuts. The heat is intense—in the city it would be stifling; but here, chinks enough let in the air, and the snow has fallen round the house in such heavy masses that you cannot see the glow of the baking-oven at the other end of the court-yard, where supper is being prepared. The old guide, his married daughter, his son-in-law, and their children, varying in sizes like the pipes of an organ, form the members of the pleasant circle round him.

The eldest of his grand-children, named in the sweet provincial diminutive "Loisl," is one of those fair peasant beauties of the fairer order, with light hair and brown, healthy complexion, child-like in her simplicity and frank innocence. The type is fast wearing out, and it is only in such out-of-the-way places that one ever meets with it. Like her mother, she wears the Buchberg peasant-cap, from the peculiar fashion of which, learned pens have tried to explain the origin of the first settlers in the valley. How modest the girl looks in her graceful costume! One hardly knows which pleases most—the dress or the wearer. Perhaps, for a city beauty,

she would be thought to have too little expression in those great, blue, earnest eyes, and the lines of the mouth are a little too strongly marked. But she has the pleasantest laugh in the world, and is altogether a charming little sweetheart for the Count's forester, not to speak of the young woodman, who always contrives to be going to mass on Sundays at the same time as "Loisl."

Supper is over, and the thrifty womankind have cleared away the fragments, when the mother raises her voice cheerily to the old "Fellner Franz," and says, "Come, lieber dhn'l (dear grandfather), we shall sit up a little longer to-night. I have thrown a new log on the fire, and here is your cup of hot wine. If you ask grandfather, prettily, children, perhaps he will tell us a story."

"What can I tell you, children," answers the old man, brightening up, with a loquacious look of great promise, "that I have not already told you a hundred times?—Of the Turkish war in '89, where I was wounded; of Kaiser Joseph, and how I saw him, with my own eyes, at Newstadt; of the French, who twice paid us a visit; of Kaiser Franz, or of Prince Johann;* of Don Miguel, whose guide I was one day, when the old fellow† was so hazy that we lost ourselves. All this I have told you already."

"No, no," cries the owner of a flaxen hair, among the little ones; "tell us something to make us afraid—something where it is quite dark, and there's a noise, and——"

"I know, Toul, what you like," the grandfather exclaims, and then imperceptibly sinking his voice—"I know what you like to hear—more than I like to tell." The old man's face grows more and more mysterious, as he adds, in a hushed voice, "The Bergmand'l!—is not that it?"

As he pronounced this awful name, the children gathered closer together, and prepared, with a fearful pleasure, for what was to follow; even the father and mother looked towards "Fellner Franz" with faces not wholly undisturbed, as he thus began:—

"There was a time, my dear children, when things were not so lively in our valley as they are now. Once or twice, perhaps, in the year, a couple of young men would come here to mount the

* The Archduke John, the darling of the peasantry, from his domestic history and country tastes.

† The mountain.

Schneeberg, but seldom oftener; for the city gentlefolks are mortally afraid of walking. Even the few travellers who did come had generally empty pockets, and were mostly students, and quite young lads. The landlady yonder, in Buchberg, kept neither horse nor ass, and I, I was the only guide. At this time, the way over the 'Hengst' was not so good as it is now, and the wood was thicker; so that you might sometimes fancy, when you looked up, that God had made a sky of green leaves. There was no use for the wood then; railways had not begun, and the Vienna Lords were not obliged to send so far for fire-wood. Well, once upon a time, just as it was growing dark, the landlady sent her little boy over here to say that two travellers, with large beards, had arrived, and that they wished to go up the Schneeberg that evening, to be able so see the sun rise in the morning. Young and fresh as I was then, I threw my jacket over my arm, seized the crooked stick you all remember, and prepared, without thinking any more about it, to go along with them.

"There was something, however, in the appearance of the travellers which, from the first, did not please me. They spoke in a language which I was sure no good man could understand, and they had eyes for all the world like the eagle that Count Hoyos's gamekeeper shot last Christmas; and then they laughed in a very strange way whenever I looked at them or they at me.

"Still I would not suffer myself to be frightened, and went on boldly with them, with the basket of provisions slung over my shoulder, and trying to whistle, as we wound slowly up the ascent. It was quite dark when we reached the wood, and began to climb the mountain side.

"Now, you must know, it was St. Aegidy's day [1st September], which is the greatest of all holidays to us country-people. So, when we got deeper into the wood, and I noticed, that though the two travellers were following me I could not hear their footsteps, I began to pray to the good saint with all my might; for I leave you to guess who I thought they were."

At this appeal to their discernment, there was a slight stir among the listeners; and the grandfather continued:—

"A little farther on, there is an opening in the wood, forming a sort of meadow, in the midst of which is the stump of a great tree, which was hewn down long ago. One side being much higher than the other, you can sit down and lean against it, just as if

you were sitting in a chair, and indeed it looks very like a chair. I knew long before, from my grandfather, that it was here the Bergmand'l loved best to seat himself; and I always crossed myself piously whenever I passed the spot, even in the daytime. I was now, however, too hot and excited to think of it. I had already taken a drop or two of schnaps at Buehberg, while waiting for the travellers, who had kept me a long time before they were ready; and since, upon the road, I had drunk some, several times, to keep up my spirits, which were getting very much disturbed.

"As we came to this meadow, the moon was shining solemnly through the trees; and I saw—mercy on me!—the Bergmand'l sitting on the stump of the tree, and looking and winking at me, and pointing significantly at my companions, as if to warn me from going any farther with them.

"What is the matter?" they called out from behind.

"My good, kind gentlemen," cried I, "in the name of the Virgin, let us go back! I tell you that we shall never get on any farther without some dreadful accident happening to us."

"Ay? Why shall we not go on?" asked the eldest.

"Don't you see the Bergmand'l sitting on the stump yonder, threatening and making signs to us?" said I.

"Blockhead!" cried the other, "there is nothing sitting there; and to show you that there is not, I will go and sit there myself."

"So saying, the demon, as I cannot help thinking him really, went up to the tree stump; and the Bergmand'l, motioning to me with his finger in a threatening manner, vanished.

"I grew more and more afraid to go on with men who it was now plain had made a contract with the evil one, and did not mind openly showing that they had done so. I cannot remember very clearly what followed, except that they forced me on with them, by the Kaltenwasser and the Waxriegel, to the Oehsenboden. How beautifully the sun rose! The Kaiserstein glowed like a man in armour! I had just sat down to rest myself a little, when, all at once, I missed my two companions. They had vanished as mysteriously as they came, and I never saw them more."

"But what did you do for your money, grandfather?" asked a practical little maiden.

"You shall hear directly. As I went slowly down the mountain taking another road, that I might not again see the Bergmand'l,

I heard an unearthly voice, which seemed to come from the ground, say, that 'in fourteen days I might find my money, laid on a stone, either at the Grünschaeh, Cahas, Alnigipsel, or the Raxalm.'"² However, I took good care not to answer, as I suppose you will think."

There was again a slight movement of assent, which was stopped by the narrator continuing—"But the story is not yet ended. Ten years afterwards, our honoured pastor sent for me, and gave me ten ducats, as the gift of two gentlemen who I had guided up to the Kaiserstein, and who had then disappeared. I would not touch their money, however, and told the pastor how it all happened, and to give the money to the poor, as I know there would be no luck in it.

"This was the first time that I saw the Bergmand'l."

"And did you ever see it again?" asked the children with one tongue.

"Yes, not half a year ago," returned the grandfather.

"But, grandfather, we have never heard you tell us anything about that."

"Well, then, I tell it you now. You know that, last summer, two gentlemen took it into their heads to have no other guide than old Fellner Franz to take them up the Schneeberg. They had everything very comfortable; they had servants to carry everything, and a pack-horse for the provisions, so that I could walk up quite free. We set off towards evening from Buchberg, and I don't know how it was, but there seemed something about the two gentlemen that reminded me of my old adventure with the Bergmand'l: perhaps it being the same fine sort of moonlight night, might have had something to do with it. But, however, it happened, when we got to the stump of the tree, there was the moon shining through just as before; and there sat the Bergmand'l. But how was he dressed? A coat of Styrian cloth, a Styrian hat, with a feather, and a goat's-beard; and there, as I'm alive, beside him, sat a girl, a young, winsome thing, that I suppose he must have just married, for they seemed to be so taken up with one another, that they did not even notice me. So I got on with my party as quickly as I could, and thought it was better not to look at them, for fear the Bergmand'l should grow angry."

² Well-known heights of Schneeberg.

To this view of the question the children readily assented.

"But what is the matter with 'Loisl,' grandfather?" asked the careful mother.

"Loisl," who, during the latter part of her grandfather's story, had appeared particularly thoughtful, now turned so pale, that her mother led her to her bedroom, and on her return, bitterly reproached the Fellner for the harrowing effect of his tale.

"Let well alone," said the old man, laughing; "I hear a hound and his master that will soon put all to rights," and as he spoke, the Count's forester, accompanied by a fine dog, entered the room, and shaking the snow from his coat, greeted them heartily. He was a fine, frank-looking fellow, of some two-and-twenty. An hour more might have passed, when Fellner Franz went gently to a chamber-door, and "'Loisl,' are ye still awake?" he called, softly.

"I shall not close an eye all night, grandfather."

"Tut, come out, you little puss, the Count's forester is here, and nobody knows anything. He is a brave lad, and his betters all like him. Come, come, you are not angry with me, 'Loisl'?" I have not really betrayed you, and now that you are going to be married, it is all the same."

Instead of an answer, "Loisl" came out, and threw her arms round the neck of the kind old man; he is not altogether such a bad person for a granddaughter to coax, for it is more than whispered, Fellner Franz has no small sum in silver, buried in the ground, according to the custom of his class, who consider that the surest way of laying by their savings is to bury them.

The Bergmand'l is still a mystery, and as I have a decided love of the *marvellous*, I would rather not attempt to clear it up, especially just at this juncture; as I am on the point of bidding farewell to German soil—a long farewell, perhaps, dear reader, to the land where we have gossiped so pleasantly together; to me at least it has been a pleasant gossip. I prefer, therefore, that the recollection of our last associations with it should have at least the charm of mystery. Where I may next break ground remains at present in the category of uncertainties; meanwhile I have made all sorts of preparations for another roving tour, and having thought carefully over, "what to eat, drink, and avoid;" what to wear, and what *not* to wear, I pause before setting off, just to note down some few observations, the result of my cogitations, which, together with

the remarks in a former chapter on where to go and where not to go, I beg to offer as "Hints to Travellers." Everybody knows, quite as well as I do, all that I have *said* and all that I have to *say* on the subject, but no one perhaps, save a roving Englishman, thinks of such little things; I may as well, therefore, remind the reader of them.

CHAPTER XXVII.

HINTS TO TRAVELLERS.

START with as little luggage as possible. A carpet-bag, with a coat-case at bottom, is enough for any man, and a small tin case, to hold a uniform, which is an absolute necessity to a man setting out on the grand tour. For the rest, a plain black morning coat, with grey or brown trowsers and waistcoat, makes the best travelling dress. A black coat, some light dress-waistcoats, and one pair of dress-trowsers, is an ample quantity of outer garments. Six shirts, the same number of pairs of socks, two neck and six pocket handkerchiefs, and a rolling Russian-leather dressing-case; one pair of boots on and one off (elastic kid dress-boots pack best), and a pair of slippers; a "Murray's Guide-book," a case of Mordant's pencils, and a sketch-book; an india-rubber bath, a sponge, and some soap, with a strong purse,—is the most complete "kit" necessary. All the rest is more bother than it is worth. A traveller can get his washing done at any of the great hotels in Europe during the night, and while he is asleep; as his things get shabby, let him buy new ones and give the old away: for, on all the railways on the continent, luggage is charged for almost by the ounce, and a new coat may be bought for half the cost of carrying an old one about for a week. A good cloak is best for travelling in winter; an oilskin cape may be useful in summer; but do not carry either about if you do not want them. It is a good thing to wear a beard in the East, not only because, as in Hungary and many other places, the common people have a sort of respect for it, but because it prevents your face from being caught by the sun, a very painful and ugly accident. Never, however, be talked into putting on Eastern

robes : they are very uncomfortable and perfectly useless, as, however well you speak Arabic or Turkish, the first time you open your lips your accent and phraseology will be sure to betray you ; if only from your not saying Allah Akbar three times in every sentence, and beginning it with a rigmarole salutation. It is wonderful to hear in what an incredible quantity of words Orientals will contrive to wrap up the very smallest grain of meaning. And so, however good a scholar you may be, if you are accustomed to say what you mean in only as many words as are necessary to do so, you will never pass muster amongst them.

Do not be silly enough, either, to lay aside your wideawake for a fez or a turban ; a turban is indeed a good protection against a fierce sun, but the want of a brim will be painfully felt, and its weight, in addition to your own hair, is certain to give you a headache. The same applies to the wearing of almost everything to which you are unaccustomed ; it is certain to gall you at first, as much as a pair of new boots. The European costume also, mean as it is, wins a certain respect from its novelty, when not often seen, and you will do wrong to put it aside for another, however picturesque.

Smoke-coloured spectacles are good to shield your eyes from the intolerable brightness of an Eastern sun, better, I think, than blue ones : a veil, too, is as capital a thing in Egypt as a catskin muff in Russia, and if you have a fine skin, do not be laughed out of using either. I need scarcely say, never be tempted, either by the novelty or the romance of it, to ride upon a camel ; it is the most abominable snare and delusion conceivable, and produces a sensation more like sea-sickness than any other I know of.

In Belgium, and Prussia you may send a small portmanteau or carpet-bag cheapest through the post-office, and it is sure to arrive safely, which is not the case if sent by rail or diligence, or even if taken with you ; and the luxury of being altogether free from baggage in a railway is a thing not to be sneered at.

By all means, let all who can afford it have a good travelling servant, if they wish to enjoy a tour, and have all the trouble of it taken off their hands. There is no denying, however, that it is a great expense ; that is to say, it will more than double the expenses of a single man. A man who means to allow himself £2 a day, however, can afford it very well ; but this is an expensive rate of travelling. Next to a servant, the best and most necessary com-

pauion I know of, is "Murray's Guide-book." The care and excellence with which these books are compiled is really wonderful; but they have one very great fault—they contain too much in one volume, and are a great deal too large. I should like to see little portable guide-books, made like pocket-books, with blank leaves for remarks, and a pocket for passports; so as not to overcrowd a traveller's pocket, and make it stick out as if it held a boiled round of beef. Why not divide each guide-book into parts, in this way, all fitting into a leather case, so that one might take out one at a time? Every separate country, almost, might have a little pocket-book to itself, and Mr. Murray would find his new edition go off like wildfire. Little guide-books of this kind would be the most useful things ever printed, and the handiest. Now the eternal "*Livre Rouge*" stamps an Englishman, and makes him laughed at. Travellers to the East, and places where public conveyances are not always to be had, should provide themselves with a good European saddle and bridle *at the last place on their way where such things can be got*, and not carry them along with them from England. Plenty are to be got at Constantinople, Malta, Gibraltar, Cairo, wherever a man means to begin travelling on his own hook. Never set out for a long ride in the East without a flask of cold tea made without sugar or milk; it is the best and most refreshing tippie ever made, and may be drunk with safety, when cold water would be dangerous. Cold fowls and hard eggs are the best eatables to take in the East, and sometimes in Spain and Greece; but it is the most stupid and snobbish thing possible to carry provisions anywhere upon a high road. If, however, you are too much pressed for time to allow of any halt at all on the road, a few biscuits and a little fruit is the best and cleanest thing to carry. I have also found half a pint of port wine, boiled up with isinglass into a jelly, and taken a (wooden) teaspoonful at a time, a capital tonic for an invalid travelling. The less you eat, without positive annoyance to yourself, the better, and the pleasanter will be your journey. Too much of a tough beefsteak will stop a traveller in Russia altogether. The poorest traveller should never forget that he will find it cheaper to buy what he wants to eat on the road than to take it with him.

The best travelling dress for a lady is dark-blue or black cloth, or merino, a grey shawl, and black bonnet and gloves. In summer, she may venture upon thinner clothes, but had better, as far as

possible, keep to grey, black, and brown, as the best colours on a long journey. The dress should be as close-fitting as possible, yet perfectly easy. Tight lacing has spoiled many a pleasant tour. Flouncings, hanging-sleeves, lace, fringe, will all be found very troublesome. A little morocco-leather companion, full of little pockets, &c. and large enough to hold a change of gloves and pocket-handkerchiefs, and, above all things, a bottle of *eau de Cologne*, is far better than any worked bag or other contrivance. As for the *eau de Cologne*, it is next to a necessity for a lady; as, besides its refreshing qualities on a hot day, in a close railway carriage, it is the best thing possible to purify the bad water often given at inns for purposes of ablution. A lady will find it almost impossible to clean her teeth in the Hamburg water without a dash of *eau de Cologne* in it; and considering a very fair quality may be bought all over Germany at sixpence a bottle, it is by no means an expensive luxury. Boots are better than shoes for travelling, and the prettiest foot and ankle should condescend to submit to them; and let them be by all means dark coloured. Goths of ladies' shoemakers will sometimes persuade the wives of our bosom to put on white or lilac topped boots as good for the dust; and certainly they are, for the dust once on, is more difficult to be got rid of, than was a Scotchman a century ago who had crossed the Tweed. A brown or black parasol, with a border instead of a fringe, is best, and it should have a joint in the stick for carriages. Ladies who are not in time to start by the train they have fixed upon, should be threatened with the penalties of the second class, and for the seventy times seventh offence they should actually be once shown into it, just to frighten them, their obedient cavalier taking care to have first-class tickets in his glove; for second-class carriages are not fit for ladies, and those who cannot travel first class had better stay at home as much as possible. On the continent they are full of men smoking and eating sausages, and in England you may chance to be shut up with a maniac or a felon.* At all events, chairmen and directors, almost as wise as the historical sages of Gotham, seem to think that ladies ought not to travel in the second class, and therefore we are bound, will we, nill we, to agree with them. Children should hardly be taken on

* A friend of mine found himself, a few years ago, shut up in a railway carriage with a maniac, who, seizing him by the throat, nearly strangled him.

a pleasure tour; they are a trouble to themselves and everybody else.

A carriage has now become almost a useless incumbrance; nevertheless, where one is still necessary, it is a silly increase of expense to drag one from England to the place where it is wanted. The best foreign carriages are to be *bought* at Frankfort and Vienna, but good travelling carriages may be hired anywhere. As a rule, four people can travel cheaper in their own carriage than by diligence, and much more pleasantly. A pound a day for each person, or three pounds a day for four persons of one family, is a fair travelling allowance. A hundred pounds a month should pay all expenses, with economy. A single man, however, travelling alone, should never have a carriage, let his rank be what it may, as he will find it cruelly in his way. Five hundred a year should carry a single man pleasantly all over the world. If he takes a servant, his expenses will be, perhaps, seven hundred. A gentleman may live in any continental town, and at the first hotels, for a pound a day, everything included, even pleasure.

It is quite as well, however, to carry a respectable letter of credit, as it puts you on good terms with your banker, often an important person; and in St. Petersburg, Vienna, and many other places, you will have to give a reference to him as to your means of living, or quit the city in three days.

An unceasing source of bother to travellers is the passport system; and any one whose appearance is not quite satisfactory will be summoned to the police-office, perhaps half-a-dozen times, during his residence in a foreign city. If this occurs, he must take especial care to have a sensible interpreter with him; or, if possible, persuade some person, known to be favourable to the government, to accompany him; and, above all things, never lose his temper, as the least hasty word will be seized upon as an excuse for his summary expulsion. A readiness to explain his views and objects, and marked civility to the interrogating official, are his best and surest weapons; but there is also one more.

An Englishman, living in Russia, was perpetually annoyed for some time, by being summoned to the police-office. At last, after having answered the same questions for the ninth or tenth time, he mildly requested his friend at the police (for a sort of intimacy had sprung up between them, from frequent interviews) to inform him, as a pure matter of politeness, why he was harassed so often

on the same subject. Thus gently pressed, the official raised his eyebrows, and, as if by accident, drew open a drawer, which contained a few rubles, and shut it to with a musical jingle. The sound seemed to put him into a cheerful temper, and he gave a sort of smiling explanation, quite refreshing, from its long words and total want of meaning. The Briton, however, understood him; and, after they had shaken hands at parting, the man in office buttoned up his pocket, and assured his visitor, agreeably, that he would not be troubled any more; nor was he.

The means here hinted at, however, must be used cautiously. An Englishman, in Austria, who was summoned before the police, without being able to understand why, put his hand bluffly into his pocket, and offered to see the chief commissioner, without any ceremony but a wink. The next day he was sent to the frontier, for an attempt to bribe a royal and imperial officer in the discharge of his duty. His courier, however, used to say that the eyes of the royal and imperial officer sparkled oddly when the offer was made to him; but looked round the room in despair at the number of witnesses, and the light in his eyes died away.

It is remarkable, also, to witness the ready appreciation of money which characterises custom-house officers. In London, even, they are by no means free from the itching palm of their race; and three several times I have personally witnessed the passing of a very considerable amount of luggage (which might, of course, have contained any quantity of smuggled goods) for half-a-crown. On one occasion, a gentleman, who had been kept waiting a considerable time for his luggage, was addressed by a shabby-looking person, who offered to get it passed for him at once. Unluckily, however, he had not a single shilling of English money: but this did not stand in his way; the shabby-looking gentleman had seen the address on the luggage, and, promising to call next morning for his fee, saw them chalked off at once, *unopened*, and hoisted on a cab. This must be a very good business, and furnishes another intelligible argument for free-trade, or it is not easy to say what will.

In Spain and Italy, except in the Austrian states; in Greece, Turkey, and throughout the East, bribes require no ceremony at all, either in giving or receiving. They seem to be looked upon as a recognised part of salaries.

Tables-d'hôte are not what I have heard say they used to be,

but they are still what I always remember them, for the last ten years, to have been; and that is, nine times in ten, a noisy assembly of wrangling commercial travellers and officers, often something worse than stupid and ill-bred. At fashionable watering-places, like Kreuznach, Ems, Bagnères de Bigorre, and the like, it may still sometimes be permitted for ladies, attended by a strong party of their friends, to dine at a table-d'hôte. Otherwise, I certainly do not recommend it. Ladies are apt to meet with the most unwarrantable rudeness and insult at such places. I give this as no prejudiced man, but as an opinion formed after more experience than most folk. Ladies should avoid tables-d'hôte, as they would Vauxhall or the Casino after twelve o'clock. Fix, therefore, your dinner-hour at least an hour after or before the table-d'hôte. The best way of ordering dinner, at a foreign hotel, is to have it served at so much a head. In France, five francs is a fair average; in northern Germany, a thaler; in Austria and the south, three florins (6s.); in Spain, a dollar and a half (say 6s. 6d.); in Russia you must take what you can get; in Italy, five lire is a fair price for a good dinner. Throughout the East you have seldom any choice, at least—on the day of your arrival.

Pedestrian tours may be taken in Great Britain, some parts of America, all over Germany, and in France (though in some places a solitary pedestrian might attract attention, if well dressed, and meet with annoyance); in Spain, Greece, Italy, and the East, a regular walking tour is not simply dangerous—it is impossible. Riding on horseback will be pleasant, and possible, almost anywhere, to a man who is fond of it, and has time to spare; but in some countries I do not recommend it. Phaeton and four-in-hand driving are expensive, and in bad taste; besides, they make you looked upon as a lion, and in ten days you will find some very neat caricatures going about in society, of which you are the hero. In fact, there is a golden rule in travelling, and that is, "Make yourself as little remarkable, in any way, as possible."

The best means of carrying money is by circular notes; but it is quite as well to have two or three English bank-notes with you, and a little bag of sovereigns. English gold will go anywhere abroad; *English silver is absolutely useless*. Prussian dollars, either in silver or notes, are the best things to carry all over Germany. No Austrian money will pass beyond the frontiers, not even in the Austrian states in Italy. In Spain, French money, and especially five-

franc pieces, have ready currency; also in Italy. The sovereign, the Louis d'or, the thaler, and the five-franc piece, will all and each pass anywhere. Beware, however, of Swiss money, and the small change of the German principalities; beyond the country where they are coined, so many cheese-parings are quite as useful. A Bavarian waiter "wondered that 'a gentleman' should carry Austrian money in his purse." For this reason, bank-notes, or circular-notes, should be for as small an amount as possible—for ten pounds in Batzer or Kreuzer, and Groschen, by way of change, are seven pounds lost.

It need hardly be said that one of the most important requisites for a traveller is some knowledge of the language of the country to which he is going. There is but one way of acquiring it rapidly, and it is not a very agreeable one, viz. to seclude yourself altogether from the society of your countrymen; take lodgings in the house of some one who speaks no language but his own, taking care, however, not to act upon the principle of *La Fayette Ryler*, engage a foreign servant, read resolutely the local papers every morning, and go to the theatre, as to a lecture, every evening. There are few languages that will not yield to a resolute attack of this kind in about six weeks. An ordinary language-master is little use, unless you make a companion of him, and then he is generally insufferably tedious. Newspapers, novels, poetry, anything that you find interesting to your own peculiar taste, will get you on faster in a language than all the set studies that were ever bungled over by dunces.

A friend of mine, who had been living a few months in Greece, was surprised, one morning as he sat at breakfast, to hear his servant, an Englishman, having a loud dispute with the laundress, in Greek, about some missing articles of linen.

"I say, John," said my friend, secretly wishing that he could argue with the washerwoman in the same language, "where did you learn Greek?"

"I never hear any thing else, sir," replied the man; servants never answer straightforwardly. "I have been obliged to learn it," defending himself as if he had committed a fault, "because the washerwoman and such like people do not understand anything else. Your acquaintances, you see, sir, all speak French; but that is not the case with mine."

"Well, I should be glad if mine for the nonce, John, spoke Greek also," said my friend.

For the rest, in your intercourse with foreigners, avoid the least pride or stiffness of manner. Do not expect them to give you dinners, or to lend you money if you get into a serape, for they will do neither. They will laugh at you, whether you agree to it or not; therefore it is as well to submit with a good grace. Foreigners do not all of them think England is the finest country in the world, and they will not be taught; neither can many of them ride, drive, hunt, shoot, fish, box, or play at cricket, nor do they find conversation on these subjects so entertaining as Christchurch men and cornets of cavalry. But they will sing with you, play the piano, dominoes, or even chess. They will dance, flirt, walk, talk, and make merry with you, and spout poetry and ethics by the yard. In a word, if you are good-natured, you must be very hard to please if you do not get on with them. Of one thing, however, I have gradually become quite certain, and the oldest traveller who ever worried his grandchildren with incredible stories will certainly agree with me in his heart: a year of foreign travel may be good for any one. It enlarges the mind and teaches a lesson never forgotten through life, a lesson of universal love, toleration, and doubt of our own exclusive merits. After this an Englishman is much better at home, and whatever we may think when it is over, travelling is a very troublesome business while it lasts.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A FEW MORE HINTS.

IN travelling, anything like hurry should be avoided; it is better to see one country carefully than to scamper over three. Unluckily, few persons seem to understand this, and consequently carry home little else than impressions of railroads, hotels, and steam-packets, ending their journey thoroughly knocked up. I met a Scotch clergyman at Frankfort, and he was going on to Berlin, though he had never been abroad before, and had only a fortnight for his trip. He was a pale, thin man, with light straggling frightened hair, and in a perpetual state of nervous excitement.

I am afraid, too, he had a purse too light to carry him comfortably so far. He would have passed his time much more usefully and pleasantly if he had crossed over from Dover to Ostend, and wandered leisurely over the glorious old cities of Belgium, with their noble church architecture and pleasant memories of olden chivalry, and painters who were almost princes. His fortnight might have been enough for the lakes of Cumberland, or even, as times go, perhaps for Holland. But what, except a silly jumble of ideas, could he expect to carry home after fourteen days spent in galloping through Belgium, part of Prussia, Nassau, Darmstadt, Frankfort, Hanover, Brunswick, and half a dozen other places?

As a rule, a young man travelling to complete his education should pass at least three months in each of the great countries of Europe, or he is likely to carry away a very incorrect idea of each. He should spend six weeks or two months in the capital, to gather the full fruit of his letters of introduction; and of these it is impossible to carry too many. After which he may take wing, and use the rest of his time in visiting the chief objects of interest in the provinces. Generally he will find three days quite sufficient to give to the most celebrated places; though Seville, Cordova, Cologne, Antwerp, Amsterdam, and more towns than I can at this moment call to mind are fairly entitled to as much time as he has to spare. This must, however, of course be regulated in a great measure by his own tastes. While in the capital, also, he should endeavour to obtain as many letters of introduction as possible to persons of influence residing in other parts of the country. They will be useful to him in innumerable cases; and he should never allow a habit of laziness and indifference, apt enough to creep over travellers, to prevent his making use of them. He will thus learn, in a month, more of the real state of politics and manners in a country than he could otherwise get at in a year. It is as well too, now and then, to take a pedestrian ramble for a couple of days, and throw himself upon his own resources in unfrequented places. I think well also of Lord Bacon's advice, that while in the capital he should change his lodgings from one quarter of the town to another; but never to a neighbourhood which has a bad sanitary repute, or indeed a bad repute of any other kind. If he has a fancy for exploring, it is easy enough to do so in his walks, and, accom-

panied by a good guide, without going to live among vagabonds ; a proceeding by which he cannot possibly obtain any good.

As for companions and acquaintances, the more he has the better, and he can choose those with whom he will be most happy, either from an assimilation of ideas, tastes, or what not. Let him be very cautious, however, never to be drawn into conversations on politics, for his very valet is almost certain to be a spy ; and at least one out of every half-dozen people he meets has a sharper eye on him than he thinks. If, therefore, he wishes to get at facts, let him keep his opinions to himself, whatever they may be. He must not forget, either, that he will be often wilfully misled, sometimes by dunces, and sometimes by persons interested in inoculating him with their own views ; for it is generally thought that an Englishman travelling, is making notes for a book, to be published when he gets home. Perhaps the safest companions he can have, after the gentlemen of his own embassy, are officers in the army and navy ; or, as these are often dull fellows enough, let him look out for some pleasant old librarian, or keeper of a museum ; their acquaintance is easily made, and from them a fund of information may be often obtained, which is very well worth having. Englishmen long established in any foreign country are generally full of prejudices against it, and all they say should be received with a good deal of doubt and a resolution to judge for one's self. I do not know any class I dislike so much to meet as Englishmen permanently residing abroad ; and it is always as well to learn what they are about, and what brought them there before becoming at all intimate with them ; or you are likely enough to find yourself mixed up with some extremely pleasant fellow, who has just been defrauding the revenue, or robbing a savings-bank ; and so get avoided by other people. If any such gentry too, once hook themselves to a young man of rank, they will soon contrive to make themselves necessary to him, or at the least, a bore that he cannot get rid of. There is another thing also, that it is impossible to press too much on the attention of travellers, and that is, to avoid all intimacy with persons who have become obnoxious to the government. A sensible fellow will have nothing at all to do with foreign reformers. He may read anything they have to say, so as to become possessed of all the *pros* and *cons* of any important question, but there his curiosity should end. We cannot estimate rightly the merits of foreign statesmen, without a very long resi-

dence in the country which they govern, and a careful and thoughtful study of the previous history of its people and the exact state of its present politics. We should, therefore, take its laws and institutions as we find them, and be very doubtful, even as to our own judgment, when we think we see anything to condemn: our opinions being based upon our own education and previous training, and having grown up in our minds from a wholly different system to any in force elsewhere. We may be right, and we think we are right; but after all, we only *think* so; and many good and wise men differ with us; so that we have no right to propagate ideas which may be ill-founded, at the probable expense of a great deal of mischief. We have no right either, whilst enjoying the hospitality of any foreign country, to give our countenance to either party in a quarrel which we do not thoroughly understand; and we never do understand foreign quarrels, let ignorance and flippancy say what they will. This is how the matter stands in the mind of any sensible man who will give himself the trouble to think about it; and there are other reasons equally cogent to make him act prudently on this point: among others, that if he does mix himself up with foreign politics, he is very likely to make the acquaintance of foreign prisons,—an object which I certainly would not travel to accomplish. If you would, my friend, do so, with all my heart; but you will not live so pleasantly in any one of them as at your hotel. If you doubt me, ask Mr. Gladstone.

I said something about the expenses of travelling, in a former chapter; let me return to the subject. A friend of mine, a young gentleman in a very good position in life, left Paris last May, and returned to it last September. During this time he travelled over the greater part of Europe and the East, going even to Palestine. He had, indeed, no servant, but he took first-class places on all railroads, and a seat in the *coupés*, or best part of *diligences* (called *cil-wagen** in Germany, because they go so slow), and he halted always at the best hotels. He was a quiet, modest fellow, however, and did not think it worth while to get a headache by drinking bad champagne at dinner, because it is expensive. I dare say he did not scold the waiters either, and so have to pay for his lordly airs; neither could he have bought a great quantity of useless things, and it is probable that he went to the stalls of theatres instead of

* Fast carriage,—as a pleasant satire, I suppose, on their rate of progression.

taking a private box; seeing better and not paying so much. Well, when my friend got home, he found that in precisely four months, he had spent, purchases included, the sum of exactly three thousand francs, or one hundred and twenty pounds sterling.

A trip up and down the Rhine (keeping clear of Homburg, which, as I have before remarked, is a dreary, tattling, little watering place, and not on the road, and I do not advise anybody to go thither), may be done very jollily for twenty pounds; a party of three or four may perhaps do it for less, if they cut close and would not have wax candles to go to bed by, in spite of the frantic rush of the waiters to light them. A party of young college-men, meeting at Bonn, in 1818, travelled subsequently over Switzerland on foot, for fifteen pounds a head; but then they were Germans, and I know one of that enthusiastic nation (son of one of the first scholars in Europe), who came from Bremen to London, with just three pounds in his pocket, and stayed in England exactly one month upon it, working his passage out and home before the mast. He says he found it very good fun, and I dare say he did; I am sure I should be proud of such a feat, and so would any spirited lad who wished to see the world. I must confess, however, that his hands, afterwards, were not very much like those of a writing master at a ladies' school, and that when he called at my lodgings in London, he was supposed by the servant to be a smuggler.' It is a frolic, too, that won't do for any man much under twelve stone, however light-hearted.

An agreeable ramble, for a week, over the lakes of Cumberland, need not cost more than ten pounds; and you may go through most of the scenery of Scott's novels for an additional fifteen. In 1817, I went from Edinburgh to the Trosachs, with a party of three others; we were three days absent, returning by Glasgow, and spent just three pounds ten shillings a head. I do not recommend any one who has really a taste for beautiful scenery, to go abroad for it till he has seen Grasmere and Windermere, Loch Katrine and Loch Lomond, and "Stirling's tower and town." And as for the lakes of Killarney, in Ireland, he will really find nothing so lovely the whole world over. I think that the river, from Cove to Cork, is incomparably more beautiful than the boasted scenery between Ronen and Havre; and I have never seen a mountain which struck me as more grand and solemn than Ben-Ledi, especially if seen as I saw it, whilst smoking a cigar, one

evening, in the pretty garden of Mrs. Stewart's inn, at Ardnacrochan, by moonlight.

There is another unspeakable charm in our home scenery, and one which belongs to no other. It is mixed up with the history and the legends of our own land; and we can listen by the fire, or sitting on the stump of some old traditional tree, by moonlight, to the dark superstitions of the peasantry, and thus learn to understand the hearts and feelings of our own countrymen; a knowledge, I should say, quite as useful to a public man (and, thank Heaven, we are all public men in England), as anything he may learn on the banks of the Rhine or the Danube,—beautiful as are the sweet dreams of the old German bards, and the stirring songs and wild tales of the Magyar and the Wallack. Beside, there is another thing I have altogether forgotten,—we can understand the picturesque language of our own peasantry, with a thought in every phrase; but how few of us can feel the true charm of a foreign *patois*, and who, when tired at night, cares to puzzle himself with it? In the one case, a talk with a rural worthy is the most refreshing thing I know of to a faded town mind; in the other, it is—what is it, dear reader? I am afraid it is a bore, and that a fair part of what we read in travellers' tales on such subjects, should have been written by Baron Munchausen (I do not mean the minister), or by that charming old rover, the right veracious Sir John Mandeville.

It is a great nuisance to be obliged to make a bargain with your innkeeper immediately on your arrival, and therefore it is the last thing a smart man will do, however slender his purse may be. He is sure to get the worst room in the house by it, and will sleep none the cheaper, beside looking small and being thought a quizz. Indeed, I need not tell the observant individual who has ever crossed the Channel, that of all travellers, the variety "*l'Anglais tourist*," is looked upon as the finest game; and immediately on his arrival, the whole household are agog to laugh at him. No matter, therefore, how poor you are, take up your quarters quietly in the rooms they give you, if you do not want to be roasted for the amusement of the waiter: and as a means of checking extortion, order up your bill every night. If you then go into the landlord's private room, and in the course of a quiet conversation with him, object to any item you consider too much, you will find your expenses diminished in the most polite way possible. If, on the other hand, you prefer summoning the waiter, by half-a-dozen

furiously pulls at your bell, and after having thundered at him for five minutes quite unintelligibly and to his great delight, proceed to vent your Britannic indignation at rognery on mine host in person (if you can find him), you are very likely to get red faces all together, as the discussion waxes warm, but your bill will remain undiminished to the end of time.

Another mistake economical people often make, is that of going to bad hotels. Englishmen should always use the best, and if possible, that most frequented by their own countrymen; for the proprietors of out-of-the-way little taverns will be sure to have heard such fabulous accounts of the depth of our pockets, that the bills they make out are surprising. I remember arriving in Rouen late one night, and having missed the last train to Paris, I turned into the first miserable little inn I could find near the railroad, to pass the few hours before the first train started in the morning. I had supper and a bed; such a bed! if certain little animals in it had only been unanimous, they might easily have dislodged me, but fortunately they were French, and there was division in their councils. They *mored* me, however, and pretty briskly; I do not think I ever passed such a lively night in my life; and in the cold, grey, damp atmosphere of a Norman morning in spring, I found myself shivering before my hostess, asking for my bill. My hair felt like wire, and I am sure my face must have looked like a badly cooked plum pudding; it felt so swollen and bumpy, from the offensive operations of the enciny on the previous night. My bill, however, was four times as much as I should have paid at the first hotel in the town. But there was no help for it, and in the course of a rather brisk conversation, in which I remonstrated, mine hostess (as pretty a little specimen of a French virago as you would wish to see) let out the whole secret, by telling me frankly, that she had never before seen a pigeon of my species; she determined, therefore, to pluck me, and she did.

As a rule, it is a good plan never to negotiate with the waiter about an overcharge or an inconvenience, but always with the landlord in person, and if possible when nobody else is present. Always pay up your bill, too, some hours before you start, or you will find half-a-score of complaints, perhaps, to make, and nobody to hear them. Mine host nearly always takes care to be out of the way after sending in an extortionate bill to a departing guest, and out of the way he will remain till you are safely off, and

nobody else can help you. Mine host is, indeed, as full of tricks as a pantomime, especially if an Italian; so that it is better always to keep a tight hand on him.

CHAPTER XXIX.

TRAVELLING SERVANTS.

I THINK a travelling party ought to be limited to three, with a good courier, and a good-tempered lady's-maid, if there be a lady. This will just fill a carriage, and for so many, no more, rooms may generally be found at the same inn. Of course, in saying this, I am not speaking of the immense barrack-like hotels of Germany, which are large enough to lodge an army. But I have known (in Spain, and some other places) a numerous party very uncomfortably divided, and even some of those who formed it obliged to go on another stage for want of a place to sleep in. In all parties, one of the number ought to be appointed captain, or general director, by which arrangement the expenses of all will be diminished at least a third. I do not think that the management of the purse need form an essential part of a courier's duties; and, indeed, when I understand the language and manners of a country, I like to do this part of the business myself. It certainly, however, saves a great deal of trouble, and often ill-blood enough to spoil a day, if you walk quietly away from your hotel of a morning, and leave your courier to settle everything, and follow with the carriage and luggage. The struggle is between care and economy, and the victory must be determined by your purse; one thing is certain, that if you allow your courier to be paymaster, he will receive certain fixed and regular perquisites, to him belonging in that capacity, and which have filled the pockets of those who handle other people's money from time immemorial. He may also get your bills (what is, I think, called) *saltee*, besides; that is, an addition made to the usual price of things for his especial benefit, and varying according to his knowledge of your ignorance of the country and the strength of your purse.

I would rather have a good travelling servant—a valet, for instance, who had lived with me for some time, who expected to

remain with me, and in whom I could place confidence—than any professed courier. The courier proper is too independent and important a personage for anybody but a Brummagem lord, with the guineas of half Lombard Street in his pocket, and their ponderous consequence in his noddle. I have seen my friend, the professional courier, who may be called the free-lance among servants, treat those he was pleased to look upon as inferior people, with great contempt. Worse, too, if the party he was conducting arrived at an out-of-the-way place, where good things were scanty: he would take the best, even to the longest and widest bed—an immense advantage in foreign inns—and his employers, of course, fared upon what creaped the lion's share. There is another important difference also; your regular courier will ask at least ten pounds a month, which he takes very good care to convert, by devices to him familiar, into twenty; while your travelling servant, even the very best, will feel himself happy indeed with less than half. The best men-servants on the continent seldom, if ever, get more than from three to five pounds a month; finding themselves both in food and clothes when stationary, though you cannot, of course, expect them to do this while travelling. A friend of mine, indeed, residing in Vienna, had a smart Hungarian, costume, moustache, and all—a baron, too, besides—for one pound sterling a month! He opened the door with a sort of flourish that quite took a visitor's breath away; and if he had not had an unfortunate propensity for indulgence in strong waters (when he was rather dangerous company), he would have been quite a grand addition to any household.

If it were not for their plaguy nobility, which makes them impudent and untrustworthy in their cups, Hungarians would indeed make excellent servants. They are brave, strong, gay, good-natured,—they laugh at fatigue, can live on anything, and will grow as attached as Irishmen to those with whom they live. I had an excellent fellow once from Presburg, and we lived for a long time in great harmony. I was as proud of him as ever Sterne could have been of La Fleur, for he was one of the handsomest, smartest, and best-tempered men possible. He could do everything—from varnishing a boot (he took great pride in his boots, and great interest in a pair of rather elaborate English boot-trees I had, which I found him often taking to pieces and putting together again, for the amusement of a numerous court) to grilling a chicken with

red peppers, or roasting an egg. At last, however, he got drunk—once, twice, often every day—and went a wooing in my clothes; he even went to the extent of borrowing my name and getting in debt for me; and at last the evil day came, and I found him out. I felt very much disposed to lecture and keep him; but the thing was impossible. The whole town, a small one, was in an uproar about him, for he had actually appeared at a public ball in my uniform, and danced with one of the stiffest-backed old maids of the place, who was half wild about it. Reluctantly, therefore, I was obliged to bid him good bye, and in the course of doing so, being led into some rather sharp remarks, he drew himself up, answered grandly, said he was a noble, and actually *challenged* me. Indeed, mortally afraid of some ridiculous scene, I was glad enough to get rid of him by changing my tone; and at last he left me, with the bow of a prince, and a speech that nobody but an Hungarian—or an Irishman—would have had the consummate impudence to make.

A plague on their nobility: I had a French valet, too, who said, and, I believe, with truth, that he was the representative of one of the most ancient families in France, and showed me documents proving his descent from one who had made a figure in the twelfth century. Of course, he robbed me—robbed me in a mean, dirty way, that might have done disgrace even to a thimble-rig man—and then wrote me a letter, such a letter! all about his nobility, and his sword, and his shield, and his honour (!), with all the rest of it; but I never heard of him afterwards.

In the East, a good servant is almost indispensable; but avoid an Englishman, unless you can completely rely on him. English servants are the most womanly set of grumblers under the sun, and are in constant fear of being eaten up by savages. Maltese are good fellows for travelling in the East, but they are, scandal apart, a terrible set of rogues. If you do not know your servant very well, take care always to have his passport, and certificates of character, &c., in your possession; *and do not let him know where you keep them*. Never give a Maltese his own way, either, unless you see good reason for it. They are as full of tricks as a pantomime. Choose some active fellow who has been over the ground before, and not much over thirty, or he will very likely knock up; for travelling in the East wants sound health and a light heart. A good travelling servant should have an inexhaustible

genius for invention; be able to clean guns, pitch tents, mend broken harness, have a call for cookery, and be a merry, pleasant-tempered fellow, with the strength of a Welch pony,—a sort of fellow who does not know what a difficulty means, and can bargain and wrangle like Andrew Fairservice, but with better humour. A surly servant is a weary dog.

If there is one thing more than another which travelling will do for a thinking man, it is the honest and hearty contempt that it will instill into him inevitably, and no matter with what ideas he started, for birth without worth,—Heaven and earth!—what is this nonsense to which we have been so long bowing the knee? What, in the name of common sense, can it matter to any human being who were the ancestors of a dullard or a rogue? What is there to be proud of, in the thought that your great-grandmother was the mistress of a prince, or that the founder of your family ravished wealth from the helpless in an unjust war, or received nobility from a king for betraying his country?

And then, would not reflection tell the greatest goose that ever prided himself upon his ancestry, that one need not go very far back to find the whole of the inhabitants of a country related to each other, in degrees of consanguinity more or less remote?

Thus far pride of birth may go, and no farther. A man who comes of a wealthy house can give, in early life, at least, a sort of pledge to the world that he does not go into society with sinister intentions, and that is all; for we have only to look at the sons of the best and greatest men who ever lived, to see that no one virtue or good quality, no grace,—no, not even common sense or common honesty, is hereditary. Out upon such vulgar nonsense as muddles the brains (if they have any) of Tufts and Tuft-hunters, with the first Christian baron, with the bearer of the high-sounding name of Montmorenci in the house of correction for a libel! To dignity and honour, which a man has fairly won in the strife of the world, all hail! They may be the just reward of wisdom and integrity; at all events, they are the meed promised to it; but a fig for a man whose only claims to respect are the honours of his grandfather.

Our hereditary nobility is bad and nonsensical enough, where there is usually only one of a stock: but, abroad, they swarm over the land like flights of locusts, and are usually so base and mean, so

low, so utterly worthless, as a class (I am not, of course, speaking of individuals), that no wonder, when writing of a roguish valet, I was reminded of them.

CHAPTER XXX.

A BRACE OF BLUNDERS.*

I ARRIVED at Bayonne from Paris by the *malle-poste* one glorious morning. How well I remember it! The courier who used to play an important part in the economy of the old French *malle-poste* was the most irritable man I ever saw. He quarrelled with every one and every thing on the road. I fancy he was liable to some slight penalty in the event of reaching Bayonne later than a given hour, but had the penalty been breaking on the wheel he could not have been more anxious to drive at full speed.

Here let me note, by the way, that the pace of a French courier, in the good old times, was the most tremendous pace at which I have ever travelled behind horses. It surpassed the helter-skelter of an Irish mail. The whole economy of the *malle-poste* was curious. No postillion ever drove more than one stage; mortal arms could not have continued flogging any farther. The number of the horses was indefinite,—now there were four, presently five or six or seven, four again or eight, all harnessed with broken bits of rope and wonders of fragmentary tackle. The coach-box on which the postillion used to sit was the minutest iron perch to which the body of a man could hook itself. The coach itself was britzka-shaped, with room for two: one traveller, one guard.

It was in this conveyance that I travelled over the frightful hills between Bordeaux and Bayonne. When we neared any descent a mile or two long, the postillion regularly tied the reins loosely to some part of the frail box, seized the whip, and flogged and shouted until down we went with a great rush, dashing and

* One of these blunders will illustrate the mistakes to which I have alluded in a former chapter, which sometimes occur in consequence of being *hors de règle* about one's passport.

rocking from side to side, while my irate friend plied a sort of iron drag or rudder, with the enthusiastic gestures of a madman. Watching my time, when, after one of these frantic bouts, my friend sank back exhausted and quite hoarse with all his roaring, I quietly offered him a bunch of grapes which I had bought at Tours: their grateful coolness made the man my friend eternally; but had I offered him a captain's biscuit at that moment I could not have answered for the consequences. So much depends on judgment in the timing of a gift.

On our arrival at Bayonne the first notable thing I saw was a *gen-d'arme*, who asked me for my passport. I had none. He looked grave; but I, young in travel, pushed him aside cavalierly, and bade my servant, who had arrived the day before, see to my luggage. The cocked-hat followed me into the inn, but, bidding him be off, I walked into a private sitting-room, of which a bed was a prominent article of furniture. I ordered for my breakfast some boiled ham and eggs, and was informed that I could not have ham, though in Bayonne. I should be served with chocolate and sugar-sticks, pump-water and milk-bread. While breakfast was preparing the cocked-hat arrested me, and marched me off to the police-office.

"Your passport?" said the inspector.

"My breakfast," said I.

"You are under arrest," said the inspector; and so I was.

Then I referred to the consul, with whom I had a sort of second-hand acquaintance, and who offered to provide me with a passport, but his offer was declined. I was conducted to the *préfet*. The *préfet* transferred me to the *procureur du roi*, whom I unhappily disturbed when he was sitting down to breakfast. I apologized for my unavoidable intrusion.

"Pray don't mention it," said he, "I take cold fish for breakfast and iced coffee," so he sat down and listened to my tale, and said that I must be detained.

"Impossible!" I cried; I have sent on my money and my baggage to Madrid."

"Many political agitators have slipped through Bayonne," replied the *procureur*. "Write to Lord Hervey, and when a passport comes for you from Paris you can pass the frontier; not before."

Of course he said he was "desolated," as he bowed me out, at

liberty to reside at the hotel under the lacqueyship of two *gend'armes*, who waited on me night and day. A crowd had gathered to witness my return from the house of the *procureur*, and ladies thronged to balconies. Rumour had, in fact, created me Condé de Montemolin.

Henceforth, until my passport came, I was peeped at through doors by all manner of men, and encountered accidentally in passages by all manner of women; one hand hindered me from sleeping in my bed, another played to me at dinner, and both expected payment for their services, until the passport came and brought me so much degradation as enabled me to step uncared for into the common *diligence*, and travel on.

It has occurred to many other people to be mistaken in some such way, and more than once it has occurred to people to make, on their own account, a certain blunder, which Goldsmith has immortalized; this blunder I, when I ought to have known better, was incautious enough one day to commit.

During my tour through the bye-ways of Germany, on horseback, I found myself, one summer morning, drawing near to the small town of Maikommen, in the Palatinate. Though the dawn had been cloudless, the noon threatened a storm; and already the big drops struck on the ground. Respect for my baggage, which consisted of two shirts, three books, and a pair of stockings, bade me look for shelter.

The heavy drops fell faster, as I cantered on at a brisk pace; and just at the entrance of the little town, rode through a pair of broad gates, into what I took for the inn-yard. Having stabled my horse in a remarkably clean stall, I ran into the house, and got under cover just as the first peal of thunder rattled among the distant hills, and the rain had begun plashing down in earnest. A pretty child sucked its thumbs in the passage. "Quick, little puss," said I, shaking the raindrops from my hat, "tell somebody to come to me."

"Mamma," the child cried, running from me, "here is a strange gentleman."

A pleasant-looking woman, with a homely, German face, came out of an adjoining room, with the child clinging to her dress, and asked me what I wanted.

"Some dinner," I answered, "and a bottle of your best wine."

"Go and tell father to come," said the woman, looking at me

cariously. A tall, good-humoured man, of about fifty, made his appearance, and I repeated my desire in a tone somewhat more authoritative. He laughed, and the wife laughed, and the child shrieked with laughter. But I had met with many curiosities among the German innkeepers in remote country-places, and being willing to let these people see that, though an Englishman, I also was good-humoured, I joined their laugh, and then asked, with a grave face, when the *table-d'hôte* would be served.

"We keep no *table-d'hôte*," replied the husband.

"Well," I said, "but, notwithstanding, you will let me have some dinner; I have come a long way, and it is far to the next town. Besides, it rains."

"Certainly, it rains," replied the man, with a phlegmatic look over the puddles in the courtyard.

At this moment a clattering of plates, a steam of soup, and a sweet odour of fresh cucumbers, attracted my attention. I said immediately that I was quite willing to dine at their own table. By this time the child had got over its fear, and was at play with my riding-whip; a few caressing words of mine, towards the little one, had reassured its mother; she spoke for a moment in *patois*—which I did not understand—with her husband, and then bade the servant lay another knife and fork.

I rather liked my landlord's eccentricity, so, tapping him upon the shoulder in a friendly way, I desired that he would let me have a bottle of his very best wine; and, by way of propitiating him further, I feigned to have heard a good deal of his cellar, and requested to see it.

"O, very well," he said; "follow me, if you please."

He took me down into a cellar, capitally stocked, and there we tasted a good many wines. My landlord seemed to be in the best temper.

"And what," I asked, "is the price of that white wine, in the thin long-necked bottles?" I despair of getting its colossal name down upon paper; he gave it a great many syllables, and said that it was the choicest and most expensive wine he had. "Then," said I, "that is what we will drink to-day. I will take a bottle to myself, and you another; you shall drink it with me."

"You are very kind," he said; "but let me recommend some other bin, for this wine you will find is—is—very heady."

I thought that, like a thrifty host, he had some qualms about

my means of paying for it; so I seized manfully a bottle in each hand, and crying "Come along," accompanied the host into the dining-room.

The wine deserved its praise, and, opening our hearts, soon made us famous friends. I had been pleased with the scenery about this quiet nook, and being master of my time, and very comfortable, I made up my mind, and said—"I tell you what, my friend; I shall send for my things from Heidelberg, and stop here for a week or two."

The laughter again pealed out; but my host, who, probably, had seen quite enough of a guest who insisted upon drinking his best wine, put on a grave face; it looked like an innkeeper's face, when he is buckling himself up to strike a bargain. To save him trouble, I at once said that I would pay three florins a day for myself, and one for the accommodation of my horse.

"He thinks we keep an inn!" the little child screamed, through her laughter. I collapsed instantly.

CHAPTER XXXI.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

I AM in Turkey, staying at a little out-of-the-way place on a hill that overlooks the capital. I have been ill—am well, and this is my first afternoon out of house-bounds for many restless days. As I sit contemplating the scene before me, I almost think I am dreaming, so strange and unreal does everything seem around.

I do not think that, in the wide world, there is another spot so lovely as Constantinople. Travellers will talk of Naples and Rio, of Dublin and the Bay of Algiers, but they are not to be compared with the soft and wondrous beauty of magnificent Constantinople.

There it lies, by the water's side, embedded in misty blue hills, and with its thousand minarets glittering in the sun, the constant light of which one might fancy had turned them into gold. A mystic veil, finer than gossamer, seems to hang over the landscape, mellowing it; and the eye rests upon its broad valleys and its deep ravines unstrained and delighted. Let us stand upon this hill and look down. Upon the clear blue waters, light and

sparkling palaces are reflected on its ripples, until there seems another and a gentler world lying beneath them. The small sails of a legion of little boats skim along like scargulls with their wings spread. Swift pleasure-boats, or caiques, pull their holiday-making passengers hither and thither, as rapidly as English wherries; or bustling steamers paddle noisily to and fro; and, here and there, lie two monarchs of the Western waters—men-of-war—silent, dark, and ominous. Up yonder hill rides a Mussulman, mounted upon a bright bay horse of great power and beauty; but a little low in the shoulder, and short in the pastern. He is going at a rapid pace; and a groom on foot—the invariable attendant of a Mussulman gentleman—is trying hard to keep up with him. The rider wears the manly beard and monstache of the Oriental, and is dressed in a European costume, which sits ungracefully upon him; but he still wears the red cap of the country, the distinctive mark of his race.

A little farther on, climbing the same hill, is a European lady in her carriage. It is a gingerbread affair, and does not look very safe; but she sits in it grandly, and queens it over the bankers' wives when she drives past them in the city. It is a stately thing to have a carriage at Constantinople; and excitable small boys, with little eyes and sallow complexions, huzzah as it goes by, with bump and jingle enough to take the conceit out of all Long-Acre.

Look, too, at yon wild Greek horseman dashing across the plain. What a fine fellow he looks, with his gallant steed, and his dark locks floating in the wind!

At the road-side, close under where I sit, are a party of veiled women. They royster along, with unsteady gait, rolling from side to side, and laughing. Their eyes flash and sparkle like diamonds in black settings through their thin gossamer veils, and their complexions are like alabaster. They are talking about charms and love-philters: they believe in magic.

Beautiful Constantinople! What a halo of love and poetry surrounds it: what a wild romance,—what a bright and wondrous fascination!

Go in, must I? Well, needs must when the doctor drives. But it does not much matter; my windows are all open and the gay breeze comes flaunting through them, dallying with the curtains, and then, like a false lover, hastening away—far, far away—deep into

the country, over the blue hills and along the sparkling sea, over gardens and minarets, over bowers and summer-houses, fluttering round the robes of dark-eyed maidens, and about the pipe-bowls of fat pashas; he fills the sail, he speeds the bark, he freshens the wave, and dances among the flowers, coming back to me laden with their varied perfumes.

Hark! to the salutes, how they boom and roar out from the fort, and then to the unequal guns replying, as they come from the larboard or starboard side of a vessel just arrived! Joyful sounds! There will be letters—letters from the homeland, the dear, dear homeland—writing from loved hands, writing which I shall kiss with tears of gratitude and speechless affection. You little know, beloved ones at home, what letters are to us, far away. There they lie, the messengers of truth and tenderness. How I rifled their contents, how my eye hurried from line to line, how my heart stopped till I knew that all was well with those dearer to me than life and fame; and then, what a blessed and satisfied joy fell upon my heart, like dew from heaven.

Now I shall enjoy them quietly bit by bit; spell through each word, linger over every phrase, read them over and over again, and laugh at simple things in the very wantonness of joy—joy that I have not known since the post came in last; it was as lovely a morning then as it is now, and as it will be ten days hence when it comes in again.

What shall I do all day? Shall I read my letters over and over again, lounging on the sofa and listening to the rich song of the birds between every one, as a kind of chorus? I feel quite capable of doing it. I am quite happy and lazy enough for anything. Shall I break bounds, have round my horse and spend an Arab day among the hills and woodlands, carrying my dinner with me and eating it beneath the trembling trees, and beside some sparkling fountain? Shall I take a caique, and go over to another quarter of the world (it is but a stone's throw, and I may be back to dinner), with books and pencils? Or shall I go a gadding from house to house, taking my joy and high spirits with me, spreading them as far as they will go, letting others share in them? I feel, after all this news of home, as if I could take the whole world to my heart and bid it rejoice with me. But this exuberance of delight must not prevent my telling the reader something about Constantinople.

What people have agreed to call society does not exist here. There is a little too much secrecy at Constantinople; too many hatreds and cabals, too many petty jealousies of all kinds—a little too much diplomacy, in short; somebody's colleague is always doing something that his other colleagues are not to know. Rather dull work this, but so it is; and the very dogs and cats about the place have a secret and confidential air belonging to them. It is not that there is anything really which is or which ought to be kept secret; but it is a way we have got to be secret and confidential, and secret and confidential we shall remain to the end of time, or the reign of plain common sense. As it is we are very much too fond of tricks and summersets; and if Constantinople were full of trap-doors, we could not go to our next neighbour in a more mysterious way than we do. The very tradespeople learn the trick of it; and your tailor asks for his little bill in such a secret and confidential manner, as to take your breath away with the apprehension of some imminent disaster. It must have been long before the memory of any living man, that a plain question has been plainly asked, or plainly answered at Constantinople. And I have a very strong private opinion, though I am far too secret and confidential to mention it, even to my own shadow, that this little fact accounts for a great many of the causes of the milk in the cocoanuts. In fact, I should have serious thoughts of making a subterraneous passage from my lodgings at Pera to the hotel where I dine, in order to be able to come and go with proper secrecy and confidence, but am deterred by the expense.

Allah Aelibar! God is great! we do not want society, to be happy; and after a certain age, friends, without they are very intimate, contribute very little to one's comfort or amusement. They are well worth having: indeed, the more one sees of men and manners the better; and no one should ever miss an opportunity of increasing his acquaintance with either. But varnished boots and Jouvin's gloves seem vanished from Constantinople; and the man who lives there must find an occupation which makes him independent of others, if he would not have his time hang heavily on his hands. It is hardly worth while to pass it at French toy-shops; or at twopenny whist; or in playing the accordion; or in learning to jump over a chair backwards; or in twiddling one's moustachios. Even this beautiful world was not made to gambol in; honest and healthy labour are the terms on which we live at

peace with ourselves and in the respect of others, and not even Paradise since the fall would be sweet without them. But if in a land so virgin and so lovely as this an Englishman cannot find better things to do than those enumerated, why I am not quite sure that I should care to make *his* acquaintance It is five o'clock! the warm glow of the sun is passing away, and the trees begin to flutter in a cooler air. I have been busy, and therefore hear the neigh of my horse, as he comes plunging round to the door, without any secret twinge of conscience over a wasted day. So boot and saddle, and then once more away for a free gallop.

"Stay," says, or rather looks, my servant (not Pickle), a sly, shy, shambling Greek, with a sideward look and mumbling speech. His words tumble over each other from excess of bashfulness. He is too bashful even to wear braces, and holds up his baggy trousers with his left hand while he brings me something in his right; I think it is some bread-and-butter. I had quite forgotten that I was hungry. Now he brings me a glass of wine, the solemn young rogue, and puts it down in such a sly, serious, awkward way, that I must laugh outright if a guinea depended on my gravity—and a guinea is a great sum at Constantinople. My solitary retainer laughs too, and shambles, always holding up his trousers, awkwardly towards the door, muttering something. He is a wonderful young genius to look upon, with his baggy clothes, all too large for him; his beard of a week's growth, long, black, and scanty; his sly, Greek eyes and his uncouth language, to be understood only by the initiated.

What does he say?

The words come scuffling to his mouth all at once, but I know what he means.

"Mzeu, vo zeval et le plasisas veut se com."

"Monsieur, votre cheval (est venu), et la blanchisseuse veut son compte."

My horse is come, and my washerwoman wants her bill paid. I am glad that, somewhere in a corner, I have the means of meeting her demand, and I can go downstairs with an easy conscience on that score: my young retainer brushing my coat from behind all the way down as I do so, and giving me once an awkward knock on the head.

Hail to the young and the lovely! Ladies are crowding the balconies, watching the passers-by and their white dresses look

pretty among the flowers that deck them. What eyes! what complexions (hush, not a word, I will not listen to it)! They are surely the houris that are to be transplanted to Paradise for the delectation of the faithful. None other could be half so beautiful;

Steady, lad, wo-ho! You need not paw the stones so fiercely. you will hurt yourself. Suppose there has been a grand review, you can look at a uniform, I am sure, if you try. Here they come, regiment after regiment of soldiers, with wild music screaming along. They are not in very good order or discipline, but are, nevertheless, fine soldierly fellows, some of them; and, I think, one might have worse companions in a *mêlée* than those slight, fierce, wiry-looking Turks from the interior. I am sure they would ride on to the fight with a cheer, and stand to be hewn in pieces rather than give ground to the enemy. Good hope, brave hearts!

Through herds of donkeys and droves of Greek boys,—through swarms of street-sellers of fruit and yaourt, of sherbert and lemonade,—by coffee-shops, and hired horses drawn up ready saddled,—by oxen drawing open cars full of beautiful Armenian girls, and wending slowly along,—by beasts of burden and gay prome-naders,—by mounted pashas and mounted snobs,—by ladies and ambassadors,—among tombstones and bands of music,—through the smoke of paper cigars and the perfume of pipes,—through gay throngs of Turkish ladies, in their bright-coloured dresses and yellow slippers, my horse picks his way gently, with set ears and arched neck.

Down there in the hollow, where the ground is flat and soft, we shall presently get our canter. But let me pull up again on the hill, and breast the health-giving breeze, where I have often, day after day, lingered in my rides, lounging in my saddle, gazing on the scene listlessly, unwilling to move lest I should be in a dream, and, waking, break the charm. Beautiful Constantinople!

But there are other ways of spending an afternoon besides going for a ride. I love to wander about our dark mysterious streets, half hoping for an adventure with a magician or a genius. I declare I should hardly be surprised to meet any one of the *dramatis personæ* of the "Arabian Nights" sauntering about them; and I already know all the barber's seven brothers by sight, and could lay my hand upon any one. Some of these days, perhaps, I shall be invited to a Barmecide feast—it is not at all an improbable thing—or be asked to take tea with Scherzerade; but this does

not seem so likely as it should be to make a residence at Constantinople such an object of envy as it will one day become, when folks understand these things better.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SLEEP.

I KNOW of no remedy for sorrow so sovereign as sleep, nor of so true a proverb as the French "*La nuit porte conseil.*" A hundred times in a life which, though tranquil, has not been without its cares, I have risen not only refreshed by sleep but absolutely grateful, and in another and better frame of mind altogether. It has grown a habit with me to do nothing of importance till I have slept upon it, and so sure as any grief comes to me, slumber is the first consoler that I seek.

A philosopher may smile to think of the large part of life during which the rich man and the poor one are at least equal. And as I think it highly probable that a peasant or an overworked servant may have much more pleasant and agreeable dreams than a prince or a fine lady, so perhaps the good things of life, the absolute length of time passed in pleasurable or disagreeable sensations, are much more equally divided among mankind than it may seem at first.

There are very few realities in life much better than a pleasant dream, and the receipt for producing it is easy. Fresh air, exercise, and no suppers. Yet I learned in Spain, years ago, a habit which I have generally observed clings fast to those who have once adopted it, and, whenever I dine alone, contrive, if convenient, to get an hour's sleep afterwards. I do this when I can because dinner seems the great halting-point of the day; and as those who have really been closely occupied before are apt to feel in high spirits and eat heartily, so do they generally become unfit for active business or serious thought immediately after. The blood is wanted at the stomach, and must not then be drawn immediately to the brain.

My great delight at such times is to sit by the open window, in an easy-chair, with my coffee before me, and a Turkish pipe, in which

I smoke a very pleasant mixed tobacco of a third Latakia, a third Hungarian, and a third common tobacco of the finer sort. It perfumes the room not disagreeably, especially if the pipe be first lighted with a small pastile, of which I have some very sweetly scented, and which were sent me as a present from Jerusalem. Thus pleasantly enthroned, if my sister will play to me some of the prettiest of the old Scotch or English ballads and accompany them with her voice, which she does with a very fine taste, or if she will read me some light amusing book, I am sure of agreeable dreams, and confess that these are to me the most delightful hours of the twenty-four.

Night is far too august and lovely to be always slept uniformly away, and I do not quite envy the man, who, whatever his pursuits, goes to bed regularly at eleven o'clock and rises at six. He loses many of the most refined pleasures of existence; for I have seen nights of a beauty to which the day could not be compared. In a life, too, passed among courts and camps, a fair half both of pleasure and business is done at night; he is looked upon naturally as but a poor jog-trot sort of fellow who insists upon going to sleep just as his friends are most amused or most occupied. However, as I am quite convinced a man cannot be permanently useful or remain long in a perfectly healthy state of mind without at least seven hours' sound sleep out of the twenty-four, he must contrive, if he is sensible, to take this indispensable refreshment at a time which interferes the least with his duties or inclinations. I have found few times or places more agreeable than a nice arm-chair in my own box at the theatre, and, found that by being a regular attendant, that I always heard and saw a popular piece all through in a few evenings, always being awake during some portion of the performance, and I thus prolonged my entertainment. This had also another advantage, that I was able to listen to the conversation of others with interest upon a subject on which most persons had heard and seen more than enough. I know many people who have no other topic of conversation than the theatre, and of places where there is no other pleasure. It is useful sometimes to conciliate and listen to the former, and now and then necessary to live in the latter. By this little piece of advice I do not mean to say that a man shall go to sleep in sight of his company, and thus offer an affront both to actors and audience, for which I have sometimes known a sleeper to be disagreeably

rebuked. But every box should have a modest corner, and I always take care that mine shall have a curtain.

By these means I always contrive to hold my place in the world, both by night and by day, and that an interview with a man of business in the morning shall not interfere with Lady Ormond's ball at night; and I am able to attend at both, equally refreshed and clearheaded. I find it also much more easy to work at any occupation which requires study and reflection, by night than by day; as during the latter, those who live in the world must submit to be disturbed by many interruptions. In some societies, also, it gives one a certain air of ridicule to appear always as if we had the business of a world upon our shoulders. It is quite as well to avoid this. A good workman does not like to show his labour till it is finished; and I have known many persons of very respectable abilities never spoken of without a smile from being caught too constantly in their workshop, with their sleeves turned up, as it were.

Besides, if we live in the world, we should try to be of it; for it is equally necessary both to the statesman and the philosopher that they should *know mankind*, if they would serve them. An observer may sometimes learn more in conversation with a dunce than in the book of a wise man; it is therefore a good plan to be easy of access and never to refuse a visit. I believe, too, that many great inventions and discoveries have been lost because it was so difficult to obtain an interview with people in authority. Our time and conversation belong as much to the world as our thoughts and our writings, or any other part of our labours. We should never, we have no right to, refuse them except to those whom we have already ascertained to be worthless or trifling. If it be known that we are always come-atable, and receive all classes of men courteously and listen to them patiently, we may do a vast amount of good which would otherwise escape us. If you wish to be convinced of this, reflect upon the difficulty which a humble man would find to make any conceivable circumstance known in high quarters, provided he were not a ready writer. Were I in office or authority I should like to write above my study—"At home to all comers from ten till four;" and am sure that it would be impossible to be more profitably engaged than I might be during those six hours of the day.

There are some people who do not know when to go, or when they have said enough or heard enough, and when a prolonged interview can be of use in no way. It is as well to be prepared for such people, for they are many; it is also absolutely necessary to take leave of them with courtesy. Therefore it is to be contrived, when possible, that they shall be shown into a room where your private secretary, or some other confidential person, may receive and hold them in conversation till you come, and when you have heard them out, it is easy to seize a proper occasion for leaving the room without the awkwardness of having formally to dismiss a guest, or to go away and leave him alone.

A proper economy of time in this way is, however, very different from any sort of haste or hurry. One of the most completely occupied men I ever knew (the fashionable physician of his day) told me very reasonably, that he never allowed a patient to go away in less than a quarter of an hour, or to stay longer. He detained him, if possible, so long, but immediately afterwards his servant, who had a very good watch, invariably tapped at the door to introduce somebody else. A great deal may be said and asked in a quarter of an hour, if well employed.

One must not forget, however, especially in talking to uneducated persons, that many people are sometimes a long time collecting their thoughts, and very often begin their story at the wrong end, leaving the most interesting and important facts to the last. Let us study, therefore, very carefully, that our manner shall be always such as to set all with whom we come in contact perfectly at their ease, and to listen with attention, interest, and the most perfect good-humour. It is as well, also, to give some consideration to the art of eliciting facts you wish to know; and to consider how you shall turn a talker from trivialities to the circumstances which are really important in the event he has to relate. This must be done gently and imperceptibly, however, for I know of nothing more important in business than that of never wounding the feelings of a client unnecessarily.

Perhaps as convenient a division of time as I know of, to those living in society, is to rise at eight, dine at seven, take your nap of an hour or two afterwards, when you can get it, and go to bed at three in the morning; when you will never feel fatigued or overworked, and may keep any and every company for which you feel an inclination, besides having ample time for exercise and

affairs. I confess I see little use in being up before eight o'clock in the morning, and the two hours which follow dinner are generally the most completely thrown away of the twenty-four; neither business nor pleasure of importance or interest is going on till they are over; and a short sleep is a better tonic and digestive than all the wine with which toper ever fuddled himself, or all the drugs that hypochondriacs ever swallowed.

Remember, too, that it is a bad plan to weigh upon your company. The art of the perfect man of the world is to know when to come and go agreeably, to say his say, to listen to others just long enough to please, and to amuse and then take leave. There are few parties you cannot leave within an hour after dinner is fairly over, or which will not secretly rejoice at your doing so. Nine o'clock is a bad time for visiting, and as very little worth knowing of is going on before eleven, there are your two hours clear.

The habit of going to sleep at will, is a very useful one, for no matter how or when we get our seven hours' sleep, we may safely and usefully remain awake the other seventeen. Long sleep, too, is exhausting, and snatches of slumber or naps much more pleasant and refreshing. In driving from house to house in a well-lung brougham; in railroads; while waiting for people; in all sorts of lost half-hours, take your opportunity. A book which you ought to read, but which is too dry to interest you (I always have one or two in the pockets of my brougham); a problem of Euclid; or even simply relaxing all the muscles of your body and shutting your eyes, resolutely refusing to think upon any exciting subject—any of these means will serve your purpose, and you will have no difficulty in waking when you wish. One can sleep to five minutes of the time we have resolved on allowing ourselves before closing our eyes. A frank dash of *eau de Cologne* over the hands and temples, or a pinch of snuff, whichever may be most convenient at the time, will wake you up; and in this way you may double your life, and see and do almost twice as much as in any other. You had far better go to sleep than be awake and weary; for a thoroughly tired man can do nothing well, and spoils anything he undertakes; he is worse than useless, he is mischievous; and a very large proportion of the diseases of gifted men arise altogether from want of sleep.

Such were my reflections as I lay awake one delicious morning, listening to the hum of a fat *bon vivant* of a bluebottle, who had

been dashing himself against my curtains all night in the wild hope of breaking through them: he settled at last, disappointed and out of breath, with a short angry buzz, and an irate butt against the window. I closed my eyes, rejoicing in his discomfiture,—not to sleep, however; I hear busy steps in the adjoining room, and the blushing cherries, which I see through a half-closed door upon my breakfast-table, and the fragrant coffee which perfumes the air, warn me that it is time to be up and busy. By the way, we know no more of making coffee than the French do, when we make it clear and bright. The coffee at Constantinople is of the consistence of thin pea-soup, and is much better than ours; it is a decoction of coffee, not a mere strained infusion, and has the true zest and flavour of the berry, even to a certain wholesome bitter, which is very agreeable after a time, and when you get accustomed to it; the coffee is also better roasted than ours. I think it is Mr. Weller who tells us that the difference between kidney and beefsteak pudding is all in the seasoning. I am sure that the difference between good coffee and bad may be in the roasting.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

IN PAYNIMRIE "PRINKIPOS."

I HAVE been spending a few days at a little island not far from Constantinople. My host is the village schoolmaster: he is a Greek, like most of the islanders, and I have found him a pleasant companion. We are quite friends; and I am going to make one of a family-party, to visit a mountain monastery in the neighbourhood. I know that the didaskalos' sisters are braiding their hair in the only available room, and I suspect that he has brought me, with rather indiscreet haste, before they are quite ready; so I sit down quietly before the door, and fall into a brown study. The didaskalos departs in search of donkeys; and immediately afterwards two ladies, whose shapes are not unlike impossible bolsters, covered in many colours, take their places at the window opposite, and examine me with a steady composure, which has something rather disconcerting in it than otherwise. I speak to them, however: and, assured by ready smiles that they mean anything but

hostilities, I give myself again to the brown study. It is pleasant to have a brown study in that narrow little Eastern street. All Eastern streets are narrow, to keep off the rays of the sun; but this is the narrowest. It is so narrow that a persevering person might assist at every circumstance of his opposite neighbour's life, without the smallest difficulty. They do so; and if a servant happens to tell an unwelcome guest that his master is from home, he will be immediately reproved for the untruth. The houses are very low, and made entirely of wood. I am sure they let in the rain; and am equally sure that there are disputes between every landlord and tenant in the place about repairs that neither of them will execute. Just now, however, these contentions are unnecessary; the weather is fine, after the first rains we have had for months, and doorways and window-sill are crowded with dark, solemn, silent women; some exquisitely beautiful—it awes me to look upon them. There is something weird and unearthly about these Greek women, with all their beauty; something too grim, so that they seem at best but living statues. But they look very picturesque, as they sit there in groups, with their embroidered dresses, and spangled handkerchiefs bound round their heads. In figure, however, as I have said before, they are all like bundles.

I am roused first by a gentle tug at my neckkerchief, which I find an elderly lady examining from behind, curiously, for the information of the rest; and then my attention is arrested by the sharp clatter of the hoofs of a tribe of donkeys, which are being thracked along, donkey-wise, up the narrow street; the didaskalos leading the way with much dignity. He is a simple, gentle-hearted man; every urchin in the street has a sly smile for him as he passes, for there is not on the island a pleasanter playfellow than the didaskalos, when off duty. There is a little scuffling upstairs as the donkeys arrive, and the voice of the schoolmaster is heard in accents of reproach (for what can he know of ribbons and laces!). Not a word, however is heard in reply. It is the old feud between ladies and cavaliers; and we wait with as much patience as usual under such circumstances: that is, I am resigned enough, but my friend exhibits strong symptoms of discontent. At length the upper door opens. *Ay de mí!** where is the pretty Greek dress? Alas! it is put aside, for the schoolmaster's family are too great

* Spanish—the origin of our “Oh dear me!”

folk to wear it when they go abroad. So they appear fluttering in flonnces; and I vow and declare the prettiest of the party has two abominable white feathers in her hair, instead of the national handkerchief, which is so characteristic and elegant. They look, however, very good-humoured, and their faces quite shine from the exertion of dressing; so, upon the arrival of an old lady from next door, who takes us all into custody, we prepare to mount, and set forth upon our expedition; the ladies riding after that fashion in which all ladies were obliged to ride before the invention of side-saddles.

Now, I have always thought that a stout, bald-headed, middle-aged gentleman, mounted upon a donkey, was a fearful and wonderful sight: I have therefore hitherto avoided presenting it. My time is, however, now come; and with my knees and chin scarcely six inches apart, mounted upon an ass, and carrying an umbrella to protect me from the sun, I must confess to an anxious wish to pass unobserved among the crowd of promenaders whom I see thronging the beach. There is not an idea of such a thing, however, on the part of my companions; they came out to show themselves, and distribute, condescending smiles to their acquaintances with great urbanity, while I go blushing in the rear like a goose, till I perceive that our appearance in such guise has nothing unusual.

At length we pass the last straggling house, which seems to have strayed away from the others and got lost; and the donkeys bravely mount the steep hill up which we have to climb. I have twice found out that mine was urged by the sudden application of a lough wooden peg, and have forbidden its further use to the astonishment of the little open-mouthed savage who is armed with it.

The Greek girls begin to sing their wild monotonous songs; they are all expressive of great bodily suffering on account of unsuccessful love, and if the truth must be told, neither very wise nor very natural. Unsuccessful love seldom has done any harm; danger lies in the victory. Be the songs wise or silly, however, they ring very melodiously through the woodlands, and the rocks send back an agreeable echo. I cannot say that the art of the singers is notable, however, inasmuch as their chief object seems to be to send as great a volume of sound as possible through the nose. The scene below, above, around, might be the enchanted

imagery of some fairy tale—some happy kingdom whose monarch was beloved by a goddess. The air is so clear that the shepherds will tell you they can see the feeble light of a single torch for forty miles away. The shores of the continent for a dozen leagues as the crow flies, seem spread beneath us like a carpet, within a stone's throw. Every tree and white wall, every summer-house, is plain. The sea is of a deep blue colour, and so calm and unruffled that a pebble not bigger than a child's marble would disturb the surface. In it every light caïque upon its bosom, every little far-away island with its white houses and slight towering minarets, every mountain on its shores, is reflected clear as in a magic mirror. The whole scene is far more like some delicious picture than a reality, and were it not for the Greek girls singing their wild songs, I should almost fancy it was so.

At length we came to the object of our journey. It was, as I have said, a monastery, and perched on the summit of the mountain. We were courteously received by some venerable men, whose beards descended to their waists, and of whom I heard a very high character from my companions. They offered us some refreshment, and while it was preparing, politely showed us over the monastery, a part of which was used as a place for the detention of criminals and persons of unsound mind. It was an old dilapidated building, very unsafe I should think, and built chiefly of wood, though some broken ruins of stone which I observed about seemed to indicate that it was at some former time the site of a more durable building. The chapel was the first part we visited. It was a neat little place; a silver statue of St. George, and some other saints graced the walls. The ladies of our party crossed themselves piously, and kissed the hem of the saint's garments. They then caused several little candles to be lit and burned. The monks, I noticed, seemed to carry on a little trade in these candles, visitors usually paying a sum altogether disproportionate to their value instead of alms. Leaving the chapel, we examined the rooms which were devoted to the criminals and mad people. The former were chained, and wore also round the neck an iron collar, to which was attached a padlock. They did not seem to be employed in any way—a fatal error in prison discipline; and it seemed to me that they felt no shame at their position. One who acted as our guide was as jolly a fellow as one would wish to see, handsome, and jocular—too jocular. The

maniacs were under no species of restraint; but they were allowed to mingle together and make each other madder; they were also, I am sorry to say, made a mark for the impertinent curiosity of idle and vicious people. Our guide, the prisoner, took a kind of perverse pride in stirring them up for our amusement till they howled again. I was inexpressibly shocked to see the monks join in the irreverent silly laugh thus raised. Their state was also filthily dirty. Fortunately they were not many. There was one noisy fellow, who was allowed to smoke constantly, and told us he was the sultan; another, a courteous and affable person, who had debauched away his mind; and a third, sullen, silent, and terrible, with a low, narrow forehead, small eyes, heavy nose, and thick lips, a true type of madness. There were also two little children, one very small and beautiful who lay ever, night and day, shrieking from pain. She was obliged to be watched constantly, but they told me she was beyond hope. The other child was simply silly, but horribly deformed. Her face, however, was pretty, though strangely old and sensual. She began to tell our fortunes, and took me for a doctor, which I am not. She ended, of course, by asking for money. Thinking she might be trained to do this, as she could have no possible use for it, I turned to the monk who accompanied us, and asked him to lend me some; I was glad when he smiled gently and took out the smallest of a handful of coins with a look of inquiry. I gave it to the child, who began to jingle it with some others, and was happy, despite her wretched state of uncleanness which, like that of everybody in the establishment, was intolerable, and I was glad of a cigar as a protection from effluvia.

Leaving the monastery we sat down under some shady trees, outside the gates, where our simple feast was already spread. It was of olives, anchovies, a salad of fragrant herbs made with very strong vinegar, some cheese and grapes, with some of the excellent wine for which monasteries have nearly always had a reputation. There were also some Greek preserves, very nice, some clear water, and a spirit called mastik, very good and pure. We feasted merrily as the wind, still enough below, swept gaily through the branches, and set leaf and ribbon dancing. I am glad to say, also, that one of the white feathers, to which allusion was made at the beginning of this chapter, now fluttered away and was lost for ever.

It is evening, and the shadows are lengthening below before we are once more on the donkeys, and wend our way homewards. Evening, the most delightful season of travel, when the heat is over and the dust laid, when the peasant is returning home from toil, and his homely supper and little household are waiting to welcome him. We meet flocks and herds upon our way, parties of pleasure-makers, and lovers in their evening walks, while the fresh smell of the earth, on which the dew is falling, and the breath of many flowers, perfumes the air. Far away upon the distant hills of Asia the fires of the charcoal-burners glow out one by one distinctly in the increasing darkness. The bat is already abroad, and the big moths fly against us as we go. The song of the last bird has died away in the bushes, and Nature sinks grandly to repose.

Not man, however! anything but that. We hear a fiddle among the trees, that is a Turkish fiddle, a very different sort of thing from ours. The didaskalos sidles up to me. "There they are!" he says. "Who?" answer I. "Why, the Turks; they are making kef" (jolly).

We let the ladies ride on in custody of the stout elderly lady who lives next door, and dismounting, enter a dirty sort of cabin, little better than a stable. To this cabin there is a garden, in appearance not unlike a skittle-ground; and in the midst are seated a party of Turks, who ought indiscriminately to have been caught and whipped twice a day for the rest of their lives. The master of the orgie is a fine, dark, handsome man, who rises courteously as we enter, and motions us to be seated. He seems disposed even to ask us to dinner, but we look resolutely another way and sit down at a little distance, ordering some wine, for the cabin is a public-house. While drinking our wine, which is new and raw, we have time to contemplate at our ease the vile abominations which are going on before us. The person who gives the entertainment is obviously (not a Turk of high rank, for there is no such thing), but a Turk with plenty of money. He has all the train of an important personage; some half-score of servants, some toadies, and a handsome young man, who is seated at his right hand, and who treats him with privileged rudeness. He has also pipe-sticks, and nargilleys, and such trumpery: in short, the man is a somebody.

Among his suite, however, there are two of the most disgusting

young men I ever saw. They may be aged about eighteen; and one of them has long, fair hair, which descends to his shoulders: they are dancing-boys. Their dress is a richly-embroidered silken jacket and a flounced silk skirt, also splendidly embroidered. At the waist they wear a rich golden belt with a large showy ornament in the centre. They have no trousers, and, but for their height and gaunt awkward figures, they seem in every respect like women. After a while, they begin a dance, at which my northern nature shudders, though their master, in a state of the wildest excitement, has risen from his seat, and is encouraging them with the most energetic demonstrations of delight. He has, also, caught our donkey-boy, aged eleven; and having made the little wretch quite drunk, is shouting and dancing with him. A more lawless and joyless revel I never saw. The man himself, the founder of the feast, may amuse himself, though I should doubt it; but I am certain that nobody else does. The toadies are laughing cut and dried laughs, or my ears have lost their cunning; the lads themselves dance sullenly; even the fiddlers, shouting hoarsely over their fiddling, have no glee in their song: the orgy is noisy and horrible, nothing more. And this, my public, is the Oriental way of amusing one's self, pushed to its last extreme. Go, and be content with Rosherville and Cremorne, with whiskey toddy and pleasure-rans, evermore.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A GLANCE AT TURKEY—(THE PAST AND THE PRESENT).

THE guns are thundering from the shore and from the ships that lie anchored on the Bosphorus. All hail to the Sultan! the Grand Scignior,—the Soldan of the East,—the Brother of the Sun and Moon,—Light of the Faith,—Allah's Vicar upon Earth,—High Priest and King,—in short, just what you will, providing it be all that we have dreamed of power and splendour, ever since we read the Arabian Nights, as children, in the dim old time which is past.

Swiftly, in his gilded caïque, his Imperial Majesty shoots over the calm, still waters. Oh, so still, so calm; hushed, as an

infant's sleep, so that the measured clash of the rowers' oars comes distinctly to our ears, and we see the silvery flash they raise at every stroke. Heaven and earth! what a scene. The sky, the water, and shores, so wondrous in their beauty; and the snow-capped mountains high and far. Yet, there we lay (in our four-oared caique), what is called a jolly party, munching walnuts and smoking cigars, half stifled with laughter, in the midst of it! Such is romance, such is reality; and, perhaps, the Sultan is not so well off as we are in this matter.

The Sultan is going to the mosque, for it is Friday, the Moham-medan day of rest—the Moslem Sabbath. He will be received with acclamations wherever he passes; and subjects who love him will throng around him with cheers and blessings; for he is the gentlest monarch who ever held the sceptre of the East.

He is a mild-looking man—dark, of course—about thirty. He is dressed in the European costume, though his tailor has not been happy in the manner of making it. His straight, blue, frock-coat is sewn with diamonds at the sleeves and collar, and on his head he wears the simple Fez, or red cap, which is now all that distinguishes the Turk from the unbeliever.

For so great a prince, he is not surrounded with much pomp or state. Only one or two caiques are following him; and if he returns to his palace on horseback, as perhaps he will, his *cortège* will not exceed a dozen horsemen. All the splendour of the East seems to have taken refuge in pipe-sticks—there is mighty little anywhere else.

The kind-hearted Sultan must have an uneasy throne of it, for all the wealth and beauty of the land over which he rules. He is in the position of that householder, of uncomfortable memory, who had too many cooks; so now, one puts in some more salt than is necessary, now another puts in a little pepper; and a third stirs the mess up with such a vengeance, that, for my part, I wonder it does not boil over and scald their toes. Those jealous, wrong-headed, wilful, obstinate cooks! if they were not always pulling each other's aprons, if they did not hate each other quite so cordially, if they could only contrive now and then to do something in concert, what an agreeable kitchen theirs would be!

As it is, an Irish stew is nothing to the mess they make,—nothing! for the fact is, every separate cook being bent upon acquiring honour and glory for himself, works hard away at his own

mess, careless of what his rival may be doing in the same saucpan, and thinks no more for the palate of the Sultau than if he had not one at all.

It is heart-rending to think what Turkey might be, and to know what she is. Within a gun-shot of its great city of Stamboul, with its 600,000 inhabitants, there is not a road or a bridge upon the most frequented ways; there is not a house, or a garden, or a thriving tree. The horseman, drawing rein upon any of the heights above the city, may take his last look of man-created things, and riding down into the neighbouring valley, find himself in a solitude as vast and as unfilled as that which broods over the wildest of the Swiss Alps. Look along the shores of the Bosphorus. They are all desert; scarcely a plough stirs the land that might be one of the largest corn-growing countries in the world; not a merchant bark, with the crescent flying at its mast-head, anchors in the waters. Not a loom is at play—not a wine-press—no manufactory plies its busy trade. Here is a mine, and there is a mine—the mineral riches of the country are immense,—but where are the deep and teeming shafts, and where are the miners. The Turks do nothing: even the smart little steam-boats, which run still from the bridge at Stamboul to Bujuderè, are manned with Englishmen; and my caidji (boatman) is a Greek.

What is the blight which has fallen like a curse upon this lovely land, palsyng men's energies and drying up their vigour? From the time when the last Palæologus lost life and crown and kingdom, and Mohammed the Second strode a conqueror into St. Sophia, the curse has held on, and it began a long time before it. Constantinople seems always to have been an unlucky city—to have had a strange and inscrutable doom hanging over it like a cloud. It rose upon the ruins of Rome;—it was one of the chief causes of the permanent division of the Roman empire;—it contributed more than all the other causes put together to its final fall. If we pass on to the time of the crusaders, we shall find the name of the Greek emperors had become a bye-word of infamy. They were not safe in their own capital; they poisoned, fought, and intrigued against their own rebellious subjects and kinsmen; they put out their eyes, and destroyed them by fire. The emperors lived in one vast slaughter-house; they were pulled down or set up at the pleasure of strangers, who bearded and insulted them in their own palaces. The fate of the Latin emperors was equally pitiable.

Baldwin, Count of Flanders, who was declared Emperor of the East, after Alexius had been kidnapped and strangled, died in captivity; and his brother Henry was the last of that valiant line. Their sister, Violante, indeed, married Peter de Courtenay, a French prince, and he was acknowledged heir to the throne. He was arrested, however, while passing through Epirus, by the despot of that country, a Greek of the family of Courveni, and he also died in bondage. Robert, his successor, disgraced and ruined, dragged from shame to shame, closed his life an exile in Italy, whither he had fled to implore the Pope to curse his subjects.

John de Brienne, a knight of the noble family of Champagne, greatly renowned for his wisdom and valour, was now elected emperor by the mail-clad barons of Roumania. He was among the most unfortunate of the crusaders. He had already been despoiled of the thorny crown of Jerusalem, and he found his new one as uneasy. During the whole of his reign he never ceased fighting. Even then, John Ducas, the Greek Emperor of Nice, and Azan, King of Bulgaria, made the clang of their harness ring beneath the walls of Constantinople. Baldwin, the son of Robert, fourth Latin emperor, who ought to have succeeded him, terminated a useless life in inglorious exile; with him abruptly ended the Latin dynasty, and in 1261, Michael Palæologus, the Greek Emperor of Nice, entered Constantinople in triumph.

Let us now say a few words about its final fall. The Christians still held Constantinople, always growing weaker and weaker, till 1453 (just 400 years ago), when, on the 6th of April, Mohammed the Second, surnamed "The Vanquisher," planted his standard before the gate of St. Romanus, while the Propontis was covered with his fleet. Between seven and eight thousand soldiers, two thousand of whom were foreigners, but gallant men, under the command of John Justiani, a noble Genoese, formed the scanty garrison which was opposed to the immense host of Mohammed. Constantinople was no longer inhabited by warriors and patriots, but by a debased race of priests and pedlars, who left their emperor to fight for his crown as he best might. After a siege of fifty-two days, during which the handful of brave men who still remained true to their country, manned the walls with honourable constancy, the Moslems made a final assault. The Greek emperor fell by an unknown hand in the tumult of the battle; and on the

29th of May, says Von Hammer, "The city of the seven names, seven hills, and seven towers, was taken from the seventh of the Palæologi, by the seventh sultan of the Ottoman line." The seven names to which V. Hammer refers, are Byzantium, Antonina, Roma Nova, Constantinople, Farruk (in Arabic, the Earth divider), Istamboul (the fulness of faith), and Mumeddiinije (or Mother of the World). A magnificent Oriental plane, rooted in the faithless ramparts, points out to this day where the last of the Cæsars died. Christendom looked on Constantinople as a doomed city, and not a lance stirred in foreign lands to save it.

Mohammed the Second called the city a diamond, adorned with two rubies; and, certainly, nothing in the world can bear any comparison to the marvellous loveliness of its climate and situation. To understand it, you must let it grow upon you day by day, and month by month. The mere traveller can hardly feel and enter into it, but after awhile, one has almost the same love for the Bosphorus as for a friend. There is nothing awful or striking in it; but its beauty wins upon you by the enchanting grace and harmony of its details. This is what Nature has made her; but what has man done?

Of this land of milk and honey, our respectable acquaintances, the Turks, have held undisturbed possession for 400 years. And very sad and careless tenants they have been. The vestiges of grandeur which the seven-hilled city must have possessed in the olden time, have been all suffered to decay, and none have replaced them. The streets are filthy; they are perilous, from dogs and thieves; they have no public buildings of account, no trade, no luxury, "no nothing," as Lubin has it. I will not repeat this kind of thing; every journalist has been making merry over it during recent events; but this I will say, that human nature blushes for them. It is marvellous how they can exist at all in Europe, in the nineteenth century. They are ages behind their nearest neighbours, in every possible respect. They are—but, mercy, our wish is not even to break a lance with them.

The Turks themselves, or the dominant race, hardly number three millions throughout Turkey. The Greeks, Bulgarians, Armenians, &c., are sixteen. These statistics are uncertain, but they are the nearest we can get. The Turks, accustomed from the beginning to look on themselves as conquerors, are by far the most ignorant and unskilful persons in Turkey. The wealth, intelli-

genec, and commerce of the land, is all in the hands of the conquered races. They have been obliged to work hard for power and consideration, and even to save themselves from the extreme of ignominy and contempt. They have perceived that the acquisition of knowledge was the shortest road to attain these ends, and they have taken it. Now, it is precisely this race who labour under vexatious disabilities, and who are absolutely excluded from all share in public affairs. No mistake can be more fatal to the welfare of Turkey. It matters little the name of a government, if the people who live under it are free and happy. Let the Turks still smoke their pipes on the Bosphorus; but it is beyond all doubt that the nations which help them to maintain a position, which they could not maintain alone, have the right to hint a friendly counsel to them, without being considered either meddling or offensive. Let them abolish *all* the disabilities under which Christians labour in Turkey; let justice be righteously administered; bribery and corruption absolutely put down; the public accounts audited by competent persons; the taxes honestly collected, and under able superintendence. When these things are done—and surely there is nothing unreasonable in such a proposal—we shall hear no more of a Byzantine empire, an assembly of small states, or of the partition of Turkey in any way whatever. As for any marauding attempt, on the part of Russia, against *Turkey, free, united, and healthy-hearted*, the thing would be absurd. Admiral Slade and Omer Pasha would drive them from sea and land single-handed. But against Turkey as she is—want of union sitting daily in the distracted councils of the monarch, to their utter dismay, and forming alike the talk of *the ambassador* and the water-carrier—it is a very different question; any speculation, just now, however, would, perhaps, be ill-timed.

I know—and blush to know—that there is another very strong party in England, who appear to dislike the notion of seeing Turkey powerful or civilized, under the idea that she would be a formidable rival to our commerce, and that we should not send her so much merchandise. Never was an idea more false. In England, at this moment, there are millions of unemployed capital; it is just what Turkey requires. She wants railways, engineers, schoolmasters, machinery for her mines and agriculture, accountants, artisans; and, Heaven knows, we could spare her enough of all of them;—of things which lie idle in our magazines and store-houses,

of young and enterprising gentlemen, who would be delighted to regenerate her; and make their own fame and fortune at the same time. But while one sulky ambassador, with more power than is good for him, has a right to meddle in one way; and another, jealous of his national influence, hastens to undermine and counteract him; and a third, calling the two former to account, embroils every question beyond all human comprehension, I do not very well see daylight through the darkness.

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I scarcely expected, when introducing myself to the reader in the quiet and peaceable dominions of his effulgency the Margraf of Schwarzwurst-Schinkenshausen, to make my bow and take leave of him amidst the booming of guns and roaring of cannon in the dominions of his highness the Grand Seignior, the Soldan of the East. So it is, however (and only affords another instance of the old French aphorism, *L'homme propose, Dieu dispose*); the war note has sounded, and all its attendant evils,—death, pestilence, and famine, are trooping through the land; should I happily escape their perils, I shall again ask permission to have a chat with my public about life and manners in the East. Meanwhile, farewell!

